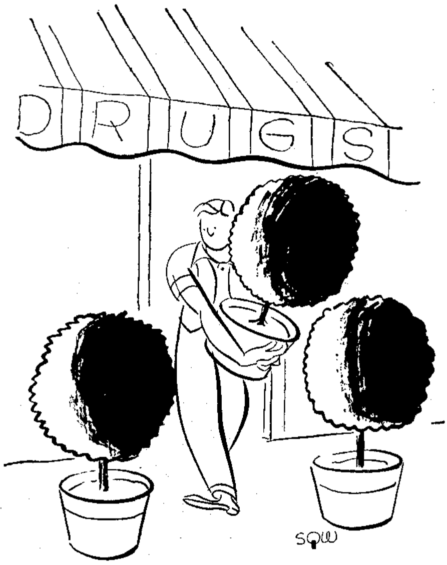
June 14, 1941

Price 15 cents

THE NEW YORKER

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN



A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR OF EVENTS WORTH WHILE

THIS LISTING COVERS THE TEN DAYS FROM THURSDAY, JUNE 12, THROUGH SATURDAY, JUNE 21. TIMES GIVEN, INCLUDING TRAIN DEPARTURES, ARE DAYLIGHT SAVING.

THE THEATRE

(**E.** and **W.** mean East and West of Broadway.)

PLAYS

Arsenic and Old Lace—The Brewster sisters defeat their nephew Jonathan by a score of thirteen corpses to twelve. The Crouse-Lindsay comedy, with Josephine Hull, Jean Adair, and Boris Karloff, is about the funniest thing in town. (Fulton, 46, W. CI 6-6380. Mon. through Sat. at 8:40. Mats. 2:40, Wed. and Sat.)

The Beautiful People—William Saroyan's fourth love letter to the human race is as passionate as his first and no more coherent. Eugene Loring, Betsy Blair, and Curtis Cooksey play the mad Websters, who love mice. (Lyceum, 45, E. CH 4-4256. Tues. through Sun. at 8:50. Mats. 2:50, Wed. and Sat.)

Claudia—Rose Franken's account of how a flighty bride is brought to face the facts of life. A first-class comedy that turns into a rather disappointing problem play in the last act. With Dorothy McGuire, Frances Starr, and Donald Cook. (Booth, 45, W. CI 6-5969. Mon. through Sat. at 8:40. Mats. 2:40, Wed. and Sat.)

The Corn Is Green—Ethel Barrymore triumphant in Emlyn Williams' play about a teacher who discovers a genius. Richard Waring and Thelma Schnee are also in it. (National, 41, W. PE 6-8220. Mon. through Sat. at 8:40. Mats. 2:40, Wed. and Sat.)

The Doctor's Dilemma—An excellent revival of Shaw's play about the medical profession, which isn't nearly as dated as you'd expect. Katharine Cornell heads a remarkable cast, which includes Bramwell Fletcher, Cecil Humphreys, Clarence Derwent, Whitford Kane, and Colin Keith-Johnston. (Shubert, 44, W. CI 6-5990. Mon. through Sat. at 8:35. Mats. 2:35, Wed. and Sat. Closes Sat., June 21.)

Life with Father—Mother manages to get Father baptized, though against his better judgment. An intelligent and high-spirited comedy, based on Clarence Day's book. Howard Lindsay and Dorothy Stickney head the cast. (Empire, B'way at 40. PE 6-9540. Mon. through Sat. at 8:40. Mats. 2:40, Wed. and Sat.)

The Man Who Came to Dinner—This, of course, is the play about Mr. Woollcott, and extremely funny it is, too. George Kaufman and Moss Hart did the writing and Monty Woolley plays the great man. (Music Box, 45, W. CI 6-4636. Mon. through Sat. at 8:40. Mats. 2:40, Thurs. and Sat.)

My Sister Eileen—A fine, dizzy comedy of two young ladies from Columbus, Ohio, who discover that Greenwich Village life is even more peculiar than advertised. Ruth McKenney's stories have been adapted to the stage with great ingenuity and spirit. With Shirley Booth, Jo Ann Sayers, and Morris Carnovsky. (Biltmore, 47, W. CI 6-9353. Mon. through Sat. at 8:40. Mats. 2:40, Wed. and Sat.)

Native Son—A considerably toned-down and simplified version of Richard Wright's novel, but still very moving and provocative. Canada Lee gives a remarkable performance in the leading rôle and Orson Welles has done an expert job of direction. (St. James, 44, W. LA 4-4664. Tues. through Sun. at 8:40. Mats. 2:40, Sat., and 3, Sun.)

Separate Rooms—Old-time bedroom roughhouse that's agreeable enough in its childish way. With Glenda Farrell, Lyle Talbot, and Alan Dinehart. (Plymouth, 45, W. CI 6-9156. Tues. through Sun. at 8:45. Mats. 2:45, Wed. and Sat.)

Watch on the Rhine—A family of refugees from Germany bring the great problems of today into an American household. Lillian Hellman's eloquent play has been magnificently produced by Herman Shumlin, with an exceptional cast headed by Paul Lukas, Mady Christians, Lucile Watson, and George Coulouris. (Martin Beck, 45, W. CI 6-6363. Mon. through Sat. at 8:40. Mats. 2:40, Wed. and Sat.)

WITH MUSIC

Hellz-a-Poppin—Jay C. Flippen and Happy Felton are now in charge of this Broadway madhouse, carrying on for Mr. O. and Mr. J. (Winter Garden, B'way at 50. CI 7-5161. Tues. through Sun. at 8:30. Mats. 2:30, Sat. and Sun.)

It Happens on Ice—Some lovely skating which starts off by being very exciting and then gets a bit wearing. (Center, 6 Ave. at 49. CO 5-5474. Eves. at 8:40. Mat. 2:40, Sat. Closes Sat., June 14.)

Lady in the Dark—Moss Hart's combination of music and psychology is beautifully produced but might be fairly tiresome without Gertrude Lawrence. Kurt Weill and Ira Gershwin wrote the songs and Albertina Rasch is responsible for the choreography. With Danny Kaye, Macdonald Carey, Victor Mature, and Bert Lytell. (Alvin, 52, W. CO 5-4114. Eves. at 8:35. Mat. 2:35, Sat. Closes Sun. Eve., June 15, with an Actors' Fund benefit.)

Louisiana Purchase—A fine musical comedy about New Orleans politics, possibly under the late Senator Long, written by Morrie Ryskind and Irving Berlin. Victor Moore is at his best as a New England reformer, and William Gaxton, Vera Zorina, and Irene Bordoni are very helpful, too. (Imperial, 45, W. CO 5-7889. Mon. through Sat. at 8:40. Mats. 2:40, Wed. and Sat.)

Pal Joey—Gene Kelly, Vivienne Segal, June Havoc, and Jack Durant represent the perfect heel and a few of his little playmates in this musical comedy based on John O'Hara's *New Yorker* series. A very original and satisfactory piece of work, with some superior songs by Rodgers and Hart. (Ethel Barrymore, 47, W. CI 6-0390. Mon. through Sat. at 8:40. Mats. 2:40, Wed. and Sat.)

Panama Hattie—An excellent musical comedy, with Ethel Merman as a girl who knocks around with sailors but turns out nicely just the same. Cole Porter wrote the music and the cast includes Arthur Treacher and James Dunn. (46th Street, 46, W. CI 6-6075. Mon. through Sat. at 8:30. Mats. 2:30, Wed. and Sat.)

MISCELLANY

Gilbert and Sullivan—The Savoy Opera Guild will present "The Yeomen of the Guard," Thurs. and Sat. Eves., June 12 and 14; and "The Mikado," Thurs. and Sat. Eves., June 19 and 21; at 8:30. (Cherry Lane Theatre, 38 Commerce St. CA 6-9042.)

SUMMER STOCK

Cedarhurst—Frances Williams and Jack Whiting in "The Gay Divorce": Tues. through Sun., June 17-22. (New Central Theatre, Cedarhurst, L.I. 8:45. Mats. 2:45, Wed., Sat., and Sun.)

Maplewood—Uta Hagen and José Ferrer in "Charley's Aunt": through Sat., June 14. Charles Butterworth in "George Washington Slept Here": Mon. through Sat., June 16-21. (Maplewood Theatre, Maplewood, N.J. 8:40. Mats. 2:40, Wed. and Sat.)

New Hope—Charles Butterworth in "George Washington Slept Here": through Sat., June 14. Mildred Natwick in "Ladies in Retirement": Mon. through Sat., June 16-21. (Bucks County Playhouse, New Hope, Pa. 8:30. Mats. 2:30, Wed. and Sat.; extra Mat. Fri., June 13.)

White Plains—Frank and John Craven in "Village Green," a new play by Carl Allensworth: Mon. through Sat., June 16-21. (Ridgeway Theatre, White Plains, N.Y. 8:45. Mats. 2:45, Wed. and Sat.)

DINNER, SUPPER, AND DANCING

(A listing of some places where, with a few indicated exceptions, you will find music or other entertainment. Fill-in orchestras may be substituted here and there on Mon. Eves.)

Ambassador Garden, Park at 51 (WI 2-1000)—A green and pleasant retreat, with Jules Lande's orchestra playing for dancing.

Café Pierre, 5 Ave. at 61 (RE 4-5900)—This has been going strong ever since Felix Ferry thought it up a year ago. Bob Knight's orchestra.

El Morocco, 154 E. 54 (EL 5-8769)—You'll never guess what they have here. Zebra stripes! They have Ernie Holst's orchestra, too, and Don De Vodi's rumba band. May close for the summer on Tues., June 17.

Larue, 45 E. 58 (VO 5-6374)—A popular place among unhurried people who regard dancing as an art rather than an exercise. Val Ernie's and Eddie Davis's orchestras.

Monte Carlo, 49 E. 54 (PL 5-7341)—It won't surprise you to find John Buckmaster on hand, but the three strip-teasers may give you a bit of a start. Ted Straeter's orchestra plays for dancing.

Plaza, 5 Ave. at 58 (PL 3-1740)—The Persian Room is currently offering a show with Mary Raye and Naldi and Dick Gasparre's orchestra.

Rainbow Room, R.C.A. Bldg. (CI 5-9000)—This skyscraping aerie offers Billy de Wolfe, Agnes de Mille, Barry Winton's orchestra, and a rumba band. . . . Russ Smith's orchestra plays for dancing in the Rainbow Grill.

St. Regis, 5 Ave. at 55 (PL 3-4500)—Hal Saunders' orchestra and a rumba band provide the music on the Viennese Roof. Formal dress required on the dance floor.

Savoy-Plaza, 5 Ave. at 59 (VO 5-2600)—Peggy Fears will replace Hildegarde in the Café Lounge on Fri., June 13. Emile Petti's orchestra will be replaced by Howard Lally's on Sat., June 21.

Stork Club, 3 E. 53 (PL 3-1940)—You know, the Stork Club. Music by Sonny Kendis's orchestra.

Versailles, 151 E. 50 (PL 8-0310)—A big East Side place, flavored with a dash of Broadway. Jean Sablon sings French songs and the music is by Maximillian Bergère's orchestra and Panchito's rumba band.

Waldorf-Astoria, Park at 49 (EL 5-3000)—The present show on the Starlight Roof, headed by Margo, will be replaced by a new one on Fri., June 13. Xavier Cugat's orchestra will remain.

Supper Clubs—Entertainment but no dancing—**le ruban bleu,** 4 E. 56 (EL 5-9787): the performers here are always a little out of the ordinary, and the whole thing is very satisfactory. . . . **spivy's roof,** 139 E. 57 (PL 3-1518): robust songs by Spivy, swing by Billie Haywood and Cliff Allen, and quieter numbers by Betty Bryant—all on top of an office building. . . . **penthouse club,** 30 Cen-

DEPARTMENTS IN THIS ISSUE

	Page
THE ART GALLERIES	54
BOOKS	77
THE CURRENT CINEMA	68
HORSE SHOWS AND HUNTS	69
OF ALL THINGS	28
ON AND OFF THE AVENUE:	
FEMININE FASHIONS	56
ABOUT THE HOUSE	58
THE RACE TRACK	67
A REPORTER AT LARGE	30
RESTAURANTS	62
TEE AND GREEN	71
THE TENNIS COURTS	51
YACHTS AND YACHTSMEN	52

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tral Pk. S. (PL 3-6910): a lofty hideaway for dinner and supper, with soft music to listen to and the lights of Central Park to look at down below.

Miscellaneous—At **LE COQ ROUGE**, 65 E. 56 (PL 3-8887): a nice, small retreat, with Joseph C. Smith's orchestra.... **ARMANDO'S**, 54 E. 55 (PL 3-0760): a dance floor no bigger than a minute, with music by George Morris's orchestra.... **CAFÉ SOCIETY UPTOWN**, 128 E. 58 (PL 5-9223): swing on the East Side, with such expert Negro entertainers as Hazel Scott, Ammons and Johnson, and Teddy Wilson's orchestra.... **ASTOR ROOF**, B'way at 44 (CI 6-6000): Tommy Dorsey's orchestra and a rumba band.... **BILTMORE ROOF**, Madison at 43 (MU 9-7920): Ray Heatherton's orchestra.... **ESSEX HOUSE**, 160 Central Pk. S. (CI 7-0300): Sammy Kaye's orchestra. No dancing Mon.... **NEW YORKER HOTEL**, 8 Ave. at 34 (ME 3-1000): Johnny Long's orchestra.... **PENNSYLVANIA**, 7 Ave. at 33 (PE 6-5000): Bobby Byrne's orchestra.... **BOSSERT MARINE ROOF**, Montague and Hicks Sts., Brooklyn Heights (MA 4-8100): the view of the harbor makes you forget the trip; Bobby Parks' orchestra. No dancing Mon.... **BILL'S GAY NINETIES**, 57 E. 54 (EL 5-8231): the old songs, of course—loud but pleasant. No dancing. ... **VILLAGE VANGUARD**, 178 7 Ave. S., at 11 (CH 2-9355): a casual little cellar spot, with entertainment by the Revuers. Closed Mon.... **JIMMY KELLY'S**, 181 Sullivan (AL 4-1414): rowdydow fun way down in the Village for people who never seem to want to go home.

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Broadway Atmosphere—At the **BEACHCOMBER**, B'way at 50 (CI 6-0644): torrid-zonish, with Carmen D'Antonio and Nicholas D'Amico's orchestra.... **HAVANA-MADRID**, B'way at 51 (CI 7-3461): quite a lot of South American carryings-on, including the inevitable rumba band.... **LA CONGA**, 205 W. 51 (CI 5-8980): for la conga, with Jack Harris's orchestra.... **18 CLUB**, 20 W. 52 (EL 5-9858): Jack White isn't especially delicate about his quips, but nobody seems to mind. Frankie Hyers is also active.... **DIAMOND HORSESHOE**, 235 W. 46 (CI 6-6500): a Billy Rose show, with Mae Murray, Nita Naldi, Dr. Rockwell, and Joe E. Howard.

Mostly for Music—At **CAFÉ SOCIETY DOWNTOWN**, 2 Sheridan Sq. (CH 2-2737): a Village institution, with Helena Horne, Kenneth Spencer, Art Tatum, and Red Allen's band. Closed Mon.... **KELLY'S STABLE**, 137 W. 52 (CI 7-9738): no more pretentious than its name, but Billie Holiday, Stuff Smith, the Clarence Profit Trio, and Hot Lips Page's band are there.... **JIMMY RYAN'S**, 53 W. 52 (EL 5-9600): Zutty Singleton and his trio are the mainstays, taking Tues. off.

Al-Fresco—A couple of places where the dance floor is practically out under the trees: **TAVERN-ON-THE-GREEN**, Central Pk. W. at 67 (BU 8-3954), and **CLAREMONT INN**, Riverside Dr. at 124 (MO 2-8600). ... Some Village places with sidewalk cafés which you might care to drop into if you're down that way: the **BREVOORT**, 5 Ave. at 8; the **FIFTH AVENUE HOTEL**, 5 Ave. at 9; and **LONGCHAMPS**, 5 Ave. at 12.

Foreign Flavor—Scandinavian: **CASTLEHOLM**, 344 W. 57 (CI 7-0873).... Polish: **POLISH RESTAURANT**, 151 E. 57 (PL 3-2816).... Latin: **EL CHICO**, 80 Grove, at Sheridan Sq. (CH 2-4646); and **CLUB GAUCHO**, 245 Sullivan (GR 7-4833).

OUT OF TOWN

Dancing at Nearby Places—Ben Marden's **RIVIERA**, at the other end of the George Washington Bridge (Ft. Lee 8-2000): Pancho's orchestra and a show. ... **GLEN ISLAND CASINO**, New Rochelle (Hamilton 4480): Charlie Spivak's orchestra.... **CHANTICLER**, Millburn, N.J. (Millburn 6-1454): Mace Irish's orchestra.... **MEADOWBROOK**, Cedar Grove, N.J. (Verona 8-9817): Vaughn Monroe's orchestra. Closed Mon.

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Dinner in the Country—Places to dine (usually without dancing) while motoring—**BETHPAGE, L.I.**: Beau Séjour (Hicksville 91).... **HAMPTON BAYS, L.I.**: Catena's Restaurant (Hampton Bays 170).... **LAKE SUCCESS, L.I.**: Lakeville Manor Inn (Great Neck 2790).... **OAKDALE, L.I.**: Stirrup-Cup Castle (Sayville 889).... **SMITHTOWN, L.I.**: Riverside Inn (Smithtown 1016), dancing nightly, except Mon. ... **SOUTH HUNTINGTON, L.I.**: Round Hill Restaurant (Huntington 1371).... **SYOSSET, L.I.**: Stockholm (Syosset 1749), dancing nightly, except Mon. ... **WESTHAMPTON, L.I.**: Casa Basso (Westhampton 1841).... **AMAWALK, N.Y.**: Benedusi's (Yorktown 984).... **COLD SPRING, N.Y.**: Harbor Hill Inn (Cold Spring 975).... **DOVER PLAINS, N.Y.**: Old Drover's Inn (Dover Plains 2781).... **HAWTHORNE, N.Y.**: Valley View Farm Inn (Pleasantville 120).... **MT. KISCO, N.Y.**: Lawrence Farms Inn (Mt. Kisco 5324).... **NEW CITY, N.Y.**: French Farms (New City 981).... **POUNDRIDGE, N.Y.**: Emily Shaw's Inn (Bedford Village 9371).... **BRIDGEWATER, CONN.**: Hilltop Farm (New Milford 830).... **DANBURY, CONN.**: White Turkey Inn (Danbury 4548).... **NORWALK, CONN.**: Silvermine Tavern (Norwalk 6-2588).... **REDDING RIDGE, CONN.**: Spinning Wheel (Redding 67).... **RIDGEFIELD, CONN.**: Outpost Inn (Ridgefield 882), dancing Sat. Eves.... **SOUTHPORT, CONN.**: Tide Mill Tavern (Fairfield 9-2900). ... **WESTPORT, CONN.**: Cobb's Mill Inn (Westport 2-4330), dancing nightly, except Sun. and Mon.; and Red Barn (Westport 2-3971).... **ALPINE, N.J.**: Le Petit Pavillon Royal (Closter 788).... **BERNARDSVILLE, N.J.**: Old Mill Inn (Bernardsville 70). ... **DOYLESTOWN, PA.**: Water Wheel Tavern (Doylestown 7941).

ART

Americans—Paintings by Thomas Birch and William S. Mount in a group that includes works by a number of less well-known nineteenth-century artists: John Levy, 1 E. 57. Daily 9:30 A.M. to 5 P.M.; through Fri., June 13.

Calder—New pieces, most of them very lively and striking, by the creator of "mobile" sculptures: Matisse, 41 E. 57. Daily 10 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Sat., June 14.

European—At the **WILDENSTEIN**, 19 E. 64: paintings, tapestries, and sculptures, from the fifteenth to the eighteenth century, with the paintings holding most of the interest. Mon. through Fri., 10 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Aug. 30.... **NIERENDORF**, 18 E. 57: paintings, principally by French and German artists, in a general survey of the modern schools. Thurs. and Fri., 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; Sat., 10 A.M. to 1 P.M.; through Sat., June 14.... **BUCHHOLZ**, 32 E. 57: oils, water colors, and sculptures by Barlach, Braque, Maillol, Picasso, and others. Mon. through Fri., 10 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; Sat., 10 A.M. to 1 P.M.; through June 28.

French—Several nice Vlamincks in a show that ranges from Signac to Di Chirico: French Art, 51 E. 57. Mon. through Fri., 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through July 25.

Groups—At the **MILCH**, 108 W. 57: Maurice Sterne and Saul Berman show interesting pieces in a group of contemporary oils. Mon. through Fri., 9 A.M. to 5 P.M.; through June 30.... **LILIENFELD**, 21 E. 57: a curiously unfinished Cézanne leads a group of works by Werner Drewes, Chagall, and other moderns. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through Sat., June 21.... **CONTEMPORARY ARTS**, 38 W. 57: paintings of the Hudson River by a varied group that includes Harold Baumbach, John C. Pellew, and others. Mon. through Fri., 10 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; Sat., 10 A.M. to 12 noon; through July 12.... **A.C.A.**, 52 W. 8: crisp, dark gouaches by Earl Hoshall in a show of works by four painters and two sculptors. Daily 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through Sat., June 14.... **DOWNTOWN**, 43 E. 51: Niles Spencer and O. Louis Guglielmi lead a general roundup of this gallery's artists. Mon. through Fri., 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through June 27.... **MACBETH**, 11 E. 57: nice oils by Herman Maril and Joseph De Martini, among others.

Mon. through Fri., 9:30 A.M. to 5 P.M.; through July 31.

Lane—A first New York showing that reveals an interestingly exploratory, if still slightly unformed, talent: St. Etienne, 46 W. 57. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through June 28.

Martin—Drawings, sparse and skillful, by this California artist: Midtown, 605 Madison, at 58. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through Sat., June 21.

Metropolitan Museum, 5 Ave. at 82—An exhibition of works done by the WPA for the Index of American Design. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 5 P.M.; Sun., 1 to 6 P.M.; through June 30.

Miller and Soderberg—Dashing, rather flashy water colors by Miller; less inspired, more carefully handled ones by Soderberg: Ferargil, 63 E. 57. Daily 9:30 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Sat., June 14.

Museum of Modern Art, 11 W. 53—"Britain at War," an exhibition of posters, cartoons, photographs, and paintings, showing what English artists are doing. Wed., 10 A.M. to 10 P.M.; other weekdays, 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; Sun., 12 noon to 6 P.M.; through Aug. 30.

Prints—Representative exhibit of etchings, engravings, and drawings by Jacques Callot, the seventeenth-century master: Grolier Club, 47 E. 60. Daily 10 A.M. to 5 P.M.; through Sun., June 15.

Sculpture—Garden pieces by Paul Manship, Wheeler Williams, and Edward McCartan: Arden, 460 Park, at 57. Mon. through Fri., 10 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; Sat., 10 A.M. to 1 P.M.; through June 28.

Szyk—Portraits and caricatures, chiefly of wartime figures, together with some miniaturistic "illuminations," more or less in the Persian style: Knoedler, 14 E. 57. Mon. through Fri., 9:30 A.M. to 5 P.M.; through Fri., June 20.

Here and There—At the **ARGENT**, 42 W. 57: paintings and sculptures by members of the National Association of Women Artists. Mon. through Fri., 10 A.M. to 5 P.M.; through June 27.... **KOHN**, 608 5 Ave., at 49: portraits in water color by Joseph L. Grosse. Weekdays, except Sat., 9:30 A.M. to 5 P.M.; through Thurs., June 19.... **MONTROSS**, 785 5 Ave., at 60: paintings by twenty-five American artists. Mon. through Fri., 9:30 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; Sat., 9:30 A.M. to 12 noon; through June 30. ... **PERLS**, 32 E. 58: seasonal review, showing twenty-four oils and gouaches. Mon. through Fri., 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through June 27.... **WEYHE**, 794 Lexington, at 61: paintings by Mrs. Busch Meier-Graefe. Mon. through Fri., 9 A.M. to 5 P.M.; Sat., 9 A.M. to 12 noon; through June 30.... **MUSEUM OF NATURAL HISTORY**, Central Pk. W. at 81: national exhibition of paintings by school children. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 5 P.M.; Sun., 1 to 5 P.M.; through June 22.... **KLEEMANN**, 38 E. 57: group show of oils, water colors, and etchings. Mon. through Fri., 9:30 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; Sat., 9:30 A.M. to 1 P.M.; through July 31.

MUSIC

Stadium Concerts—Philharmonic-Symphony—Special concert, Mitropoulos conducting, Sun. Eve., June 15. Regular season: Rodzinski conducting, Thurs. Eve., June 19; Smallens conducting, Fri. and Sat. Eves., June 20-21. Soloists: Barere, June 15; Rubinstein, June 19; Spalding, June 21. (Lewisohn Stadium, Amsterdam Ave. at 138. AU 3-3400. At 8:30. Midtown ticket office: Steinway Hall, 113 W. 57. CI 7-5534.)

Goldman Band—Central Park Mall, Wed. and Fri. Eves., June 18 and 20, at 8:30. Prospect Park, Brooklyn, Thurs. and Sat. Eves., June 19 and 21, at 8:30.

Out of Town—Chamber-music concerts by the Gordon String Quartet: Music Mountain, Falls Village, Conn., Sun. Afts. at 4.

SPORTS

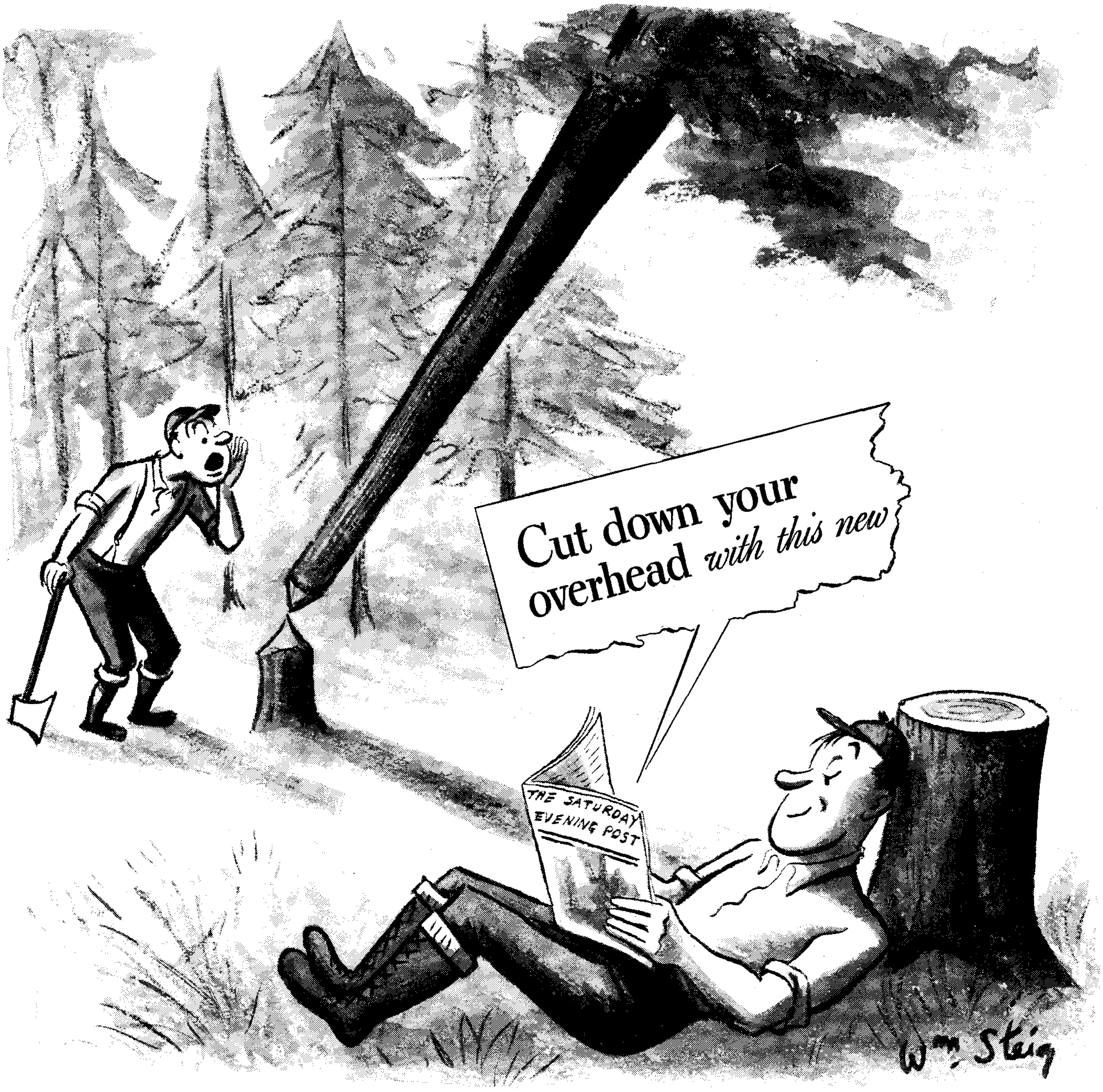
Baseball—At the **YANKEE STADIUM**: Yankees vs. Cleveland, Sat. Aft., June 14, at 2:30, and Sun. and Mon. Afts., June 15-16, at 3; Yankees vs. Chicago, Tues. through Thurs. Afts., June 17-19, at 3; Yankees vs. Detroit, Fri. Aft., June 20, at 3, and Sat. Aft., June 21, at 2:30.... **POLO GROUNDS**: Giants vs. Chicago, Thurs. Aft., June 12, at 3.

Boxing—Polo Grounds: Joe Louis vs. Billy Conn, 15 rounds, for the heavyweight title, Wed., June 18; preliminaries at 8:45, main match at about 10 P.M. (To be broadcast over WOR.)

Crew—Yale-Harvard, New London, Sat., June 14; freshmen at 10:30 A.M., junior varsity at 11 A.M., varsity at 7 P.M. Observation train leaves New London at 10:10 A.M. to follow freshmen and junior-varsity races, and at 6:10 P.M. to follow varsity race.

Dog Shows—North Westchester Kennel Club, Katonah, Sat., June 14, at 10 A.M.... Long Shore Kennel Club, Westport, Conn., Sun., June 15, at 10 A.M.

Fencing—National Championships—Foils, men's individual, Thurs., June 12, at 2 and 7:30 P.M.: Salle Santelli, 24 University Place, at 9th St....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THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

Sabres, individual, Fri., June 13, at 2 and 7:30 P.M.: N.Y.A.C., 180 Central Pk. S.

GOLF—Metropolitan Amateur, Montclair G.C., Montclair, daily through Sat., June 14, at 9:30 A.M. . . . Women's Eastern Championship and the Griscom Cup Matches, Westchester C.C., Rye, Thurs. and Fri., June 12-13, at 10 A.M. . . . U.S. Seniors' Annual, Apawamis Club, Rye, Thurs. and Fri., June 12-13, at 9 A.M. . . . Hochster Memorial Tournament, Quaker Ridge G.C., Mamaroneck, Wed., June 18, at 9 A.M. . . . Metropolitan Senior, Siwanoy C.C., Bronxville, Thurs., June 19, at 8 A.M. . . . Invitation Tournament, Cherry Valley Club, Garden City, Fri. through Sun., June 20-22, at 9 A.M.

HORSE SHOWS—Upperville Colt and Horse Show, Upperville, Va., Fri. and Sat., June 13-14, at 10:30 A.M. . . . Metropolitan Equestrian Club, Boulder Brook Club, Scarsdale, Sat., June 14, at 9 A.M. . . . Bronxville Riding Club, Tuckahoe, Sun., June 15, at 9 A.M. . . . Ox Ridge Hunt Club, Darien, Fri. and Sat., June 20-21, at 9 A.M.

HUNT RACES—United Hunts Racing Association, Piping Rock Club, Locust Valley, Sat. Aft., June 14, at 2:15.

POLO—High-goal play at Bostwick Field, Jericho Turnpike (Route 25), Westbury, Sun. Afts. at 3:30. . . . High-goal play at the Meadow Brook Club, Westbury, Sat. and Sun. Afts. at 3:30, and Tues. and Thurs. Afts. at 5:30. . . . Intercollegiate Championships, Blind Brook Turf and Polo Club, Port Chester, Thurs. and Sat. Afts., June 12 and 14, at 3:30.

RACING—Weekdays at Aqueduct, at 2:15 P.M.; through July 2. (The Dwyer, June 21.) Special trains leave Penn. Station frequently between 12:15 and 1:40 P.M. on Sats., and between 12:40 and 1:40 P.M. on other weekdays.

SKEET—Great Eastern Championships, Lordship, near Stratford, Conn., Fri. through Sun., June 20-22, at 9 A.M.

TENNIS—Eastern Professional Championships, Westchester C.C., Rye, Fri., June 13, at 11 A.M., and Sat. and Sun., June 14-15, at 2 P.M. . . . Women's New York State Clay Court Championships, Woodmere Club, Woodmere, L.I., Mon. through Sun., June 16-22, at 11 A.M.

TRACK—Metropolitan A.A.U. Senior Championships, Randalls Island, Sat. Aft., June 14, at 1:30.

TROTTING—Roosevelt Raceway, Westbury; Eves., except Sun., at 8:40, weather permitting; through July 12. (Grand Circuit, June 16-28.) Special train leaves Penn. Station at 7:24 P.M.

YACHT RACES—American Y.C., from Rye to New London, Thurs., June 12. . . . Eastern Y.C., New London to Marblehead, Sun., June 15. . . . Storm Trysail Club, New London to Hampton Roads, Sat., June 21. . . . Whalers' Race, New Bedford Y.C., Sat., June 21. . . . Championships on the Sound, at 1:45 P.M.: Manhasset Bay Y.C., Sat., June 14; Knickerbocker Y.C., Sat., June 21.

OTHER EVENTS

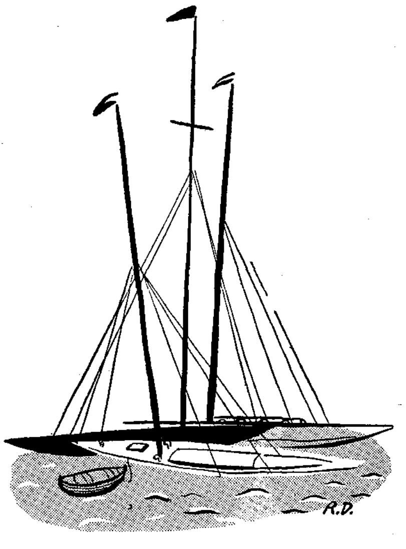
BARNARD ART—The late George Grey Barnard's second collection of Romanesque and Gothic pieces, assembled after the first became a part of the present Cloisters, has been placed on sale and may be seen at the old Cloisters building, 698 Fort Washington Ave., at 190. Weekdays 2 to 6 P.M.; through June 28. (Admission fees will be turned over to the Red Cross.)

GREENTREE FAIR—Mrs. Payne Whitney's annual milk-fund benefit on her estate at Manhasset, L.I.: Thurs. Aft., June 12, from 2:30 to 7.

GARDEN EXHIBITIONS—The estate of Mr. and Mrs. Marshall Field, Lloyd Neck, Huntington, L.I., a benefit for Greenwich House: Sat. Aft., June 14, from 1 to 5. . . . The gardens of Mr. and Mrs. George Arents, Lincoln Ave., Rye, a benefit for the Westchester County Children's Association: Thurs. Aft., June 19, from 2 to 6. . . . The gardens of the Samuel Untermyer estate, North B'way, Yonkers, will be shown every Tues., Thurs., and Sat. during the summer, from 10 A.M. to 4:30 P.M.

BENEFIT—Showboat Party, for the British-American Ambulance Corps, on the S.S. Robert Fulton, leaving Pier 81, West 42nd St., Thurs. Eve., June 12, at about 8:50. (For tickets, call PL 8-1960.)

AUCTIONS—Parke-Bernet Galleries, 30 E. 57—English and French furniture and paintings, and Oriental rugs, collected by Herbert Pulitzer, Dr. Eugene Kistler, the late Dr. C. J. Kane, and others: Thurs. and Fri. Afts., June 12-13, at 2.



THIS LISTING COVERS THE TEN DAYS FROM THURSDAY, JUNE 12, THROUGH SATURDAY, JUNE 21. TIMES GIVEN, INCLUDING TRAIN DEPARTURES, ARE DAYLIGHT SAVING.

NOTE—You might want to stop by some aimless evening and look in on the antics of the customers in the giant dance hall which Monte Proser has made out of Madison Square Garden. Benny Goodman's orchestra will be replaced by Ben Bernie's on Fri., June 13; Larry Clinton's and Charlie Barnett's will stay on. Dancing from 7 P.M. to 2 A.M.

MOTION PICTURES

CITIZEN KANE—Orson Welles' remarkable film released at last, and not a disappointing minute in it. A study of a strange character, with his moods and his millions. (Palace, B'way at 47; daily at 2:40 and 8:40 P.M.; extra performance Sat. at midnight.)

FANTASIA—Bach, Beethoven, and Mickey Mouse, interpreted by Stokowski with his Symphony Orchestra, by Deems Taylor in a professorial rôle, and, of course, by Walt Disney at suitable moments. Very grand and exalted. (Broadway, B'way at 53; daily at 2:40 and 8:40 P.M.; extra performances Sat. at 10:40 A.M. and Sun. at 5:40 P.M.)

THE FLAME OF NEW ORLEANS—Marlene Dietrich, directed by René Clair, in a very slight costume comedy that has its charms and acceptable absurdities. With Roland Young and Bruce Cabot. (Gramercy Park, Lexington at 23; Fri. through Mon., June 13-16. . . . Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12; starting Sat., June 21.)

THE LADY EVE—Barbara Stanwyck and Henry Fonda in a smart piece of nonsense about a millionaire and a siren. Written and directed by Preston Sturges. (Schuyler, Columbus Ave. at 84; Thurs., June 12. . . . Colony, 2 Ave. at 79; Sun. through Tues., June 15-17.)

LOVE CRAZY—Myrna Loy and William Powell in a bright comedy about a group of sufficiently unbalanced types. Quite lively. (Capitol, B'way at 51.)

MAJOR BARBARA—Shaw's dignified comedy of the Salvation Army and the munitions magnate, with Wendy Hiller, Rex Harrison, Robert Morley, and Emlyn Williams. A handsome British film. (Astor, B'way at 45.)

MEET JOHN DOE—Frank Capra's latest diatribe, very loud and very long, in honor of the plain American citizen and his homely ways. With Barbara Stanwyck, Cary Cooper, and Edward Arnold. (Schuyler, Columbus Ave. at 84; Fri. through Mon., June 13-16. . . . Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12; Sat. through Fri., June 14-20. . . . 68th Street Playhouse, 3 Ave. at 68; starting Wed., June 18. . . . Normandie, Park at 53; starting Fri., June 20.)

NIGHT TRAIN—Another British thriller of spies, Berlin, and the outbreak of war—a general, wild hullabaloo. Very exciting indeed, with Margaret Lockwood and Rex Harrison. (68th Street Playhouse, 3 Ave. at 68; through Fri., June 13.)

THE SEA WOLF—Jack London's ancient melodrama revived with a lot of real vigor and color, and this time including such actors as Ida Lupino, Edward G. Robinson, and John Garfield. (Colony, 2 Ave. at 79; Thurs., June 12.)

THAT HAMILTON WOMAN!—Vivien Leigh and Laurence Olivier in the big costume piece which would somewhat innocently present the famous romance of the beautiful Emma and her Lord Nelson. (Stoddard, B'way at 90; through Wed., June 18. . . . Plaza, 58, E. of Madison; Sun. through Thurs., June 15-19. . . . Terrace, 9 Ave. at 23; Tues. through Sat., June 17-21.)

THE WAGONS ROLL AT NIGHT—Sylvia Sidney, Humphrey Bogart, and various circus types, including the big carnivora. Exciting and never a minute relaxed. (R.K.O. 23rd Street, 8 Ave. at 23; R.K.O. 58th Street, 3 Ave. at 58; R.K.O. 81st Street, B'way at 81; R.K.O. 86th Street, Lexington at 86; Hamilton, B'way at 146; and Coliseum, B'way at 181; through Mon., June 16. . . . Riverside, B'way at 96; and Nemo, B'way at 110; through Wed., June 18.)

ZIEGFELD GIRL—Gaudy business, of course, but something to brighten up old codgers who remember the old days. With Judy Garland, Hedy Lamarr, Lana Turner, and James Stewart. (State, B'way at 45; Lexington, Lexington at 51; Ziegfeld, 6 Ave. at 54; Loew's 72nd Street, 3 Ave. at 72; Loew's 83rd Street, B'way at 83; Olympia, B'way at 107; and Loew's 175th Street, B'way at 175; through Wed., June 18.)

NOTE—The Museum of Modern Art, in connection with its "Britain at War" exhibition, is running a series of reticent and brief film sketches of life in England now. There are three programs, shown in rotation, one each day. Daily at 4 P.M.; also Sun. at 2 P.M. and Wed. at 6:30 and 8:30 P.M. (11 W. 53. CI 5-8900.)

REVIVALS

THE AWFUL TRUTH (1937)—Nonsense about divorce. Irene Dunne and Cary Grant. (Sutton, 3 Ave. at 57; Thurs. and Fri., June 19-20.)

THE BAKER'S WIFE (1940)—Rabelaisian French film, with Raimu. (Gramercy Park, Lexington at 23; Tues. through Thurs., June 17-19.)

FIRE OVER ENGLAND (1937)—Queen Elizabeth and the Armada. Vivien Leigh, Flora Robson, Laurence Olivier, and Raymond Massey. (Art, 36 E. 8; Fri. and Sat., June 13-14.)

GONE WITH THE WIND (1939)—Vivien Leigh, Clark Gable, crowds, and armies. (Thalia, B'way at 95; through Sun., June 15.)

HIS GIRL FRIDAY (1940)—"The Front Page" warmed over. Rosalind Russell, Cary Grant, and Ralph Bellamy. (Art, 36 E. 8; Sun. through Tues., June 15-17.)

THE HOUSEKEEPER'S DAUGHTER (1939)—Parodying crime thrillers. Joan Bennett and Adolphe Menjou. (68th Street Playhouse, 3 Ave. at 68; through Fri., June 13.)

MY FAVORITE WIFE (1940)—Irene Dunne leaves, and comes back to, Cary Grant. (Colony, 2 Ave. at 79; Fri. and Sat., June 20-21.)

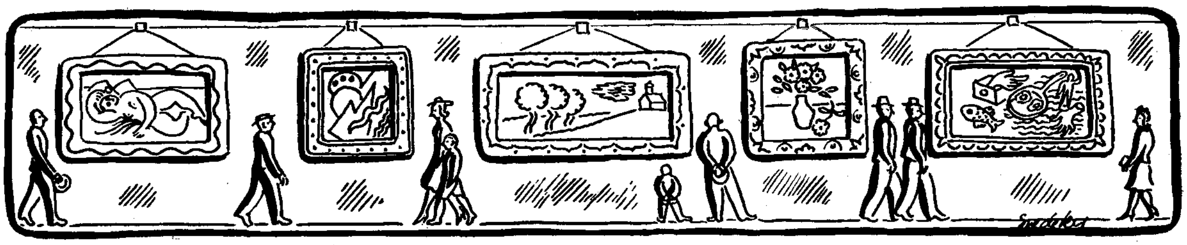
PRIDE AND PREJUDICE (1940)—The Jane Austen story. Greer Garson and Laurence Olivier. (Sutton, 3 Ave. at 57; through Fri., June 13.)

SIDEWALKS OF LONDON (1940)—English stage people. Vivien Leigh and Charles Laughton. (Art, 36 E. 8; Thurs., June 12.)

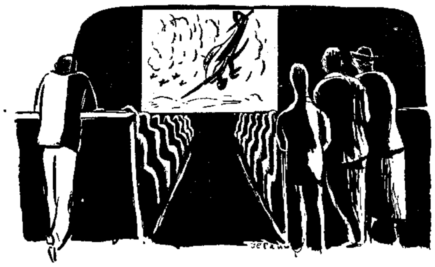
TRADE WINDS (1937)—South Sea adventure. Joan Bennett and Fredric March. (Colony, 2 Ave. at 79; Fri. and Sat., June 20-21.)

TRUE CONFESSION (1937)—Farcical murder trial. Carole Lombard, John Barrymore, Fred MacMurray. (Art, 36 E. 8; Fri. and Sat., June 13-14.)

NOTE—Two ancient curios, "The Son of the Sheik" and "The Eagle," both with Rudolph Valentino, are being shown at the 5th Avenue Playhouse, 5 Ave. at 12, Thurs., June 12.



AT THE MOVIE HOUSES



THURSDAY, JUNE 12, THROUGH WEDNESDAY, JUNE 18

THIS IS A LIST OF FILMS AT SELECTED MOTION-PICTURE THEATRES IN MANHATTAN. FILMS OF MORE THAN ROUTINE INTEREST ARE INDICATED BY BLACK TYPE; YOU CAN LEARN MORE ABOUT THEM ON PAGE 6, UNDER "MOTION PICTURES."

THE BIG HOUSES

Astor, B'way at 45 (CI 6-4642)—**MAJOR BARBARA,** Wendy Hiller, Rex Harrison, Robert Morley.

Broadway, B'way at 53 (CI 6-5353)—**FANTASIA,** Walt Disney full-length film; at 2:40 and 8:40 P.M.; also Sat. at 10:40 A.M. and Sun. at 5:40 P.M.

Capitol, B'way at 51 (CO 5-1250)—**LOVE CRAZY,** Myrna Loy, William Powell.

Criterion, B'way at 44 (BR 9-3839)—"In the Navy," Dick Powell, Abbott and Costello.

Globe, B'way at 46 (CI 6-0800)—Tentative—Through Fri., June 13: "Devil Dogs of the Air," revival, James Cagney, Pat O'Brien. . . . From Sat., June 14: "Underground," Mona Maris, Jeffrey Lynn.

Palace, B'way at 47 (BR 9-4300)—**CITIZEN KANE,** Orson Welles; at 2:40 and 8:40 P.M.; also Sat. at midnight.

Paramount, B'way at 43 (CH 4-7022)—"One Night in Lisbon," Madeleine Carroll, Fred MacMurray.

Radio City Music Hall, 6 Ave. at 50 (CI 6-4600)—Through Wed., June 18: "Sunny," Anna Neagle, John Carroll.

Roxy, 7 Ave. at 50 (CI 7-6000)—Thurs., June 12: "Blood and Sand," Rita Hayworth, Tyrone Power, Linda Darnell. . . . From Fri., June 13: "Man Hunt," Joan Bennett, Walter Pidgeon.

State, B'way at 45 (BR 9-1957)—Through Wed., June 18: **ZIEGFELD GIRL,** Judy Garland, Hedy Lamarr, Lana Turner, James Stewart.

Strand, B'way at 47 (CI 7-5900)—"Million Dollar Baby," Priscilla Lane, Jeffrey Lynn, Ronald Reagan.

FOREIGN, SPECIAL, ETC.

5th Avenue Playhouse, 5 Ave. at 12 (AL 4-7661)—Revivals—Thurs., June 12: **THE SON OF THE SHEIK** and **THE EAGLE,** Rudolph Valentino. . . . From Fri., June 13: "Streets of Sorrow" (German silent film), Greta Garbo; also "The Captain of Koepenick" (German).

Thalia, B'way at 95 (AC 2-3370)—Revivals—Through Sun., June 15: **GONE WITH THE WIND,** Vivien Leigh, Clark Gable. . . . From Mon., June 16: "Don Quixote," Feodor Chaliapin; also "Liebelei" (German).

EAST SIDE

Art, 36 E. 8 (GR 3-7014)—Revivals—Thurs., June 12: **SIDEWALKS OF LONDON,** Vivien Leigh, Charles Laughton; also "Ladies Should Listen," Cary Grant, Edward Everett Horton. . . . Fri. and Sat., June 13-14: **FIRE OVER ENGLAND,** Vivien Leigh, Flora Robson, Laurence Olivier, Raymond Massey; also **TRUE CONFESSION,** Carole Lombard, John Barrymore, Fred MacMurray. . . . Sun. through Tues., June 15-17: **HIS GIRL FRIDAY,** Rosalind Russell, Cary Grant; also "Marked Woman," Bette Davis, Humphrey Bogart. . . . From Wed., June 18: "21 Days Together," Vivien Leigh, Laurence Olivier; also "The Amazing Mr. Williams," Joan Blondell, Melvyn Douglas.

Gramercy Park, Lexington at 23 (GR 5-1660)—Thurs., June 12: "Men of Boys Town," Spencer Tracy, Mickey Rooney; also "The Cowboy and the Blonde," Mary Beth Hughes, Alan Mowbray. . . . Fri. through Mon., June 13-16: **THE FLAME OF NEW ORLEANS,** Marlene Dietrich, Roland Young, Bruce Cabot; also "The Man Who Lost Himself," Kay Francis, Brian Aherne. . . . From Tues., June 17: **THE BAKER'S WIFE** (French), revival, Raimu; also "They Met in Argentina," Maureen O'Hara, James Ellison.

Loew's 42nd Street, Lexington at 42 (AS 4-4865)—Thurs., June 12: "The Great American Broadcast," Alice Faye, Jack Oakie, John Payne; also "Singapore Woman," Brenda Marshall, David Bruce. . . . Fri. through Sun., June 13-15: "Topper Returns," Joan Blondell, Roland Young; also "The Bad Man," Wallace Beery, Lionel Barrymore. . . . Mon. and Tues., June 16-17: "Las Vegas Nights," Phil Regan, Tommy Dorsey; also "Mr. District Attorney," Florence Rice, Peter Lorre, Dennis O'Keefe. . . . From Wed., June 18: "The Devil and Miss Jones," Jean Arthur, Charles Coburn; also "Rookies on Parade," Ruth Terry, Bob Crosby.

Lexington, Lexington at 51 (PL 3-0336)—Through Wed., June 18: **ZIEGFELD GIRL,** Judy Garland, Hedy Lamarr, Lana Turner, James Stewart; also "They Dare Not Love," Martha Scott, George Brent.

Trans-Lux 52nd Street, Lexington at 52 (PL 3-2434)—Through Sat., June 14: "The Ware Case," revival, Jane Baxter, Clive Brook. . . . Sun. and Mon., June 15-16: "Adam Had Four Sons," Ingrid Bergman, Warner Baxter. . . . Tues. and Wed., June 17-18: "Escape to Glory" (also called "Submarine Zone"), Constance Bennett, Pat O'Brien.

Normandie, Park at 53 (PL 8-0040)—Thurs., June 12: "One Night in the Tropics," revival, Allan Jones, Abbott and Costello. . . . Fri. through Sun., June 13-15: "The Great Lie," Bette Davis, George Brent. . . . Mon. and Tues., June 16-17: "So Ends Our Night," Margaret Sullavan, Fredric March. . . . From Wed., June 18: "Maisie Was a Lady," Ann Sothern, Lew Ayres.

Sutton, 3 Ave. at 57 (PL 3-5520)—Through Fri., June 13: **PRIDE AND PREJUDICE,** revival, Greer Garson, Laurence Olivier; also "Two Girls on Broadway," revival, Joan Blondell, Lana Turner. . . . Sat. through Mon., June 14-16: "So Ends Our Night," Margaret Sullavan, Fredric March; also "Maisie Was a Lady," Ann Sothern, Lew Ayres. . . . Tues. and Wed., June 17-18: "He Stayed for Breakfast," revival, Loretta Young, Melvyn Douglas; also "Three on a Weekend," revival, Margaret Lockwood, John Lodge.

R.K.O. 58th Street, 3 Ave. at 58 (VO 5-3577)—Through Mon., June 16: **THE WAGONS ROLL AT NIGHT,** Sylvia Sidney, Humphrey Bogart; also "Affectionately Yours," Merle Oberon, Dennis Morgan, Rita Hayworth. . . . Tues. and Wed., June 17-18: "Ride on, Vaquero," Cesar Romero; also "Here Comes Happiness," Mildred Coles, Edward Norris.

Plaza, 58, E. of Madison (VO 5-3320)—Through Sat., June 14: "Road to Zanzibar," Bing Crosby, Dorothy Lamour, Bob Hope. . . . From Sun., June 15: **THAT HAMILTON WOMAN!,** Vivien Leigh, Laurence Olivier.

68th Street Playhouse, 3 Ave. at 68 (RE 4-0302)—Through Fri., June 13: **NIGHT TRAIN,** Margaret Lockwood, Rex Harrison; also **THE HOUSEKEEPER'S DAUGHTER,** revival, Joan Bennett, Adolphe Menjou. . . . Sat. through Tues., June 14-17: "The Great Lie," Bette Davis, George Brent; also "Time in the Sun," revival, Mexican documentary film. . . . From Wed., June 18: **MEET JOHN DOE,** Barbara Stanwyck, Gary Cooper, Edward Arnold.

Loew's 72nd Street, 3 Ave. at 72 (BU 8-7222)—Through Wed., June 18: **ZIEGFELD GIRL,** Judy Garland, Hedy Lamarr, Lana Turner, James Stewart; also "They Dare Not Love," Martha Scott, George Brent.

Colony, 2 Ave. at 79 (RH 4-9888)—Thurs., June 12: **THE SEA WOLF,** Ida Lupino, Edward G. Robinson, John Garfield; also "Model Wife," Joan Blondell, Dick Powell. . . . Fri. and Sat., June 13-14: "If You Could Only Cook," revival, Jean Arthur, Herbert Marshall; also "Marked Woman," revival, Bette Davis, Humphrey Bogart. . . . Sun. through Tues., June 15-17: **THE LADY EVE,** Barbara Stanwyck, Henry Fonda; also "Rage in Heaven," Ingrid Bergman, Robert Montgomery. . . . From Wed., June 18: "The Great Lie," Bette Davis, George Brent; also "The Cowboy and the Blonde," Mary Beth Hughes, Alan Mowbray.

Trans-Lux 85th Street, Madison at 85 (BU 8-3180)—Through Sat., June 14: "Clouds Over Europe," revival, Laurence Olivier, Ralph Richardson. . . . Sun. and Mon., June 15-16: "The Ware Case," revival, Jane Baxter, Clive Brook. . . . Tues. and Wed., June 17-18: "Escape to Glory" (also called "Submarine Zone"), Constance Bennett, Pat O'Brien.

R.K.O. 86th Street, Lexington at 86 (AT 9-8900)—Through Mon., June 16: **THE WAGONS ROLL AT NIGHT,** Sylvia Sidney, Humphrey Bogart; also "Affectionately Yours," Merle Oberon, Dennis Morgan, Rita Hayworth. . . . Tues. and Wed., June 17-18: "Ride on, Vaquero," Cesar Romero; also "Here Comes Happiness," Mildred Coles, Edward Norris.

Loew's 86th Street, 3 Ave. at 86 (AT 9-5566)—Through Fri., June 13: "The Great American Broadcast," Alice Faye, Jack Oakie, John Payne; also "Singapore Woman," Brenda Marshall, David Bruce. . . . Sat. through Mon., June 14-16: "Road to Zanzibar," Bing Crosby, Dorothy Lamour, Bob Hope; also "You're the One," Bonnie Baker, Orrin Tucker. . . . Tues. and Wed., June 17-18: "Man-Made Monster," Lionel Atwill; also "Horror Island," Dick Foran.

Orpheum, 3 Ave. at 86 (AT 9-4607)—Through Mon., June 16: "Topper Returns," Joan Blondell, Roland Young; also "The Bad Man," Wallace Beery, Lionel Barrymore. . . . Tues. and Wed., June 17-18: "Las Vegas Nights," Phil Regan, Tommy Dorsey; also "Mr. District Attorney," Florence Rice, Peter Lorre, Dennis O'Keefe.

WEST SIDE

8th Street Playhouse, 52 W. 8 (GR 7-7874)—Through Fri., June 13: "The Great American Broadcast," Alice Faye, Jack Oakie, John Payne. . . . Sat. through Mon., June 14-16: "So Ends Our Night," Margaret Sullavan, Fredric March. . . . From Tues., June 17: "The Devil and Miss Jones," Jean Arthur, Charles Coburn.

Sheridan, 7 Ave. at 12 (WA 9-2166)—Through Mon., June 16: "Topper Returns," Joan Blondell, Roland Young; also "The Bad Man," Wallace Beery, Lionel Barrymore. . . . Tues. and Wed., June 17-18: "Las Vegas Nights," Phil Regan, Tommy Dorsey; also "Mr. District Attorney," Florence Rice, Peter Lorre, Dennis O'Keefe.

Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12 (WA 9-3350)—Through Fri., June 13: "Road to Zanzibar," Bing Crosby, Dorothy Lamour, Bob Hope; also "You're the One," Bonnie Baker, Orrin Tucker. . . . From Sat., June 14: **MEET JOHN DOE,** Barbara Stanwyck, Gary Cooper, Edward Arnold; also "They Met in Argentina," Maureen O'Hara, James Ellison.

R.K.O. 23rd Street, 8 Ave. at 23 (CH 2-3440)—Through Mon., June 16: **THE WAGONS ROLL AT NIGHT,** Sylvia Sidney, Humphrey Bogart; also "Affectionately Yours," Merle Oberon, Dennis Morgan, Rita Hayworth. . . . Tues. and Wed., June 17-18: "Ride on, Vaquero," Cesar Romero; also "Here Comes Happiness," Mildred Coles, Edward Norris.

Terrace, 9 Ave. at 23 (CH 2-9280)—Through Mon., June 16: "Road to Zanzibar," Bing Crosby, Dorothy Lamour, Bob Hope; also "You're the One," Bonnie Baker, Orrin Tucker. . . . From Tues., June 17: **THAT HAMILTON WOMAN!,** Vivien Leigh, Laurence Olivier; also "The Big Boss," Gloria Dickson, Otto Kruger.

Ziegfeld, 6 Ave. at 54 (CI 7-3737)—Through Wed., June 18: **ZIEGFELD GIRL,** Judy Garland, Hedy Lamarr, Lana Turner, James Stewart; also "They Dare Not Love," Martha Scott, George Brent.

Beacon, B'way at 75 (TR 4-9132)—Through Tues., June 17: "The Great American Broadcast," Alice Faye, Jack Oakie, John Payne; also "Singapore Woman," Brenda Marshall, David Bruce. . . . Wed., June 18: "Secret Evidence," Marjorie Reynolds; also "Sheriff of Tombstone," Roy Rogers.

77th Street, B'way at 77 (TR 4-9382)—Through Tues., June 17: "Adam Had Four Sons," Ingrid Bergman, Warner Baxter; also "Escape to Glory" (also called "Submarine Zone"), Constance Bennett, Pat O'Brien. . . . From Wed., June 18: "Road to Zanzibar," Bing Crosby, Dorothy Lamour, Bob Hope; also "You're the One," Bonnie Baker, Orrin Tucker.

R.K.O. 81st Street, B'way at 81 (TR 7-6160)—Through Mon., June 16: **THE WAGONS ROLL AT NIGHT,** Sylvia Sidney, Humphrey Bogart; also "Affectionately Yours," Merle Oberon, Dennis Morgan, Rita Hayworth. . . . Tues. and Wed., June 17-18: "Ride on, Vaquero," Cesar Romero; also "Here Comes Happiness," Mildred Coles, Edward Norris.

Loew's 83rd Street, B'way at 83 (TR 7-3190)—Through Wed., June 18: **ZIEGFELD GIRL,** Judy Garland, Hedy Lamarr, Lana Turner, James Stewart; also "They Dare Not Love," Martha Scott, George Brent.

Schuyler, Columbus Ave. at 84 (EN 2-0696)—Thurs., June 12: **THE LADY EVE,** Barbara Stanwyck, Henry Fonda; also "Rage in Heaven," Ingrid Bergman, Robert Montgomery. . . . Fri. through Mon., June 13-16: **MEET JOHN DOE,** Barbara Stanwyck, Gary Cooper, Edward Arnold; also "The Texas Rangers Ride Again," Ellen Drew, John Howard. . . . Tues. and Wed., June 17-18: "The Trial of Mary Dugan," Laraine Day, Robert Young; also "Golden Hoofs," Jane Withers.

Stoddard, B'way at 90 (SC 4-9257)—Through Wed., June 18: **THAT HAMILTON WOMAN!,** Vivien Leigh, Laurence Olivier; also "The Big Boss," Gloria Dickson, Otto Kruger.

Riverside, B'way at 96 (RI 9-9861)—Through Wed., June 18: **THE WAGONS ROLL AT NIGHT,** Sylvia Sidney, Humphrey Bogart; also "Affectionately Yours," Merle Oberon, Dennis Morgan, Rita Hayworth.

Carlton, B'way at 100 (AC 4-8676)—Through Sat., June 14: "Men of Boys Town," Spencer Tracy, Mickey Rooney; also "Blondie Goes Latin," Penny Singleton, Arthur Lake. . . . From Sun., June 15: "So Ends Our Night," Margaret Sullavan, Fredric March; also "Maisie Was a Lady," Ann Sothern, Lew Ayres.

Olympia, B'way at 107 (AC 2-1019)—Through Wed., June 18: **ZIEGFELD GIRL,** Judy Garland, Hedy Lamarr, Lana Turner, James Stewart; also "They Dare Not Love," Martha Scott, George Brent.

Nemo, B'way at 110 (AC 2-9406)—Through Wed., June 18: **THE WAGONS ROLL AT NIGHT,** Sylvia Sidney, Humphrey Bogart; also "Affectionately Yours," Merle Oberon, Dennis Morgan, Rita Hayworth.

Hamilton, B'way at 146 (ED 4-0287)—Through Mon., June 16: **THE WAGONS ROLL AT NIGHT,** Sylvia Sidney, Humphrey Bogart; also "Affectionately Yours," Merle Oberon, Dennis Morgan, Rita Hayworth. . . . Tues. and Wed., June 17-18: "Ride on, Vaquero," Cesar Romero; also "Here Comes Happiness," Mildred Coles, Edward Norris.

Loew's 175th Street, B'way at 175 (WA 7-5200)—Through Wed., June 18: **ZIEGFELD GIRL,** Judy Garland, Hedy Lamarr, Lana Turner, James Stewart; also "They Dare Not Love," Martha Scott, George Brent.

Coliseum, B'way at 181 (WA 7-7200)—Through Mon., June 16: **THE WAGONS ROLL AT NIGHT,** Sylvia Sidney, Humphrey Bogart; also "Affectionately Yours," Merle Oberon, Dennis Morgan, Rita Hayworth. . . . Tues. and Wed., June 17-18: "Ride on, Vaquero," Cesar Romero; also "Here Comes Happiness," Mildred Coles, Edward Norris.

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with
her summer preparations
sun or no sun!
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SUN TAN OIL
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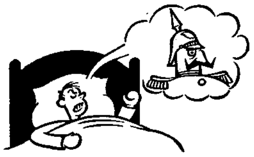
THE NEW YORKER

THE TALK OF THE TOWN

Notes and Comment

ADOLF HITLER and Benito Mussolini conferred at the Brenner Pass and then went back to their plans to capture Europe and, if possible, the world. Two days later, Wilhelm II, a man who didn't have to confer with anyone, died at Doorn and the *Popolo d'Italia* wrote an editorial addressed to Deanna Durbin asking her to use her influence to keep America out of the war. These things, in accidental conjunction, sound eventful to us. We can remember when the man who did not even need the help of Deanna Durbin occupied almost all our thoughts, asleep or awake. The spiked helmet, the fiercely upturned mustache, the cold blue eyes aroused our hatred, but we couldn't despise them, even when they belonged to a broken man. We may yet suffer greater harm from the obsolescent fat man and the pathological dreamer than we did from the Beast of Berlin, but as personalities we won't be able to keep them steady in our mind. We can't even imagine them cutting very much wood.

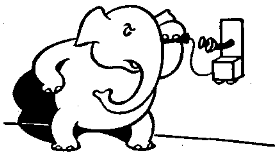


DEPARTMENT OF SCIENCE AND INVENTION: In this time of peculiar stress, Alfred E. Pickard, a genius of Mount Vernon, Illinois, has received U. S. Patent No. 2,238,131 for a combination shovel and chair. Over in London, Dr. Rosslyn Bruce, rector of Hurstmonceaux, after laboring for fifty years, has succeeded in producing a green mouse, with opalescent eyes.

THE fashionable tailors and the sporting-goods stores scare us as much as anybody else. "There has never been a summer when it will be so important to relax," they write in the catalogues advertising their bright, expensive toys. "The deluge is coming. Dress up and play." Here is the damnedest rubber horse ever made; buy it and blow it up and ride it over the dancing waves. Here are flowered trunks for the gentleman and a pretty, rather indecent little suit for his mate; wear them in the sun before the sun goes out. Here is a special, portable bar for the beach, and please observe how safe and faraway the horizon looks through the bottom of a glass. Here is a shovel for the intent and busy child; let him build a fort in the sand, facing east. We are not a man to recommend fasting and prayer in a time of crisis, but we're not sure how we feel about this extra hilarity, either. It may make queer reading for posterity: the invader came at last and America took three quick Martinis and rode out to sea to meet him on a rubber horse.

WE were interested by two recent speeches in the House of Representatives. The first, by Donald S. McLean, a congressman from New Jersey, attacked a moving picture called "Adventure in Washington," which deals with the lives of pageboys in the Senate. Calling it "a ridiculous and silly stretch of the imagination," Representative McLean protested against the film as a libel on the intelligence and integrity of the pageboys because it showed them fighting on the floor of the Senate and otherwise misbehaving. The second speech, by Representative George A. Dondero of Michigan, advised his colleagues to keep their feet off the tops of chairs, brush up on their etiquette, restrain their rude and indecorous behavior, and stop addressing one another as "Joe" rather than as "the gentleman from New York." We pass these remarks on to you without comment, for your study and reflection.

JOURNALISM, too long preoccupied with weighty things, got back to familiar ground last week when a group of newspaper reporters trotted out Alice, a forty-four-year-old elephant at the Bronx Zoo, and tried to get her to answer a dummy telephone, a trick she learned and dropped thirty years ago, probably in disgust. A keeper nailed an oversize telephone on a fence, pressed a button to make the bell ring, picked up the receiver, and shouted, "Hello. . . . Who? You want Alice? Hold the wire. I'll see if she'll come to the telephone." He looked at Alice and Alice stood there like a lump. After the routine had been repeated, futilely, three times, the reporters went back to their papers to write pieces proving that elephants have no memories. We think this is a dangerous conclusion and leaves out of account Alice's feelings about telephones and possibly reporters. There are things a girl can get into her head at the age of fourteen that only strike her as foolish when she is forty-four. A woman who was called to the phone in 1911 and didn't hear anything but the blood pounding in her ear might very well be infected with nothing but bitterness. We have an idea that there is nothing the matter with Alice's memory; her sense of humor may just be a bit battered.



A RUEFUL editorial in the *Times* reminded us of what a luckless crew kings are these days. The writer recapitulated most of them: George of Greece hiding in a cave, Peter of Yugoslavia anxious to learn aviation in Canada, Christian of Denmark walking his horse through the quiet streets, Leopold of Belgium a prisoner, George of England always threatened by the bombs. We got to thinking of how the old image of the king as a glorious figure, ermine-draped and sceptred, seems to have gone the way of the sailing ship and the disarmament pact. All we see now is a tired little man in a sack suit, regally done up with a gas mask and a bomb-snuffer, his bags packed and ready for the quick, ignominious dash to the nearest airport.

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INCIDENTAL INTELLIGENCE: Alfred Gwynne Vanderbilt gets wonderful service at the Baroque Restaurant, on Fifty-third Street, because the staff there thinks his name is Whitney.

Whether by design or by coincidence, a shoeshine man with a peg leg has set up shop under the statue of Peter Stuyvesant, at Second Avenue and Tenth Street.

Miss Phyllis Tower, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Harold Tower, of Abington, Massachusetts, has been chosen Miss Animal Husbandry of 1941.

Coup

WE have this story fresh from a lady who has been up to her ears in the fevered international society of Madrid. One afternoon when she was having apéritifs with a friend, a distinguished gentleman stopped at their table for a moment. The lady's friend introduced the newcomer as the Duke of ——. Our informant knew him to be pretty high in the succession to the throne of one of the little countries that had succumbed to Hitler, so when he said that he was going soon to North Africa, it piqued her curiosity. Later she asked her friend what the trip to North Africa signified. Was it perhaps a monarchist plot of some sort? "Well, I don't believe the Duke would want his plans known," the friend said, "but between you and me, he's dickering for the sole rights to the sale of Coca-Cola down there."

Basenjis

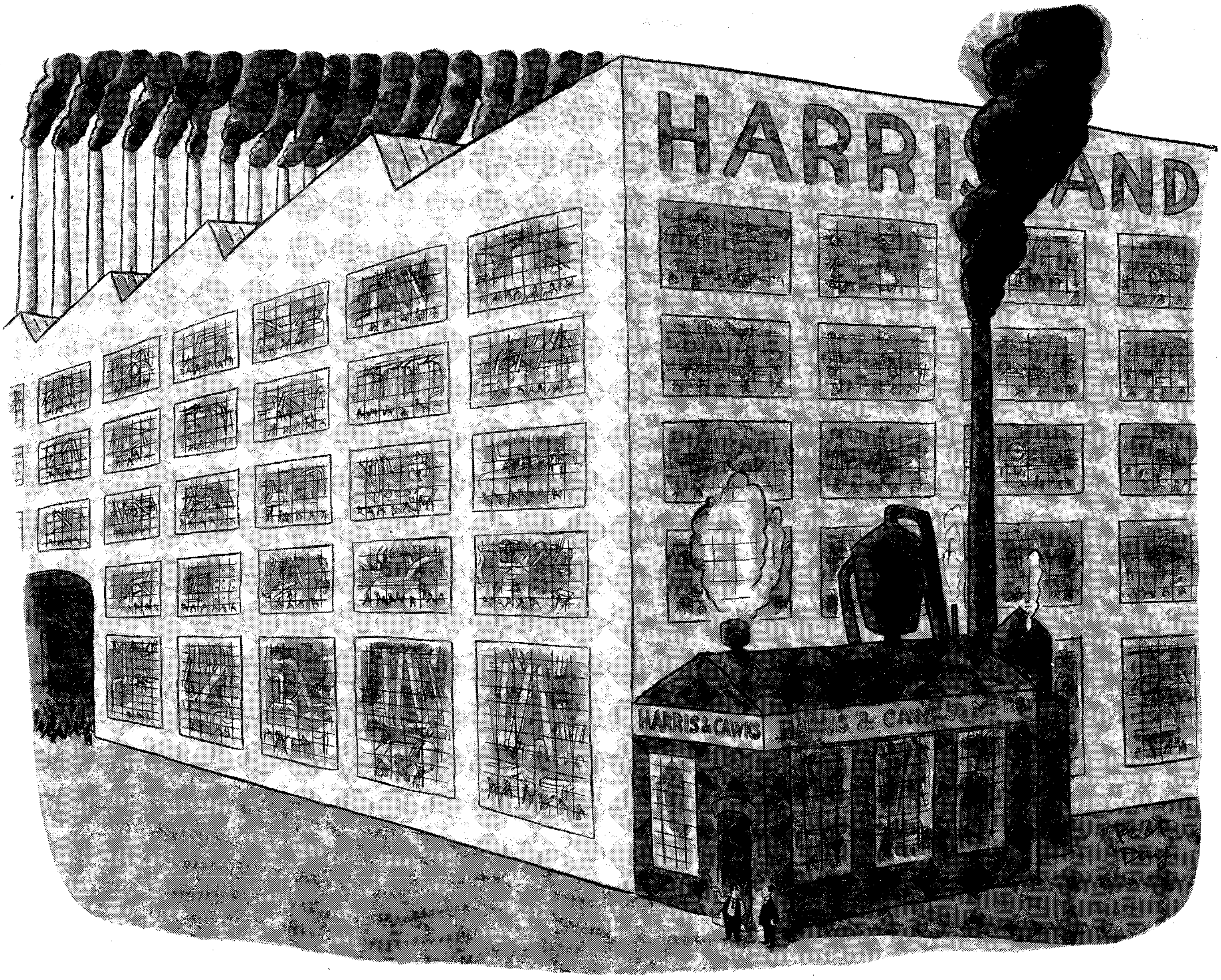
WE paid no attention whatever to the 3,870 barking dogs at the Morris and Essex Kennel Club Show in Madison, New Jersey, the other Saturday, our sole and limited objective being the four Basenjis, the barkless dogs from the Belgian Congo. We pushed determinedly through howling ranks of schipperkes, schnauzers, papillons, Pekes, and pugs, and finally found the Basenjis in a far corner of one of the tents, quietly watching a fat poodle being sprayed with an atomizer. The Basenjis had satiny brown coats and the build of fox terriers; their faces bore the wrinkled, worried expression of investment counsellors. They were in charge of John Lang, a sallow, barkless keeper who had brought them to New Jersey from the Aurora, Ontario, kennels of their owner, Dr. A. R. B. Richmond, who imported them from England a year ago. They are one generation removed from the Congo. Lang pointed out to us Koodoo and Kwillo (males) and Kiteve and Kikuku (bitches). "In the kennel, Kiteve is called Stella and Kikuku is known as Fatty," Lang told us, and at the sound of their names the bitches uttered a strange, singing chortle. "They're oodling," said Lang. We asked him about the nature of the oodle. "You know—oodle," he explained. "Like Swiss oodlers."

Lang told us that Basenjis are highly prized as hunters in the Belgian Congo and the natives consider two of them fair exchange for a wife any day. A pair of them can pull down a gazelle or jackal. They scent their quarry as far as eighty yards away. While hunting, they wear wooden bells around their necks, so the natives can follow them through the tall elephant grass. They were palace favorites at the courts of ancient Egypt, as evidenced by rock engravings of Basenjis seated at the feet of Pharaohs (circa 2300-4000 B.C.) which have been preserved, or were preserved, in the Egyptology Department of the British Museum. The breed fell into obscurity for a good many centuries, but in 1895 a pair were shown in London. These died of distemper, and no Basenjis appeared again in England until 1932, when several were imported from the Sudan. By 1937, a Basenji fad was under way in England, and the English Kennel Club officially classified them as a sporting breed. Three generations have now been bred in England, and four months ago, in Ontario, Kiteve and Kikuku gave birth to five and four pups, respectively. The only Basenji resident in the United States at present belongs to Byron H. and Olga H. Rogers of Poundridge, who have him kennelled on the outskirts of Boston. Male Basenjis are firm creatures and rule the house; a bitch, for example, wouldn't dream of eating until the male has finished. Basenjis are affectionate, especially with children, and generally remain quiet, except during the mating season, when they engage in continuous oodling.

Lang had no idea whether their throat structure differed from that of other dogs, so we dropped a line to Dr. Richmond in Canada on this point. He promptly replied that he didn't know, either, why the dogs are barkless but suspected that their vocal cords have atrophied from generations of silent hunting. He said that Basenjis delight in tracking down reed rats, vicious, long-toothed creatures weighing about twelve pounds, and that one essential of a reed-rat hunt is absolute silence. Dr. Richmond also said that he intends to take the matter up with someone at the University of Toronto, hoping to get some light on the subject.

Quest

MORE about the Indian summer of New England: A Boston firm which deals in electrical equipment for the aid of the deaf recently got a letter from a man in New Hampshire requesting information about its products. Feeling that a personal conference might be more fruitful than correspondence, the firm dispatched a representative with samples. He drove ninety miles to the New Hampshire town from which the letter had been addressed, learned that the writer lived on a farm some miles out in the country, and, after a diligent search, found him working in his south field. Approached by the salesman, the farmer said yes, he had written for information about acoustical apparatus. It was obvious that the farmer was able to hear perfectly, so the salesman tactfully suggested that he might



"Of course, if this defence boom blows up—but we don't let ourselves think about that."

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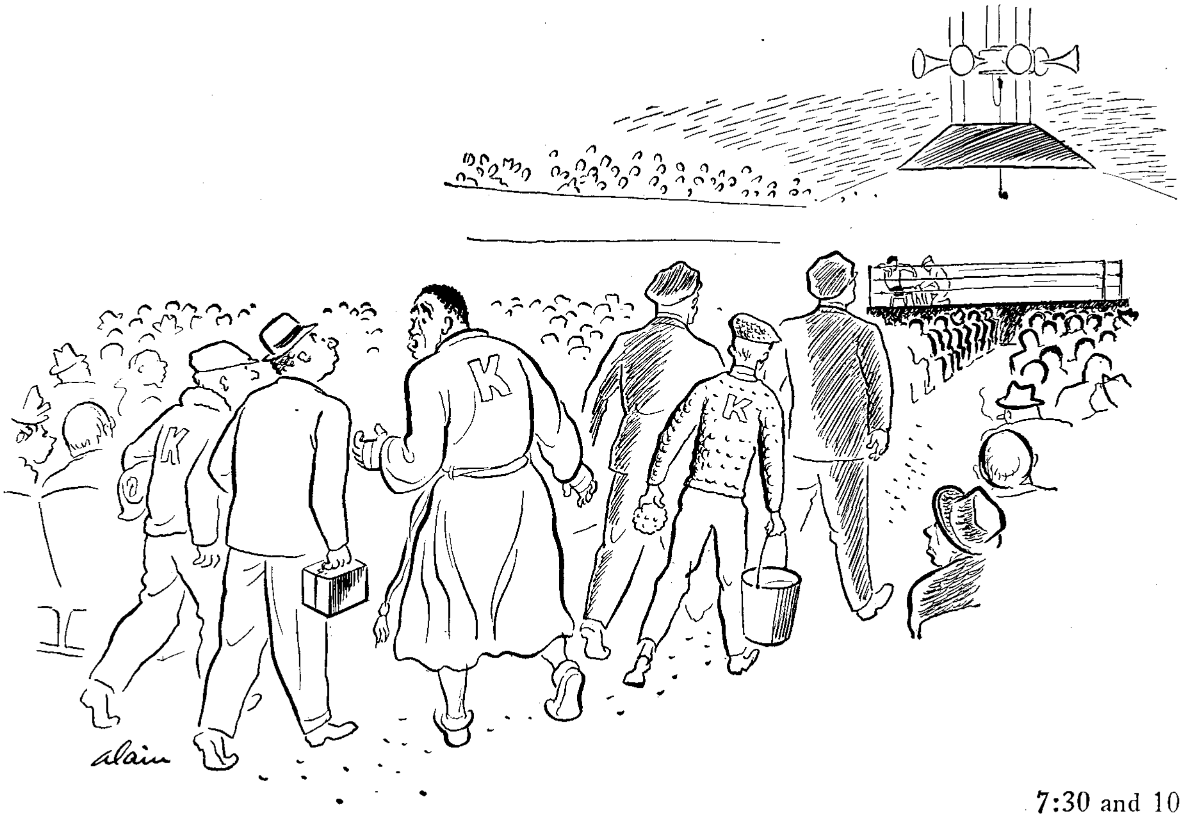
be of more help if he knew for which member of the farmer's family an apparatus was required. "Oh, we all hear fust-rate, knock wood," the farmer said cheerily. "I've just always been curious about those contraptions."

Old-Timer

SOMEONE, although we don't know who, once figured out that the average working life of a professional diver is nineteen years, but there's a man around New York Harbor who makes a monkey out of that figure. He is John Lawson, a Swedish-born gentleman of seventy-two who has been diving for the last forty-nine years. He has stomped along the bottom of the Harlem and East Rivers, the waters off Staten Island and Queens, and all around. He doesn't work every day, but when he does he cleans up. As a union man, he gets $20 a day, with double pay for overtime and "depth money," which is a bonus for every foot over sixty that he descends. One day he earned $44.50 for working at a depth of 118 feet. All of Lawson's diving has been done in local waters and always for private contractors. Some of his recent employers are sons of men he worked for in the nineties.

Lawson was born on a farm in Sweden and ran away to sea at fourteen. After half a dozen years of knocking about, he wound up in Brooklyn. He was already a diver, having got into the business rather casually while working as a pump engineer aboard a salvage ship off Havana. One of the divers got sick and the boss asked Lawson if he knew how to dive. Lawson said sure he did, and, by George, he did. Since then he's covered more of the underwater regions around New York than any other man. He's never seen anything, though, because the harbor is so muddy you can't see your hand in front of your helmet. Lawson has to work entirely by feel, even on such intricate jobs as erecting scaffolding. Every diver has an aide called a tender. "He's the same as a valet to a millionaire," Lawson told us, somewhat regally. The tender helps the diver put on and take off his suit, handles his life and air lines, and watches over him generally. Underneath his diving suit, Lawson wears as many clothes as he can get on, for local waters are not only muddy but cold.

Several times in the last half-century Lawson has had close calls. Once he had the bends, and once he lost his helmet in forty feet of water in the East River and it was six minutes before they rescued him. He got what air he could from bubbles that came out of the hose. When he reached the top, he learned that a colleague had telephoned Mrs.



"Got the towel?"

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Lawson that her husband was no more. "She sure was surprised when I jumped off the trolley that night," Lawson recalls today. A widower now, Lawson lives with his son-in-law, daughter, and two grandchildren. The son-in-law is at present supervising the installation of Diesel engines on yachts taken over by the government and one of the grandchildren is third mate on a tanker. Recently Lawson was selected as one of twelve harbor workers to receive service medals from the Port of New York Authority. He thought it was fine to get the medal but that the honor which befell a fellow-diver about the same time had more practical value. This man got $500 for endorsing a cigarette. Lawson is open to propositions. He thinks that maybe he could say Prince Albert is good smoking underwater.

Courtesy

A LADY of self-reliance and maturity was observed driving round and round in the vicinity of the Ambassador Hotel, looking for a place to park. She was observed, especially, by a traffic cop just as she finally worked her car right into the weather side of a "No Parking" sign. The officer strolled over and made appropriate remarks, and the lady meekly explained that she had an appointment for luncheon at the Ambassador, and that, not being a New Yorker, she wasn't up on all the parking rules. "You're from outta town, hah?" the cop said. The lady said yes, she lived in Utica. "In Utica!" the officer repeated with compassion. "Lady, you leave your car here and have your fling."

Invisible Television

NO matter how bad off you are, you aren't as bad off as the Columbia Broadcasting System, which has been ordered by the Federal Communications Commission to begin the broadcasting on July 1st of fifteen hours of television programs weekly, although it is a foregone cinch that no one is going to see the broadcasts except a few studio engineers and other employees. To go briefly into details, the government has assigned C.B.S. television to Channel No. 2 of the television wave band (heretofore held inviolate for the Army) and none of the three thousand television receiving instruments in the area that might be reached is mechanically capable of receiving on Channel No. 2. They will do all right on Channel No. 1, which has been assigned to the National Broadcasting Company, but nothing doing on Channel No. 2. The sets could be adjusted to receive on both channels, in theory. In practice they can't be because the factories and the men that would do the work are tied up on defence production. Caught between the Federal Communications Commission and Hitler, C.B.S. must, dead-pan, present fifteen hours of bona-fide television broadcasts or lose its rights to Channel No. 2.

The television programs which C.B.S. is going to launch into nowhere will originate in a huge studio on the third floor of the Grand Central Building, at 15 Vanderbilt Avenue. The broadcasts will follow a rather loose time schedule: at least two hours between 2 and 11 P.M. weekdays, one of which must be between 7:30 and 10:30 P.M., and three hours scattered around somewhere during the week. C.B.S. has about decided on a series of television lessons in etching for one feature. Then, in the field of sports, experts will instruct nobody how to cast a fly, load a gun, hold a tennis racquet, and wrestle. Television-set owners would probably become terrific athletes if they could cut in on Channel No. 2. They won't be able to see handball tournaments, too, as well as dance programs, vox-pop programs, quizzes, interviews, and some of the smaller new machines of war, which will be demonstrated on the studio floor as part of a defence broadcast to nowhere.

Gulping their frustration, the C.B.S. people tell us that they refuse to consider all this apparently futile effort as time lost. They themselves will be able to pick up the programs on their studio receiving set (which has been fixed up for old Channel No. 2) and they will experiment with lighting, grouping, the handling of musical equipment, color, etc., and probably come out of the whole thing as little men, every one of them.

Deficiency

THE mother of one of those eight-year-old daughters you would probably want to throttle if you ever met them was talking to her the other day about her schoolmates, and happened to make a commendatory reference to a small boy in the group. "Oh, *him,*" said the girl. "He's big enough for his age, but he has the mind of a child."

Trouper

William T. Tilden was forty-eight in February and his hair is graying, but he is lean and has only one chin. He owns a house in Philadelphia (which he has been trying to sell) and has three thousand phonograph records in storage there, but he feels that really the nearest thing he has to a home is a Lincoln Zephyr in which he has done more than twenty-one thousand miles since he bought it in January. He is in these parts for a few weeks, playing professionally. He has just completed a four-month tour in which he played seventy matches. The other members of the troupe were Alice Marble, Donald Budge, Mary Hardwick, and, part of the time, Eleanor Tennant. Their contracts forbade them to play in public except as arranged by their management, and they violated these on one occasion. This was in Toronto, where they were invited to visit the Royal Canadian Air Training Corps. Budge wasn't in the city at the time but the four others arrived, in street clothes, and found three thousand men expectantly gathered around an asphalt tennis court. Miss Marble sang a song. Tilden then explained their contractual limitations and said they'd all demonstrate a few strokes without actually playing. They borrowed some racquets, and after five minutes of demonstration, Tilden turned to Miss Marble and said, "Eleanor and I will take you and Mary on for five games." They played the five games, the girls in high-heeled shoes, and the Air Corps presented each of them with the group's official winged emblem, which Tilden now wears in his lapel.

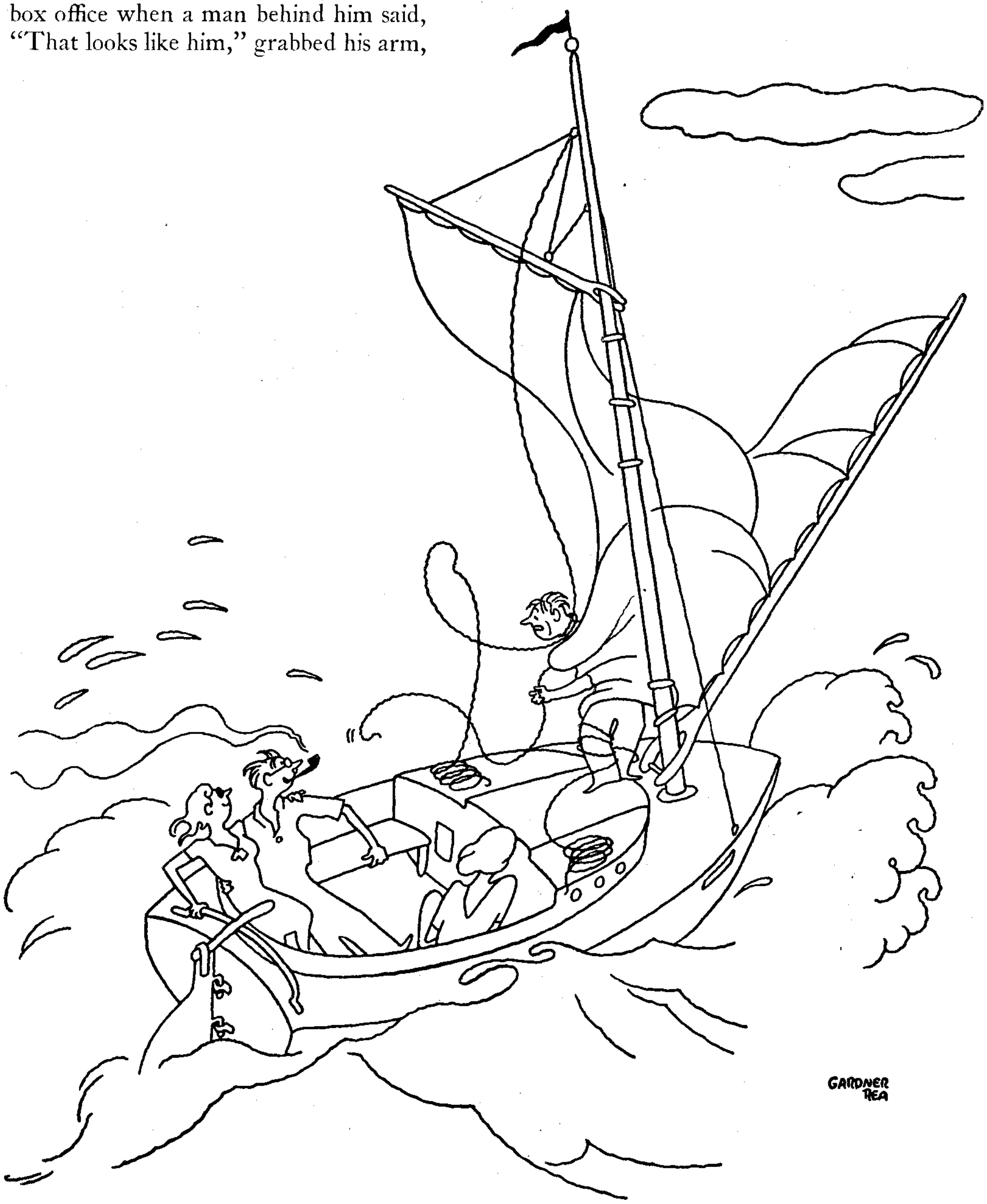
Tilden told us that he was in Hollywood for a spell last fall and made a short for Warner Brothers. He says that Jack Warner is crazy about tennis and is not a bad player, for a producer. Every Sunday, he and Tilden would take on all hands at doubles, generally winning. Tilden considers Mickey Rooney the best tennis player among the Hollywood actors.

Tilden's main income comes from his playing, but he also has profitable contracts with the Dunlop Tire & Rubber and the U.S. Rubber companies permitting the use of his name on their tennis products. He had scarcely told us this when a messenger from one of these corporations arrived, bringing him a pair of red, white, and blue sneakers. "My goodness!" said Tilden. "Am I supposed to wear these?" The messenger nodded. Tilden plays tennis about two hundred and fifty days a year. When he feels stale, he sometimes refreshes himself by playing tennis with average players. He told us that in this sort of game he's kidding all the time. He tries impossible shots or else makes his opponent run a hundred thousand miles. Or he may play bridge. He always does this passionately, and when his tennis threatens to interfere with his bridge, he gives up tennis. "The greatest person I've ever met is Mary Garden," Tilden said. "I've played a lot of bridge with her."

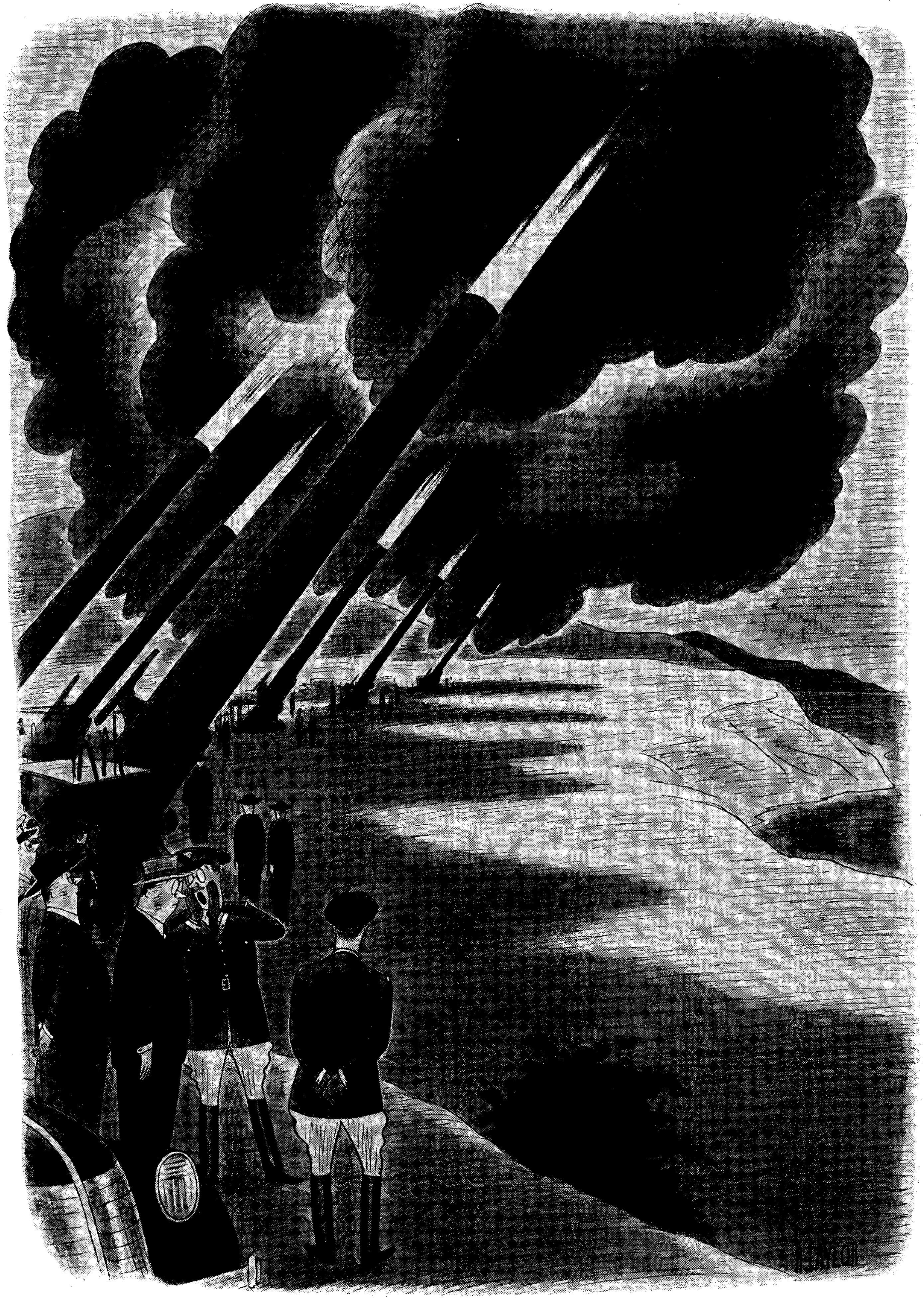
Tilden is starting on another tour next month. He likes touring, although he runs into some funny freaks on his trips. In Indiana, this winter, prior to an exhibition, he was standing near the box office when a man behind him said, "That looks like him," grabbed his arm, and swung him around. "By God, it is!" said the man, and spun him back again. In 1929, in Forest Hills, a man asked Tilden whether he remembered him or not, and when Tilden said no, he exclaimed, "What! Why, I spoke to you when you came off the court in Auckland, New Zealand, in 1920!"

New Custom

When a certain Naval Reserve officer we know was called up for active duty last week, his family took the news in good spirits, except for his great-aunt, a lady of ninety-one, who announced that she was astonished. "Can't understand why you have to go," she said. "In my day, you'd have got a substitute."



"Believe it or not, this isn't as simple as it looks."



"I said, please don't feel it's necessary to make conversation."

5135 KENSINGTON

JUNE, 1903

TOOTIE SMITH was awake, but she lay in bed without opening her eyes. She could tell it was a sunny day by the light which shone through her eyelids. It was a bright-orange shade, and she knew that the room was flooded with sunlight. On rainy days the light that came through her eyelids was a dark purplish brown. She stretched her thin little legs and felt the scab, a really good one, on one knee with her hand.

There were two doors to her room, one leading to a large, square, central hall and the other leading to a back bedroom, where her mother and father slept. The doors were open, and Tootie could feel the hot summer breeze as it blew across her bare legs and could hear the window shades moving back and forth with a sucking sound. In her parents' room, someone was walking about quietly, and she heard the screen being raised in one of the back windows. "It's Lon," she thought. "And he's going to tell me that thing about the pony again."

She waited for him to speak. "Well!" he said. "I'll be doggoned!"

Tootie set her lips and kept her eyes tightly shut.

"I'll be doggoned!" Lon repeated. "Well, that's a good one on me! Who'd ever think it? Here I was yesterday playing a joke on poor little Tootie, telling her there was a pony in the back yard, and darned if it doesn't come true!"

His voice was filled with excitement, and Tootie stirred uneasily in her bed.

"Tootie," he called softly.

She didn't answer, and he came into her room, calling her again.

She opened her eyes and looked at him. His bright-blue eyes were shining and his light-brown hair was damp where he had wet it to keep down the cowlick that grew on the crown of his head. He wore white duck trousers, spotted with grass stains, and a white shirt open at the neck. "Tootie," he said. "What do you think?"

"There isn't," she said.

"Isn't what?"

"Isn't a pony in the back yard."

He walked over to the window, jingling the coins in his pocket and frowning. "I was afraid of that." He pretended to be talking to himself. "Afraid she wouldn't believe me. I should have known. Shouldn't have said anything." He sighed. "Of course," he went on, "I deserve it after the lie I told her yesterday. Anyone who would tell a lie to a little six-year-old girl is a cad."

"I don't believe it," Tootie said.

He turned to face her. "And why should you?" he asked. "It's nothing short of a miracle. Yesterday, I admit, there was *not* a pony in the back yard. I played you a dirty trick. I'm ashamed of myself—a man of eighteen deceiving a little child. Why, I wouldn't blame you, Tootie, if you never spoke to me again. I wouldn't blame you if you never even wrote me next winter, when I'll be thousands of miles away from St. Louis in Princeton, New Jersey, alone and without friends in the bitter cold."

Tootie smiled. "I didn't really mind about yesterday," she said. "And I got some candy with the dime. Is it really so cold in Princeton?"

"Colder than Greenland, they tell me," he said. "And snow as high as this house."

"Gosh!" she cried. "How will you get to school?"

"On sleds," he said. "That is, the freshmen have to use sleds, but the seniors use dog teams." He moved toward the door. "I think I'll tell Agnes about that pony. She's always wanted one."

"Is there a pony?" Tootie asked. "Is there, *really?*"

"You have my word for it," he said. "A white pony. Snowy white, with a little saddle that looked to me as though it were studded with gems. Imitations, I suppose. But they certainly shone like real."

"A white pony," Tootie repeated. "Yesterday you told me a black pony."

He bowed his head. "*That* was a lie."

She sat up and lifted the mosquito netting that hung like a canopy over her bed. It smelled strongly of oil of pennyroyal. She slid under it and stood on the dark-green carpet in her bare feet. Her nightgown was too short for her and came just below her knees. Her shins were a mass of bruises. Last night her mother had twisted her hair into a knot on the top of her head and pinned it with a large bone hairpin. But the hairpin had become loosened and her hair hung down curly and damp at the nape of her neck.

"Going to look at him?" Lon asked.

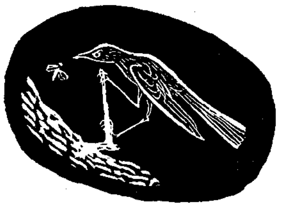
"No," she said. 'I think you're fooling."

"Well, it's up to you," he said. He went out into the hall, and she could hear him running down the stairs. "Say, Mamma!" he called. "Have you a piece of good, stout rope?"

Tootie tiptoed to the hall door and closed it. Then she walked softly into the back bedroom in her bare feet. The screen in the window was still open, and for a moment she stood staring at it, torn with doubt and sick with apprehension. If there was a pony in the back yard and she didn't claim him first, Rose, or Esther, or Agnes might see him, and she would miss the opportunity of a lifetime. Lon had sworn there was. She walked slowly to the open window and leaned out.

The yard to the house at 5135 Kensington Avenue stretched back about three hundred feet to the alley, down which the trolley cars ran. At the end of the yard, facing the house, were a brick-and-cement ashpit and a two-story clapboard woodshed and chicken house. Her eyes travelled over every foot of the yard. There were the wooden walk that led from the house to the woodshed, the canvas hammock under the big maple tree; there were the row of cherry trees, the pear tree, and the two peach trees; there were the lilac bush, the clump of peonies, the rosebushes, and the snowball bush; there was the lawn of grass and red and white clover; but there was no pony.

She let the screen down gently and went back to her room, which she shared with Agnes. She noticed that Agnes had made her bed. She thought that Agnes must have moved very quietly, and wondered if Lon had laughed with Agnes about the pony while she lay asleep. She slipped her nightgown over her head and pulled on a pair of white drawers with starched ruffles. The apron she had worn yesterday hung on a hook in the wardrobe. She put it on, fastening the two buttons at the back of the neck but leaving the bow at the back of her waist untied. A vision of the white pony still danced before her eyes. She could see the curve of his proud head and the way he stamped his small feet. She saw the jewels of his saddle sparkling in the sun. Her eyes clouded with tears as she stooped to pick up her sandals, and as she slid one foot into the right sandal, her toes touched a wad of paper. There was a quarter wrapped in the paper and



a poem written on it. She put the quarter in her apron pocket and read the poem. It said:

Tootie is a bad girl,
Tootie is a fraud,
Tootie is the worst girl
I ever sawed.

Rose was sitting in the sliding swing on the front porch when Tootie went downstairs. She was reading a letter, and by the number of stamps on the envelope Tootie could tell it was a special-delivery letter. The air was sweet with the scent of the honeysuckle vine that grew over the porch. When Rose looked up from her letter her soft-brown eyes were kind. "He ought to be ashamed of himself," she said.

"Who?" Tootie asked.

"Lon."

"Oh!" Tootie laughed. "You mean about the pony. I knew he was only fooling. I didn't even look."

"Well, I'm glad," Rose said. "I told him you were too smart to fool twice in succession. Back up here and I'll tie your bow. And you'd better not let Mamma catch you with your hair uncombed."

Rose didn't tie a pretty bow. Esther tied the best bows. But Tootie stood patiently while Rose fumbled with it and then combed Tootie's hair with one of her own side combs. When she had finished, Tootie sat down beside her on the swing, moving one of the cushions, a tan leather one on which was burned the head of an Indian girl. It was Tootie's favorite pillow, because the Indian girl's headband was made of real red and green stones sewed to the leather.

Rose finished reading her letter and put her arm around Tootie. "Well, if he isn't the silliest man!" she said. "Really, sometimes I think he's lost his mind."

"What's he done now?" Tootie asked. She bounded up and down on the swing. "Tell me! Tell me!"

Since John Shepard had entered the life of the Smith family when he'd come all the way from New Haven to spend the Christmas holidays with Harry Dodge over five months ago, he had been a fascinating topic of discussion. For one thing, he was a junior at Yale and lived in New York, and for another, his father was a judge. The first night he had called on Rose, all the family had discreetly disappeared, and Mr. Smith had even closed the folding doors between the parlor and the dining room, where he sat playing solitaire. Of course, Mr. Smith had asked his usual question when Rose told him that a boy named John Shepard was coming to call. "Never heard of him," he said, wetting the end of his cigar with his tongue. "What does his father do?"

He had merely grunted when Rose told him that John's father was a judge, but he had closed the folding doors, which was more than he had ever done before. Mrs. Smith had hoped that Rose wouldn't take the thing too seriously, but she called up Miss Thibault, the dressmaker, and together they had made a new dress for Rose. Esther thought that John was wonderful for no profounder reasons than that he wore trousers and went to Yale. Even Agnes, who didn't like anybody, merely said that he hadn't any chin. "He's better than that Harry Dodge, though," she added. "*He* looks like a dish of melted strawberry ice cream."

Lon couldn't understand what John Shepard saw in Rose, and Grandpa Prophater pretended he couldn't remember John Shepard's name and called him Mr. Dodge and Mr. Riley. When the holidays were over and John went back to New Haven, letters began to come—two or three days apart at first. But now they came daily, special delivery, and Esther had discovered that the letters began "Dear Siddums," a nickname that John had made up from Rose's middle name, which was Sidney. He had introduced new words and Esther and Rose had added them to their vocabulary. Things were now "keen" and people were no longer "folks" but "folk." So Tootie knew that if Rose thought John Shepard had lost his mind, he must be going to do something very spectacular indeed. It must be something more than sending flowers and ten-pound boxes of Page & Shaw candy. "What's he done now?" she repeated.

"He's going to telephone," Rose said. "Telephone long-distance from New York."

Tootie gasped. "Does Mamma know?" she asked. "Can I tell her?"

"You *may* tell her," Rose answered. "He's phoning at half past eight. Goodness knows what I'm going to do. I have an engagement with Joe Riley for eight."

"Break it, Rose! Break it!" Tootie begged.

Rose put her hand up to her hair and smoothed her pompadour. "I'll see," she said. "You'd better get your breakfast."

"It's too hot to eat," Tootie said. "I'll eat some plums." She bounced up and ran into the house.

Rose sat still in the swing, holding John Shepard's letter in her hand. She thought of the way his hair curled, crisp and tight on his head, of his eyes, which were cool and gray and almost cold at times; she remembered the way his hands looked and how his pipe smelled. But most of all she wondered what he was going to say to her when he telephoned tonight. He would never, she thought, spend all that money just to say hello, although he had written he wanted to hear her voice. Yet it seemed to her that a telephone call from New York was almost as good as a proposal.

The sun shining through the honeysuckle vine made a dark design on her white linen skirt. She could hear the sound of the lawn-mower in the side yard, and knew her mother had found out that Lon had fooled Tootie again and had set him to work. She got up and went into the front hall. It was dark and cool and smelled of the wax that Katie used to polish the parquet floor, which was dotted with Oriental scatter rugs. Against the left wall was an upright piano with an elaborately carved front faced with a square of green baize. The baize was punctured with holes where the children had pushed their fingers through it. There was a piano stool covered with green velvet and green-and-rose brocaded satin portières hung in the wide doorway that led to the parlor. Beside the doorway was a heavy, round mahogany table on which was set a Tiffany-glass bowl and a silver card tray filled with calling cards. In the back of the hall, on another table, was a Sheffield water-cooler lined with porcelain; a silver goblet was under the faucet.

Rose walked to the water-cooler, turned on the faucet, and drank from the goblet before she started up the stairs. The stair carpet had been taken off for the summer, and her heels clicked on the shiny wood. She held lightly to the banister until she reached the landing. The landing was wide enough for a corner table, and on the table was a bowl of old-fashioned white roses that looked mottled in the light that shone through the stained-glass window. She picked a rose from the bowl and tucked it in her hair. It was unfortunate that at this moment Grandpa Prophater should start down the stairs. His hair was white and thick and his eyebrows were black and startling. Underneath them his black eyes were bright with malice. "The Queen!" he said.

He had a weird and amazing variety of hats, and today he wore a scarlet Turkish fez decorated with a black tassel. He bowed as Rose passed him. "The Queen," he repeated.

She walked up the rest of the stairs and turned to the right to enter the large front room that belonged to her and Esther. It was an elegant room, with pale-blue wallpaper which was striped with silver, and glossy bird's-eye-maple furniture, a chaise longue, and white ruffled curtains tied with pale-blue bows. Esther was dressing. She was small and dark, and her dimples showed when she smiled. "Ess," Rose said, "get away from that window. People can see you."

"They won't know it's me," Esther said. "They'll think it's you. Did Tootie bite?"

"I can't see," Rose said, "how you can all spend your time thinking up ways to fool Tootie. I should think it would be beneath you."

Esther turned to stare at her. "Why, *you* do it. You do it yourself. You thought of the one about the buried treasure."

"That was last summer," Rose said.

"It was last September," Esther reminded her. "And you thought of a lot of things April Fools' Day. You even pinned the sign on her back."

"Well, I think it's childish now," Rose said. "And I must say that if I were married and had children, I wouldn't want them teased to death."

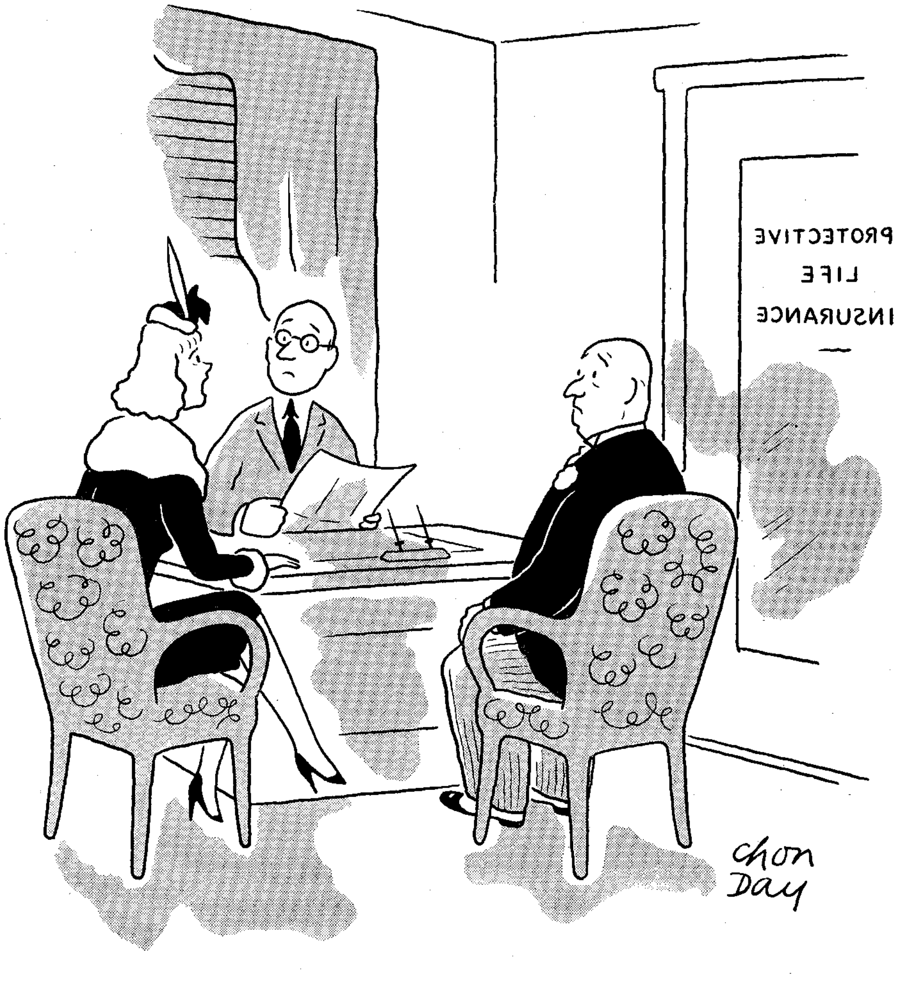
Esther slipped a white middy blouse over her head. "Imagine you married and having a lot of children!" she said.

"It's not impossible," Rose said. "Grandma Prophater was married when she was sixteen, and I'm seventeen. I think it's nice to marry young and be young with your children." She walked over to her bureau and began arranging her silver toilet set. Her mother had given it to her on her sixteenth birthday, but Tootie had scratched "R.S.S." on each piece with a pin and it had lost some of its original elegance.

"John's phoning me tonight," Rose said.

Esther's mouth opened slightly and she gasped. "Phoning you," she said. "*Now* I see! Now I see why you're talking about getting married and being so funny about Tootie. And if you ask me, I think it's just a pose."

"When you are my age, you'll feel differently. Besides, I don't see why



"But what do I get if he lives?"

you assume that John is going to propose to me tonight."

"What else would he be phoning for?" Esther asked. "Why else would he be spending all that money? Bob didn't phone Mary Finley until after they were engaged. Not long-distance. Are you engaged?"

"I'm not exactly engaged and I'm not exactly *not* engaged. Anyway, it seems to me that one little phone call is causing an awful lot of excitement," Rose said. "Of course, I'll have to break an engagement with Joe Riley to be here to get the call."

"Break an engagement with Joe after he gave you a collie!" Esther cried. "A perfectly beautiful collie!"

"He was a beautiful collie," Rose agreed. Tears came to her eyes, but she brushed them away. "He died, though," she said.

"John's perfectly grand," Esther said. She pinned a red bow on the back of her hair. "At least, he seems grand. Not that we really know him, though."

"I know him," Rose said. "And that's all that's necessary." She walked out of the room and across the hall to her mother's room.

A NOSEGAY TOSSED TO A FEW ISOLATIONISTS BY AN ALL-OUTER

Do me a favor, Senator Tobey.
Establish your residence in Nairobi,
Zanzibar, Bangkok, or Kobe—
Go waste your sweetness on the Gobi.

Gaze now for a moment on Senator Wheeler,
Bellicose Burton, the unfrocked New Dealer.
He shouts and swells. If he should burst,
Then what would become of America First?

Allow for the outbursts of Gerald P. Nye;
He's like that because he is really quite shy.

That noise you hear is not a lark;
It's a speech by either Walsh or Clark.
Sometimes David outroars Bennett,
Busts a gallus, and empties the Senate,
But there are other times, by gracious,
When Bennett outbrays D. Ignatius.

Nothing would be finer
Than to be in Carolina
On the votin' day the pollin'
Routs a certain so-and-solon.

Lindbergh, for you I am no rooter,
You sulky knight in shining pewter.

—FRANK SULLIVAN

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MRS. SMITH was making the large double bed. It was a black-walnut bed with a high headboard and it matched the bureau and the washstand. The floor was covered with a dark-brown figured carpet that had once been the parlor carpet. The room had a fireplace with an asbestos gas grate, a mahogany wardrobe, a small golden-oak rocker with low arms, a Morris chair with black leather cushions, and two straight chairs that had belonged to the dining-room set and were sometimes carried downstairs to be used when company came for dinner.

Mrs. Smith was small and compact. She wore her hair gathered into a knot on top of her head. Before she had married Mr. Smith, she had worn bangs, which she curled with an iron. They had given her hair a faint scorched smell. It was a smell that Mr. Smith missed, just as he missed the way they used to go out together. When Lon was born, Mrs. Smith didn't seem to care to go out any more, to the summer gardens or to play whist at the Friday Night Whist Club. She was, she said, afraid something would happen to the baby. And, as there was always a baby, she almost always decided to stay home. Night after night Mr. Smith sat at the dining-room table playing double-deck solitaire while his wife put the children to bed. Twice a week Frank Casey came to play cribbage with Mr. Smith. The two men sat silently, and Mrs. Smith frowned a little at the pitcher of beer that stood on the table beside the cribbage board and listened to the monotonous counting, "Fifteen-two, fifteen-four, and four is eight." On the top of her bureau was a bottle of Guerlain's Jicky, and in the top drawer was a box of rice powder and a Roger & Gallet cardboard lipstick. The lipstick was a pale pink, and Mrs. Smith insisted that she used it to keep her lips from chapping. Still, there was no doubt that the lipstick gave her lips a deeper shade.

As Rose entered the room, Mrs. Smith looked up at her. "Have you and Esther made your bed?" she asked.

"Yes, Mamma," Rose answered.

"Tootie told me about the phone call you're expecting tonight," Mrs. Smith said. She thumped a pillow energetically. "If I were you, I wouldn't commit myself one way or the other."

Rose's face turned scarlet. "Oh, I don't think—" she began.

"I don't believe in long engagements," her mother said. "Your father and I were only engaged for six months. He gave me my ring in May and we were married in October. Besides, you know very little about John Shepard. We've never even met his folks. He *says* his father is a judge, and I don't doubt but it's so. Nevertheless—"

"I thought you liked him," Rose said.

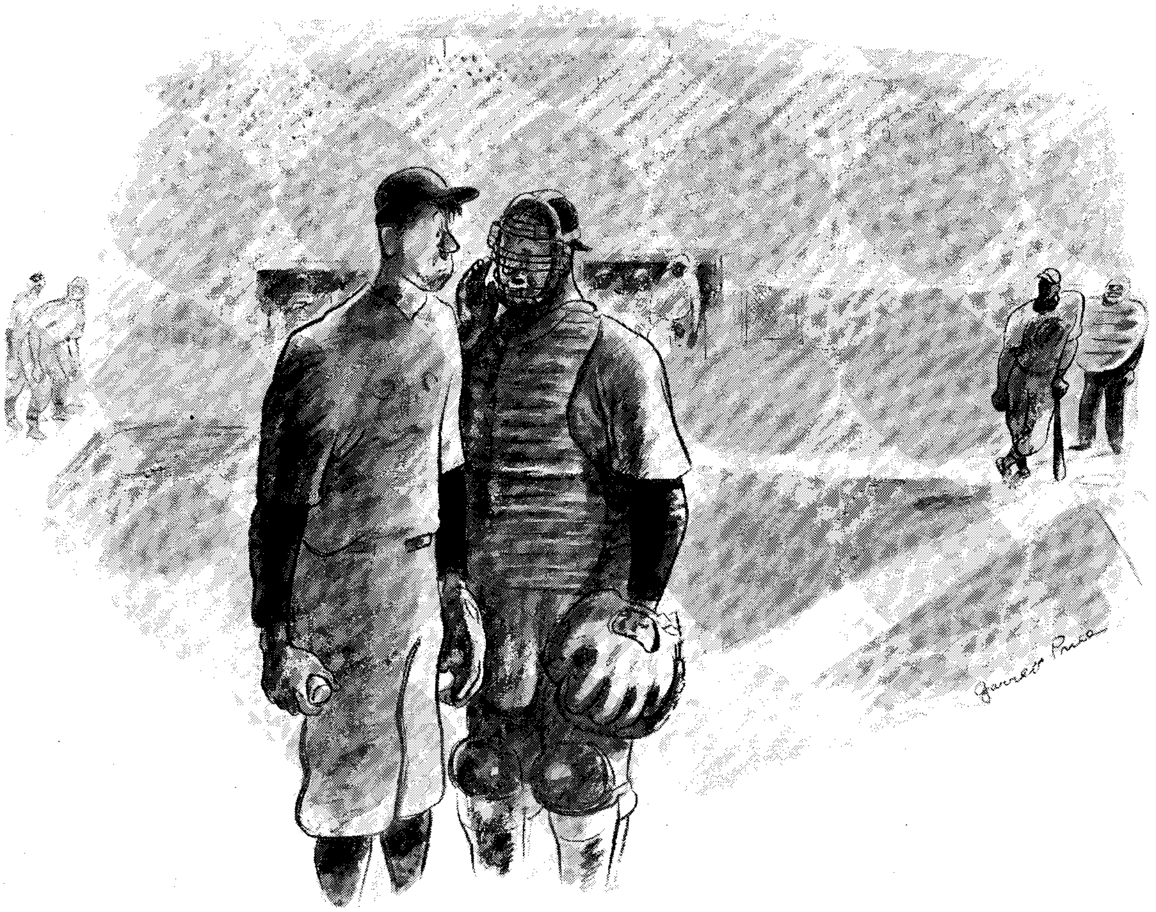
"I like him well enough, but I think you're too young to commit yourself. Besides, I don't think your father will allow it."

Rose thought of her father, silent, growing a little round-shouldered, and couldn't remember when he hadn't allowed anything. She smiled to herself. "Well, I'm going over to Abby's," she said. "And I'll call Joe Riley from there."

"I feel sorry for poor Joe," her mother said.

THERE was decidedly an atmosphere in the house the rest of the day. At noon, Rose telephoned to say that she was staying for lunch with Abby

Means, and it was generally understood that she was avoiding the issue. Lon finished cutting the lawn and spent the rest of the long, hot afternoon batting a tennis ball against the side of the brick house. Esther shut herself into her room to write letters. Agnes and Corinne Lacey, her best friend, sat under the big maple tree and played with their paper-doll houses. Tootie was missing. She had gone off with the iceman again, Mrs. Smith thought. Tootie and Helen Ferris, with whom she played, went away with the iceman every chance they had. They rode on the small step on the back of the wagon, ate the ice chips until they were ready to burst, and helped the iceman brush the sawdust from the hundred-pound cakes.



"Strike him out."

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Grandpa Prophater, when he heard the news about the telephone call, put on his hat and went down to the levee. He always went there when he was disturbed about something. At one time he had owned three boats that ran from St. Louis to New Orleans, and he found peace sitting around and talking to the men down at the levee.

Mrs. Smith broke her rule about never telephoning Mr. Smith at the office. "Lonnie," she said, "that John Shepard is going to phone Rose long-distance from New York tonight."

Mr. Smith took it calmly. "Some people have more money than sense," he said.

Even Katie didn't go up to her room on the top floor for her afternoon nap; instead she took out her feelings by baking three cherry pies and two dozen cinnamon buns.

Agnes and Tootie were the only ones who talked very much at the dinner table. Tootie still sat in her old high chair, from which the tray had been removed. "The iceman saw a man get shot," she said. "He was a drunken man and the blood spurted out at least three feet."

"Not at the table, Tootie," her mother said. "And eat your mashed potatoes."

"Can I eat them my way?" Tootie asked. "I don't think I can choke them down unless I eat them my way."

Tootie's way was to squeeze her mashed potatoes in her fist until they came out like fat white worms between her fingers.

"You cannot," her mother said. She didn't mention the fact that Tootie had not touched her peas, as it was generally understood that Tootie didn't like any vegetables but beets and that she only liked beets because they were red.

Agnes sat primly at her mother's left. She wore a black-and-white plaid gingham dress and a white guimpe. Her delicate fingers held her fork daintily. "I finished the art gallery in my paper-doll house today," she said. "My family have mostly Rembrandts. They have 'The Laughing Cavalier,' too."

" 'Smiling Cavalier,' " Rose said.

" 'Laughing,' " Agnes persisted. "They have the 'Mona Lisa' and two Corots."

"Tomorrow I'm going to work on my paper-doll house," Tootie said. "I'm going to cut out some more autos for the garage." Tootie's paper-doll family were named Rockerfeller, because Lon had told her they were the richest family in the world.

"By the way," Lon said, "I read in the paper today that Mrs. Rockerfeller has hydrophobia."

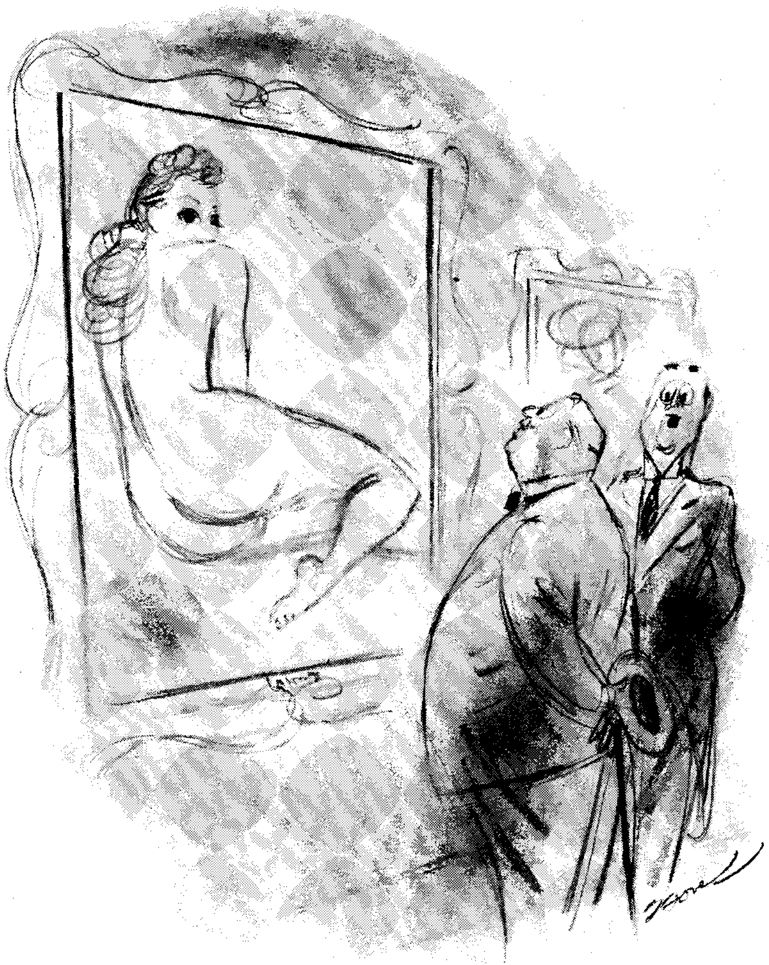
"I'll put her to bed," Tootie said. "I'll cut out a chest for her room and paste medicine bottles in it. I'll cut out a man for a doctor. The man I had for a doctor got torn when the children had chicken pox. Is hydrophobia bad? I wouldn't want Mrs. Rockerfeller to die."

"A poodle bit her," Lon said. "She may die."

Tootie's mouth quivered.

"Don't pay any attention to him," Rose said. "He's making it up."

The Smiths ate later in the summer and it was after eight when they got up from the table. Usually Mr. and Mrs. Smith and Grandpa Prophater sat on the long green bench that stood on the lawn near the terrace, where they could see and speak to the people who passed by. But tonight, although it was hot, they sat in the parlor, talking softly. Tootie and Agnes went up to the up-



"This one has the double advantage of being art and also being what you like."

• •

stairs hall and sat on the floor, so that they would be sure to be there when the telephone rang, and Esther said something about straightening her bureau drawers.

"I don't know what's got into everybody tonight," Rose said. She went out of the house and banged the door, and they could hear the sliding swing as it creaked back and forth. Pretty soon Lon joined her. "Katie's sitting on the back stairs," he told her, and laughed.

"How perfectly absurd!" Rose said.

The house seemed very still. Outside, people strolled by and children laughed and screamed. The sky had clouded over and the grass on the lawn seemed to turn a bright-green shade, the way it did before a storm.

SUDDENLY the ringing of the telephone broke the stillness. There was a rush for the stairs, and Tootie began to shiver with excitement. Katie crept up the back stairs to the top step. Rose got up slowly from the swing and walked upstairs. The family fell back and made an aisle for her as she went to the telephone.

"Hello," she said.

There was a long pause and she could hear the operator saying "All right, Chicago," and the Chicago operator saying "All right, New York."

The New York operator asked, "Is this St. Louis, Forrest 840? New York is calling Miss Rose Smith. Miss Rose Smith."

"This is Miss Rose Smith speaking," Rose said.

There was another pause, and then she heard John's voice. "Hello, Rose? Siddums?" he asked.

Rose wondered if the operator could hear that he called her Siddums. "Hello, John," she said.

"How are you? How are you, Siddums?"

Rose felt the eight pairs of eyes at her back. "It's awfully hot," she said.

"It's hot here, too. Not as hot as it is there, though, I guess."

"It's pretty hot," she said. "Almost as hot as July." John's voice sounded strange, as though he were talking down into a well.

"I can't hear you very well," Rose said.

"That's funny," he said. "I can hear you fine."

"What did you want?" Rose asked.

"Well," he said, "there are a lot of things I want to say. Is anybody listening?" There was a note of caution in his voice. "I made the call for tonight because all my people are out. You know how they are."

"No," Rose said, "I don't."

"Well, they're funny," he said. "I suppose there'll be 'h' to pay when they find out I've called you."

"How strange!" Rose said. "My family are all home. They didn't think anything of it."

"It's a little different from their angle," he said.

"Well," Rose said, "I'd better not waste any more of your time and money."

"Hey, wait a minute!" he shouted.

"I can't talk any longer," she said. "I have an engagement. I think I hear Joe's voice now." She stood holding the receiver to her ear, but John did not speak. "Goodbye," she said. "Thanks a lot for calling."

"I'll write you tonight, Siddums," he said.

"Do that little thing," she said. "So long."

She put the receiver back on its hook and turned to face her family. Her father looked at her slyly. "More money than sense," he said.

Rose went into her room and heard the others file slowly down the stairs. She heard the screen door open and close, and heard her mother and father and Grandpa Prophater as they settled themselves on the bench on the lawn. Katie began to bang the pans in the kitchen and run the water in the sink. Lon slipped a dime into Agnes' hand. "Get yourself a soda," he said. Rose could hear Tootie screaming as she slid down the terrace to the sidewalk, and heard Esther picking at the piano, playing "Never Mind What They Call You, Darling."

She sat down in front of her dressing table and stared at her face in the mirror, trying to remember what she and John had talked about at Christmas time, but she couldn't remember a word he had said, only the way he had looked. Usually at this time she went to her desk to write him a letter. He expected a letter every day. But tonight she didn't feel like writing, somehow. She sat there until it grew dark outside, and then she got up and turned on the light. Moths and June bugs beat against the screen, and this familiar sound and the sight of her room with its lovely bird's-eye-maple furniture gave her the impression that she was home again after a long journey. It was too late to phone Joe Riley and, besides, she had told him that she wasn't well. She walked to the door and called downstairs to Esther. Esther stopped picking at the piano and ran quickly up the stairs.

"Listen, Ess," she said. "I have a wonderful idea. Where's Margaretha?"

Margaretha was Tootie's favorite doll.

"I think I saw her on the back porch before supper, in her carriage," Esther said. "Why?"

"Well, go get her and we'll hide her in our closet. We'll kidnap her and leave a ransom note for Tootie."

Esther laughed and her dimples flashed. "Oh, grand!" she said. "Grand!" She ran out of the room and down the back stairs.

"And tell Lon!" Rose called after her. She went over to the desk and tore a page from a loose-leaf notebook. Then, taking a small paintbrush from the desk drawer, she dipped it in the ink and began to print on the lined paper. "TOOTIE SMITH," she wrote. "MARGARETHA IS IN THE HANDS OF HER TORTURERS. UNLESS YOU PAY TEN DOLLARS IN CRISP NEW ONE-DOLLAR BILLS BY SUNDOWN TONIGHT, SHE WILL DIE!!!" She signed it "MAFIA," and drew a large, black hand at the bottom of the page.

Esther came into the room with Margaretha in her arms. "I stuffed some wood under the blanket in case Tootie looked," she said.

"Yes," Rose said. "I think it's the best idea yet. We won't leave the note until tomorrow morning, or there'll be hell to pay."

"Rose!" Esther said. "You swore."

"So I did," Rose answered, and laughed. New York seemed very far away. —SALLY BENSON

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CCC enrollees, assigned to erosion work eight hours ago, have constructed 3,500,000 check dams, planted more than 250,000,000 trees in gullies and fields subject to critical erosion, constructed 27,000 miles of terraces and installed 350,000 terrace outlet structures.—*Tacoma (Wash.) News Tribune.*

Something attempted, something done, has earned a night's repose.

NOTHING MISSING

IT was Miss Waite's day to open the village gift shop, a duty that was supposed to imply that Mrs. Robinson trusted her, that was supposed to give her a sense of responsibility. Months ago, when Mrs. Robinson informed Miss Waite that beginning the next Monday Miss Waite would open the store on Mondays, Wednesdays, and Fridays, Miss Waite did think she was getting somewhere. She half expected a small raise, but the raise was not forthcoming. For a short while Miss Waite got some feeling of responsibility out of being the custodian of one of the store keys, but it didn't last long. It soon became apparent that all she was getting out of her duty was a little less sleep three mornings a week, and three extra hours of boredom. Opening the store meant that she raised some of the window shades and lowered the awning, and changed the dates in the rubber stamps at the lending-library desk, did a little dusting on the gift counters—things like that that certainly entailed no responsibility and required no intelligence. She had nothing to do with the money, for instance; not even in such a remote way as to keep accounts, which she could easily have done, but which Mrs. Robinson did herself. The boredom certainly was there; no one ever came to the shop before ten, no one.

That was why it was so strange this morning. Miss Waite had finished dusting off the Mexican pottery exhibit, and arranged Mrs. Robinson's mail in a neat pile, and done all the other dumb little things that she made up to kill time. She was reading her alumnae magazine and smoking her second cigarette when the man came in. She crushed the cigarette and went forward with her best brisk but friendly manner. "Good morning, may I help you?" she said.

"I don't know," he said. "But you didn't say can, you said may. Well, you may. I don't know if you can."

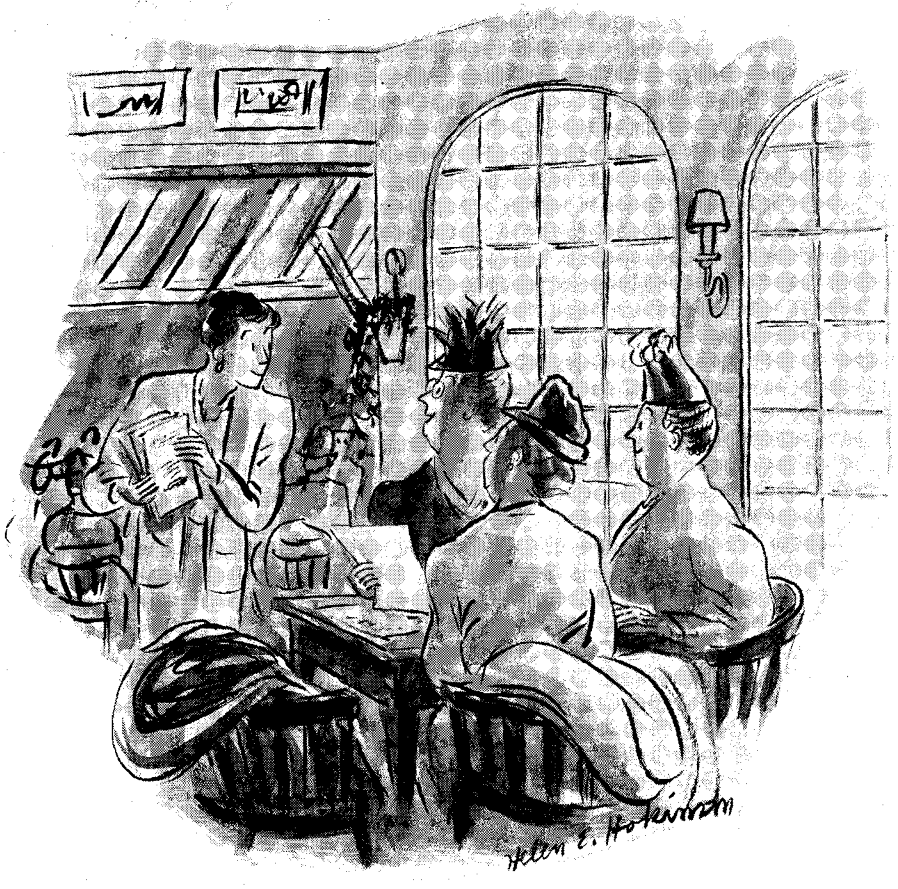
"I'll try," she said. "Was it a gift, or perhaps a book?"

He looked at her a moment. "Couldn't it be both? Don't people give books for gifts?"

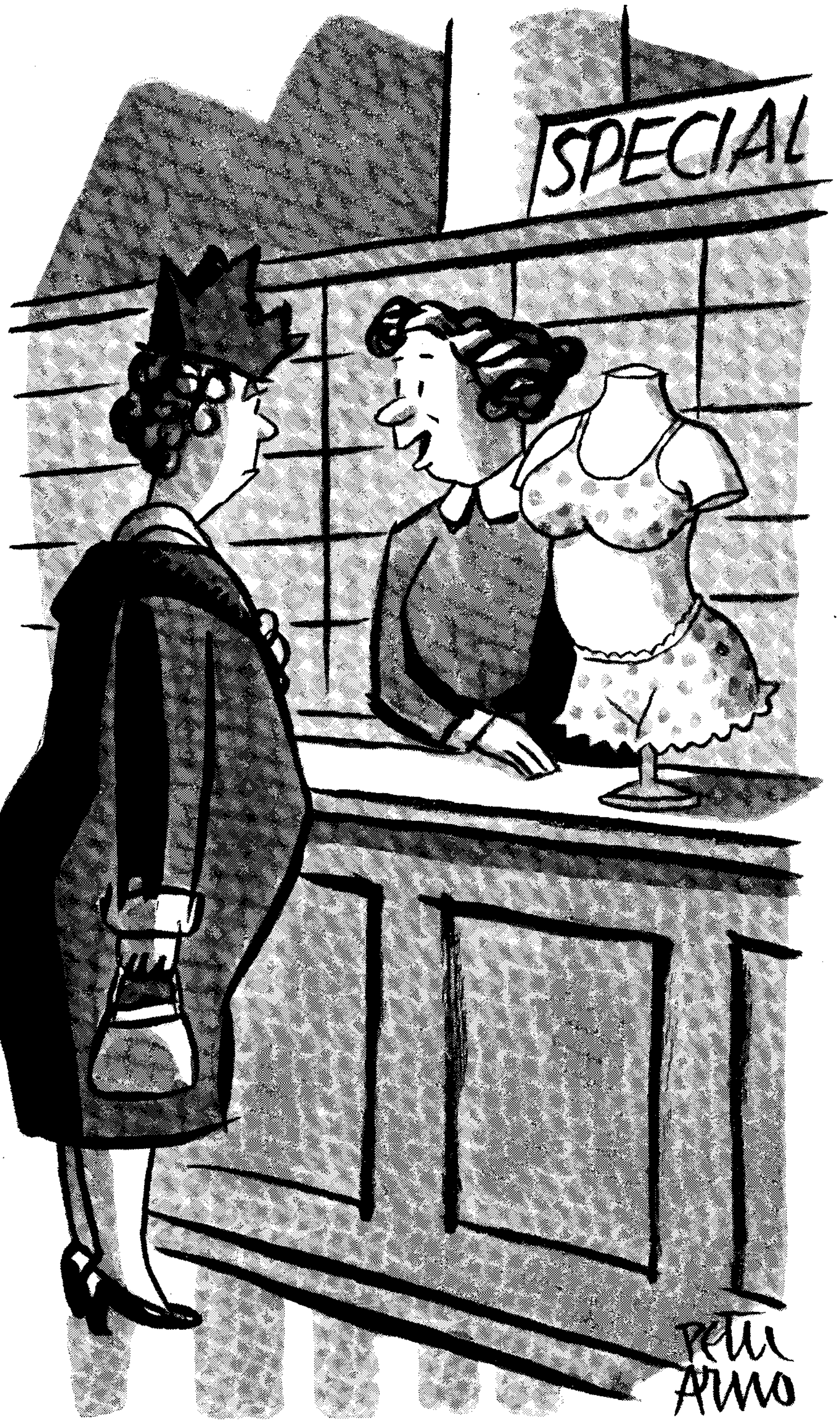
"Yes, that's true. They do."

"I'll look around and see what I want," he said. "If anything."

She removed herself to the back of the store and sat down where she could keep an eye on him. There were a lot of little things on some of the tables that



"What would you suggest for three hungry bears?"



"Now, if you want to hand your husband a laugh . . ."

• •

he could pick up and put in his pocket. It wouldn't be the first time that had happened. It happened with customers she knew, and this man was no one she ever had seen before, and she would be just as glad if she never saw him again. He was not very tall; when she had been speaking to him, his eyes were about level with hers. He wore a blue serge suit, no vest, the coat unbuttoned. He had on a clean white shirt and a plain blue tie that hung loosely. His gray hat was on the back of his head. He was a young man, but one without much youth to him. It was hard to say whether he was a Jew, an Italian, or one of the dark Irish—probably some kind of a mixture.

He kept his hands in his coat pockets as he slowly moved along and read the titles in the newer-books shelves. He took out a cigarette without taking the pack out of his pocket, and just then he saw a book that interested him and he stuck the cigarette above his ear. It made him look awfully tough, and he had not looked especially tough before that. Miss Waite couldn't see what the book was, but she soon saw that he didn't like it. He was sneering, and he put the book back on the shelf. She was beginning to get a little nervous, and Mrs. Robinson would not be here for another three-quarters of an hour. She saw Mr. Holt, the policeman, ambling along, chalk-marking the front tires of parked cars, and she decided not to be scared.

After a little while he took down another book, and apparently he liked this one better. He opened it, read a page, read another page farther on, and then turned and leaned against the shelf and read on. The book was Jan Valtin's "Out of the Night." He held it up and said, "Have you got this in a cheaper edition?"

"I'm afraid we haven't," she said.

Reluctantly he put it back. "You know what I heard? They had a law in France, where they had to print *all* books in cheaper editions, paper-bound. That was so the poor could read them. They ought to have that law over here."

"Probably the French are bigger readers than our poor people. But I guess it's a good law. I never heard of it."

"I don't say it's true. I just heard it somewhere." He took the cigarette from his ear and came back to where she was sitting and picked up her matches. "Is it all right if I sit down here?"

"Yes," she said. There wasn't much else to tell him. He sat down sidewise, crossed his legs, put an arm along the back of the chair.

"What's the population of this charming hamlet?" he said.

"A little over three thousand," she said.

"How do they happen to have a pretty fair bookstore in a place that size?"

"Well, it's a suburban place. There're a lot of big estates around here."

"People that live on big estates, they don't read. What do *they* ever read? The New York *Herald Tribune* and the *Saturday Evening Post.*"

"They may not read, but they *buy* the books."

"Yes, I suppose you're right. What's your name?"

"My name?"

"No, the lady sitting on your lap, for Christ's sake."

"Miss Waite."

"I don't want you to consider me a fresh guy. I only wanted the name for purposes of convenience in conversation. My name is Mr. Lee. Do you want to know something interesting, Miss Waite?"

"Yes."

"You're a very attractive young lady. That isn't what I meant by interesting, but maybe this is. You're the first young girl I've spoken to in over a year. I guess you can imagine why."

"Well, there's only one reason I can think of offhand."

"I'm sure it's the correct one. Yes, I just got out of prison. I did a year and a day and I just got out last week. Friday, to be exact. Isn't that interesting? So you see talking with me carries with it some distinction. I was on the bus on my way to Boston, and we stopped down the road yesterday. You know, the five-minute rest period, and I sort of liked the look of this place and so I decided to stop over. I imagine this is the first time you ever talked with a convicted criminal."

"No. When I was in college we visited a prison, part of a sociology course."

"Ah. The advantage of a college education. It would have been very nice any time in the last year if I could have paid a visit to a girls' college, believe me. Are you married?"

"No."

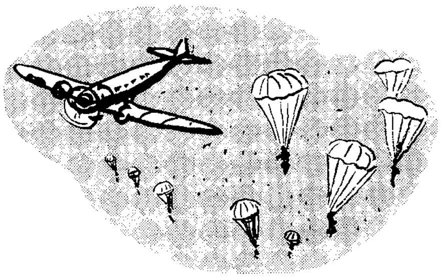
"No, I guess you're not ready to marry and settle down yet. Me either. Do you own this place?"

"No, I just work here."

"That's the kind of a job I'd like for a while. I'm a great reader, but I can't put money in books. On three dollars or three and a half I can eat very nicely for three days. I have a job waiting for me in Boston, with a cousin of mine."

ABRUPTLY there was an end to his talk; in a second she could see that all thought of what he had been talking about had gone from his mind and that now he was only thinking of her. He looked at her, all of her, slowly, as though he were studying a design, a map. But there was more than that to it, too. He had no pity for her for the way he must know he was making her feel. She wanted to get up from her chair, to walk away from him, but she was afraid to; she did not want to be moving and exposed to more of that gaze.

"If you'll excuse me, I have to write some letters," she said. She took some paper out of a desk drawer. He said nothing and she began to write, a repetition of a letter she had written a week ago. She wrote a paragraph, looking at him not at all, but when she did look at him again the arrogance had gone out of his eyes and now he was sad, frustrated, and beaten. When she looked at him he stood up. "What the hell kind of a life is this, anyway?" he said. He turned and left the store.



She sat there a long time with her hand at her throat. Then she got up and slowly walked everywhere that he had walked. She could not be sure, but apparently there was nothing missing.

—JOHN O'HARA

SONG FOR AN ENGRAVED INVITATION

Now, warm and sweet, the summer days
   Are opening like the rose,
With drowsy airs and languid ways
   Inviting to repose.
But not for me a green retreat
   Or any vernal asset,
Since up and down the panting street
   I stalk the demitasse set,
Or trail the silver berry spoon,
   While lunch I dare not stop for.
For what's so rare as a day in June
   Without a gift to shop for?

O June, fair June, what a month you are—
The costliest time in the calendar!
Filled, as a nettle is full of stings,
With sweet occasions for giving things.

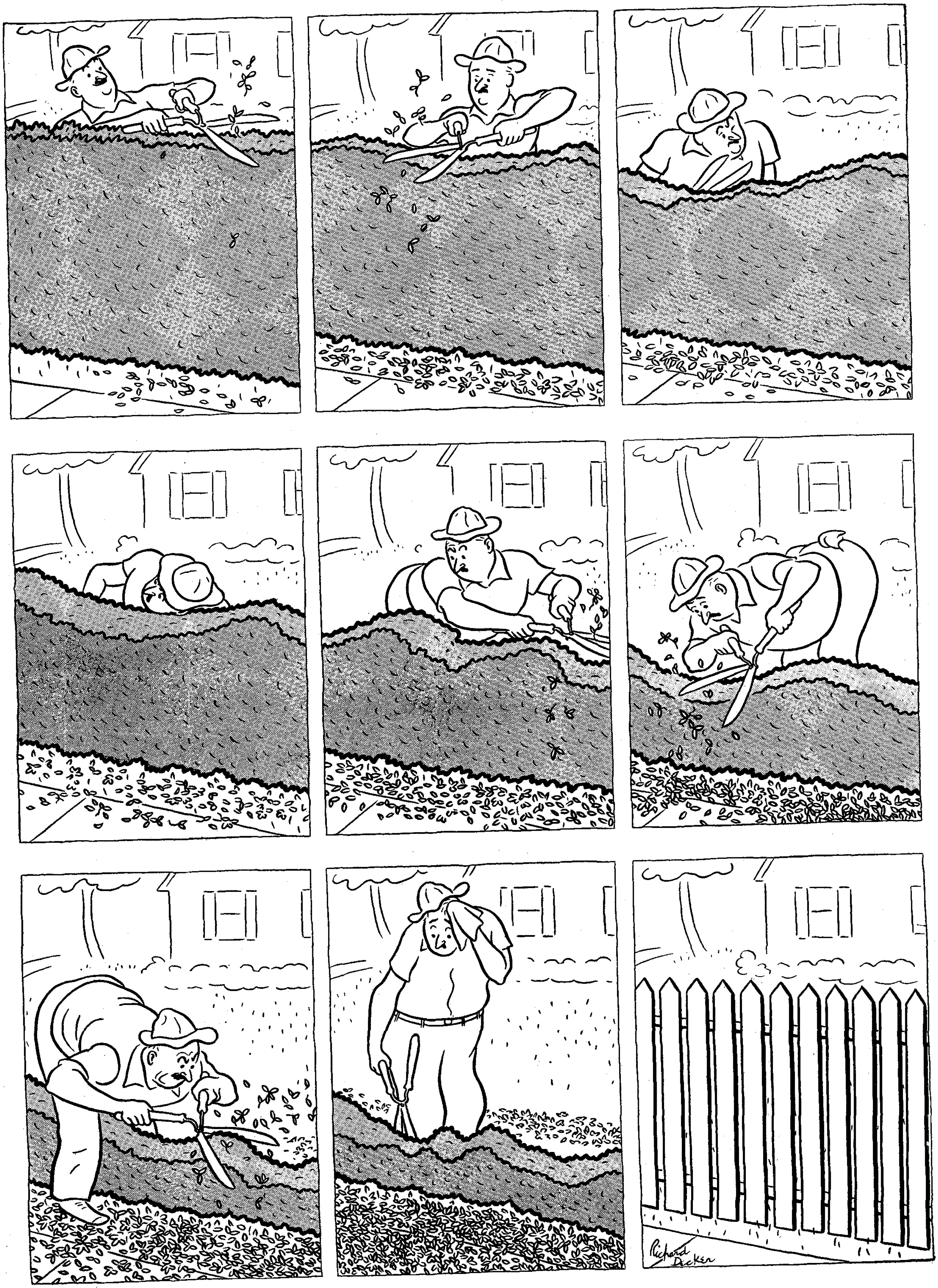
Wherever I look, whenever I listen,
Solitaires gleam and diplomas glisten
Or babes from darkness
Emerge at Harkness
Or somebody's child is ripe to christen
Or somebody's daughter is taking a spouse
Or somebody's warming a country house
Or somebody's fledgling has finished the tenses
At Taft or Groton or maybe Spence's.

December giving strains the purse,
   December lists are grievesome.
Still, Christmas presents might be worse—
   You're certain to receive some.
But when I scurry far and wide
   Or fevered errands fly on
In search of plates to please a bride
   Or mugs to suit a scion,
I know full well that I must brood
   For solace through the summer
On pretty notes of gratitude
   And a whacking bill from Plummer.

Sailings and weddings and births and showers!
My fate is sealed for the month of flowers.
When the first June wind blows soft and south,
I'll be looking a gift shop in the mouth.

—PHYLLIS MCGINLEY

* * *


Richard Decker

THE MARCHING FEET

WE sat in the garden behind one of the Palladian brick houses on the lawn of the university. It was early summer and red rambler roses and white hung dripping over the serpentine wall around the garden. There was a mockingbird in the crêpe myrtle by the gate. You could smell honeysuckle already, spreading everywhere through the soft, warm Virginia air. The ladies smoked, and knitted for Britain, and sipped long drinks made of iced tea and ginger ale, flavored with mint, and a strong stick of whiskey.

On the other side of the house, out on the lawn, the three companies of the Naval Reserve unit of the college were drilling. They would march up the lawn and then you could hear nothing but the mockingbird and the ladies, talking. Then the men would march down again and you could hear the rhythmic beat of their marching and the hoarse, barked commands.

"I can't say I approve," Miss Mayson said. "Drilling on the lawn."

"I wonder what Mr. Jefferson would think if he could see this place now," Mrs. Gregory said.

"He'd approve," Mrs. Leith said. "After all, what you hear now is just preparation to defend democracy. Reckon Mr. Jefferson would approve of that."

Mrs. Gregory's man Marshall came out into the garden in a white coat, carrying a pitcher full of the iced mixture. He filled up the glasses.

" 'Do, Marshall," Miss Mayson said.

"How you, Miss Mayson," Marshall said.

"How's that brother of yours? Still in jail?"

Marshall grinned and his white teeth flashed. "No, Ma'am. He's been workin' down to Miz Templeton's."

"Well, you tell him to behave himself or I'll tell Miz Templeton all about him, hear?"

"Yes, Ma'am!" Marshall carried the pitcher back into the house.

"This is a heavenly combination," I said, shaking the ice in my drink.

"Isn't it?" Mrs. Gregory said. "Sue Carney's Lucius showed Marshall how to fix it when he came to help out for the party I gave Garden Week."

Mrs. Leith laughed. "How'd you make out with Lucius?" she said.

Mrs. Gregory laughed too. "He was pretty uppity when he came. Saying he wanted this and he wanted that. I let him know he couldn't behave like that in my house. He is a real good cook, though, practically a chef. If he didn't have the Hampton in his system, he'd be all right."

"One thing I have no use for, it's an educated niggra," Mrs. Leith said.

"I thought Rosalie was coming this afternoon, Judy," Miss Mayson said.

"She is," Mrs. Gregory said. "She's bringing her house guest."

Miss Mayson exclaimed, "Oh! That Beatrice Steinberger? Well! I heard she was coming."

"Have you read her book?" Mrs. Gregory asked.

"Certainly have," Miss Mayson said. "It's just as good as the reviews said it was."

Mrs. Leith nodded. "Rosalie says she's a great woman. She's Rosalie's celebrity."

"One thing I always say about this place," Mrs. Gregory said. "If you wait long enough, you meet all the celebrities without budging away. They all come here."

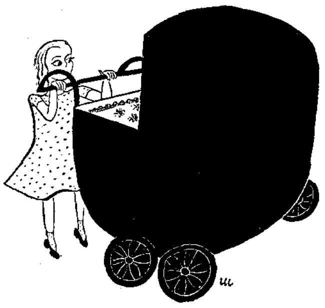
"Isn't she a—well, a Jew?" Miss Mayson asked.

"Well, yes, with that name," Mrs. Gregory said. "But most superior, I'm sure. Not everybody could have written the things she's written."

"No, I expect not. Of course, there are Jews and Jews," Miss Mayson said. "My sister in New York says you meet some you'd hardly know were Jews. Cultivated, well bred, dignified—"

"Reckon we don't get to see the best type down here. Just that riffraff that's ruining the college," Mrs. Gregory said.

"Why can't they stay up North and go to their own colleges," Miss Mayson demanded, "not come flocking down here?"



"Because they know they can do here cheaper, that's why," Mrs. Leith said. "They pare down to the last dollar and get all they can for as little as possible. Never knew a Jew who didn't try to get something for nothing."

"I wish you could hear Lucy on the subject," Miss Mayson said. "After she had let her rooms to Jewish students for a year. She said she had to have the place completely fumigated."

"They're so scheming; it makes me mad when they take the scholarships that are intended for our own boys," Mrs. Leith said.

"Of course, they're apt to be brighter," I said.

"Brains aren't everything," Miss Mayson said, staring at me. "There's things like honor, and decency, and a traditional way of life."

"I heard the Givney place was being sold to some Jews from up North," Mrs. Leith said.

"Now, there I draw the line!" Mrs. Gregory cried. "I mean, I haven't any prejudice against Jews, but why can't they stay where they belong? With their own kind? Buying our places and coming to live in our country is one too many."

"They're going to restore the place, I hear, back to what it used to be," Mrs. Leith said.

"I know, but money isn't everything." Mrs. Gregory took a sip of her drink. "Our forefathers settled this place and it's our inheritance. We don't want people just as different from ourselves as—as Chinese settling here. I'm all for the Jews being treated properly, and of course it makes you perfectly sick to hear of the atrocities that have gone on abroad, but they *are* treated properly over here. I just don't want them coming down and taking over our country."

THE gate in the wall opened and Rosalie Jackson came in with a tall, slender, dark woman.

"This is Miss Steinberger," she said, introducing her guest to the ladies.

"What a beautiful garden," Miss Steinberger said. She sat down in a canvas chair. She looked like a Persian princess: the long, olive face, the dark, almond-shaped eyes, the nose like a delicate scimitar.

"It *is* lovely," Mrs. Gregory said. She called to Marshall and he came out with two fresh glasses.

"Have you been seeing our country, Miss Steinberger?" Miss Mayson asked. "Have you seen Monticello? Of course, we think the university is really the gem."

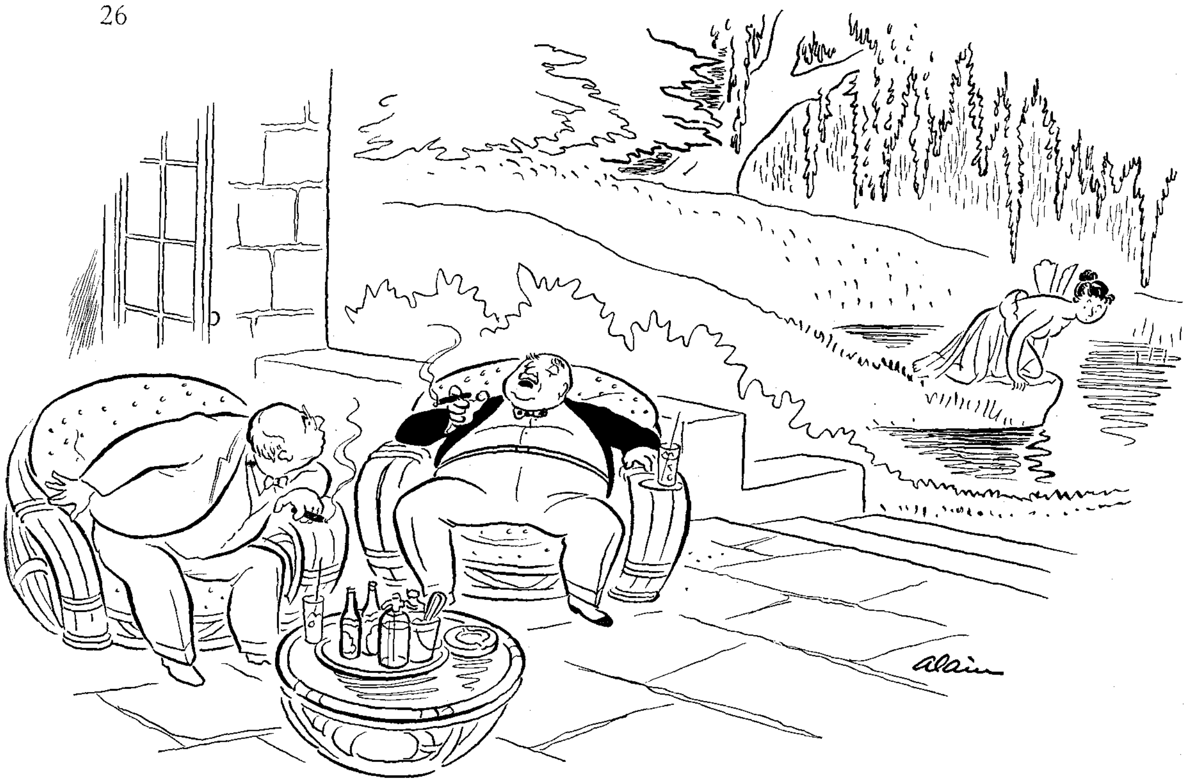
"I think I do, too," Miss Steinberger said. "It's a perfect monument to Jefferson."

All the ladies looked pleased.

"We've been reading your new book, Miss Steinberger," Mrs. Gregory said. "We think it's wonderful. It's so interesting to meet you."

"Thank you very much."

"It was a pleasure to read the things



"It's quite a story. To begin at the beginning, one day, finding myself out of my favorite mineral water, I ordered ten cases of White Rock . . ."

• •

you said about that man Hitler," Miss Mayson said. "I can assure you we all agree with you one hundred per cent. I hope the things you said make him writhe."

"We all care especially about democracy down here," Mrs. Leith said, "as this might be said to be the cradle of democracy."

"You know," Mrs. Gregory said suddenly, "I've always thought how nice it was that this is such a relatively small place—if they *did* come over here, you know, and there actually was bombing. I mean I always felt they'd probably overlook us. But Henry says this would be the first place they'd bomb. They'd want to destroy this place because it is a symbol of democracy. Isn't that awful to think of?"

"Imagine the Rotunda bombed," Miss Mayson said in a low voice.

"The Rotunda's burned down twice in its history," Mrs. Leith said vigorously. "I reckon we could build it up once more. Look at the British. We've got the same spirit they've got. You can always put a building back."

"Yes, you can," Miss Steinberger said. "And I am sure you would."

THE marching out on the lawn was growing louder. They were marching away from drill toward the house. The ladies fell silent and listened as the marching feet came nearer, nearer, and the hoarse voice called, "Hep-two-three-four. Hep-two-three-four." The voice grew closer; the tramp grew louder and harder, coming down the lawn.

"You know, there's something unpleasant to me about hearing marching get nearer like that," Rosalie Jackson said. "It's silly. It almost upsets me. Once, when I was about fourteen, Daddy and Mother took me to South America—do you remember, Judy? Daddy was going down to Chile about nitrates, something. And you know, when they cross the line—the equator—they put on a kind of show, have a court of trial, with Neptune and his consort and a whole lot of passengers dressed up like devils, and they drag all the passengers who've never crossed the line before into court and sentence them—they smear them up with paint, and throw them in the ship's pool. All in fun, of course. It's a big party. But living down here, I'd never learned to swim. I didn't tell anybody, but I was terrified when I was told about what was going to happen. I knew they would throw me in the pool and I would drown. Isn't it silly the way you are when you're a child? I shut myself in my stateroom. It opened right on deck. Then I heard them coming. I could hear the marching feet coming nearer along the deck. At each stateroom of a passenger who hadn't crossed the line before, they'd stop, and there'd be a great to-do while they dragged out the victim—laughing, of course. They came nearer and nearer. That was the only time in my life I've ever been terrified. I felt sick with it. Well, they got to my door and I went with them, knowing I was going to die, and they brought me before Neptune and he sentenced me to be ducked in the pool, and just at the last moment I gasped out, 'I can't swim.' They all laughed, and one of the devils reached down and scooped up a handful of water and sprinkled it on my head and said, 'I christen thee an old salt.' And that was all there was to it. But I still get that feeling of absolute panic when I hear marching coming nearer and nearer. Like this."

The marchers were leaving the lawn now and coming down the narrow alley between Mrs. Gregory's house and the one next to it. The tramping came closer and closer to the gate of the garden. Everyone sat still, in silence, listening.

Miss Steinberger glanced at the faces of the ladies around her.

"It sounds like something else to me," she said. "It sounds the way they would sound when they came. The marching getting nearer, and then the halt outside the door, and the knock on the door. Coming for one."

"What?" Mrs. Leith said. "What coming?"

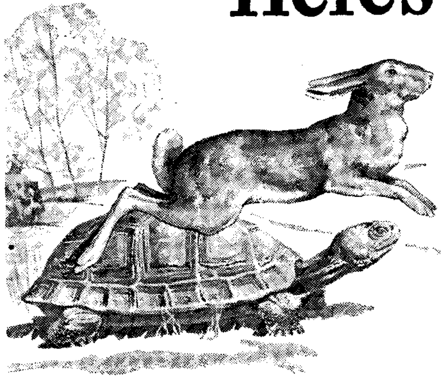
"The Storm Troopers," Miss Steinberger said, and smiled. "Or whatever they would call them here."

"Here!" Miss Mayson cried. "My dear Miss Steinberger. As if Fascism could ever come to this country! We'll never have Storm Troopers here, I can assure you."

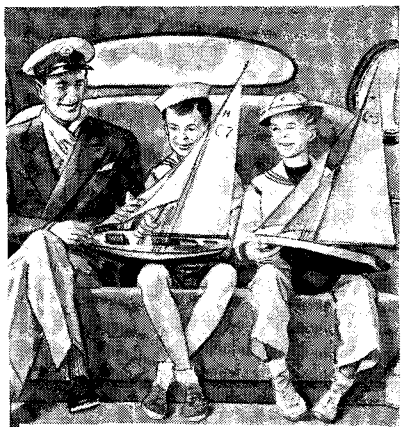
Miss Steinberger shrugged her shoulders delicately. She smiled again and said nothing. The marching feet had passed down the alley now and were growing fainter, in a moment had gone. Marshall came out of the house with a fresh pitcher of drinks and began to refill the ladies' glasses, walking on the grass behind them, leaning over and pouring neatly into their glasses so as not to interfere with their conversation.

—NANCY HALE

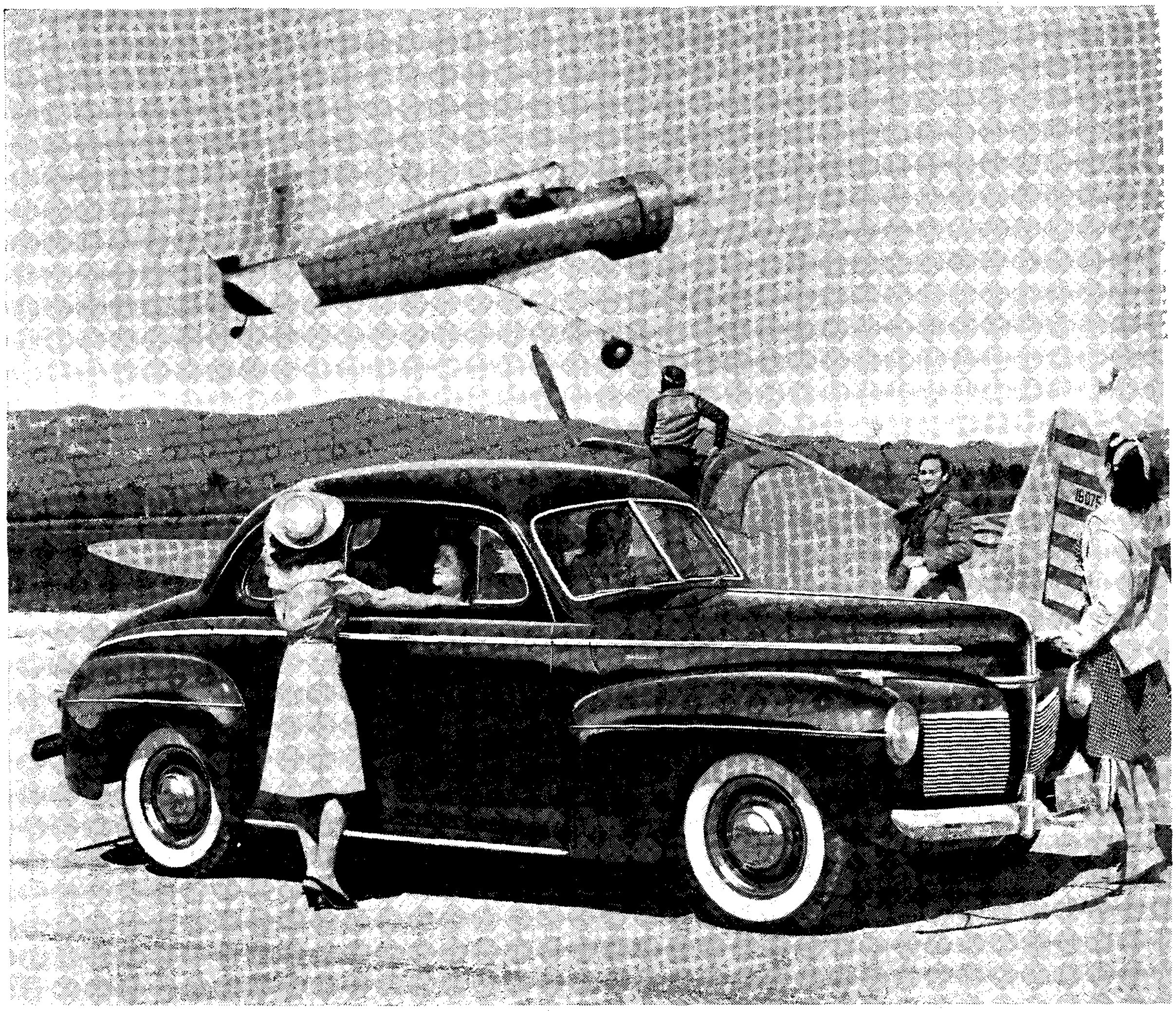
Here's The Simple, Sensible Idea That Makes MERCURY Different!



THE illustration on the left sums up the basic idea that makes Mercury far different from all other cars. The rabbit is built for speed . . . with hardly an ounce of excess weight to slow him down. Fleet-footed, nimble and alert, he can beat the turtle every time—no matter what the fable says! Mercury, also, is free from superfluous weight. Built to principles of aircraft engineering, it has more power per pound than most other automobiles. This sensible, new-and-different method of construction gives Mercury a world of stamina and thrilling "get up and go." It's a spirited, youthful car that fits today's driving needs *exactly*. That's why it gets out in front—in traffic or on the straightaway—and *stays* there!

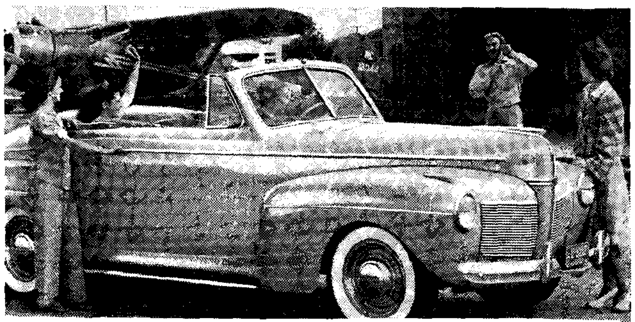


• ROOM TO SPARE! You can stretch out, relax and take it easy in today's big Mercury! There's plenty of head room and leg room for big people to enjoy!



• ROAD-HUGGING SAFETY! Mercury's new larger, wider tires put *more rubber on the road*. You get a smoother, safer ride—better grip on curves, wet pavement!

Get Yourself A Flying License!



• YOU TRAVEL IN STYLE at the wheel of this smart new Mercury Convertible for five! Automatic top, in your choice of olive-drab or black fabric, is electrically operated! White sidewall tires extra.

YOU get the very *feel* of flight when you "take off" in a Mercury! For this completely new and basically different car really seems to have wings in the effortless way it streaks across country and takes the miles in its stride. ● Relaxed on broad, luxurious seats, you cruise along cradled in the "comfort zone"—between long, slow-motion springs. Balanced weight distribution and new larger tires with wider tread give you better grip on wet roads and around sharp curves. ● You'll like everything about Mercury—the smart, youthful sweep of its lines; its powerful V-8 engine; the lavish, roomy way it caters to your comfort. And you'll be amazed at Mercury's high gas mileage!

• PARK YOUR BAGGAGE HERE! Mercury's luggage compartment—with spare tire placed vertically, out of the way—takes big bags, small bags, and then some!

MERCURY EIGHT

THE AVIATION IDEA IN AN AUTOMOBILE

SAM H. HARRIS PRODUCTIONS
Closes for summer June 14th. Seats now on sale for ten weeks beginning September 1st (re-opening date).
GERTRUDE LAWRENCE
in a Musical Play
"LADY IN THE DARK"
ALVIN Thea., 52 St.W. of B'way • Mats.Wed. & Sat.

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by Moss Hart & Geo. S. Kaufman
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"A ROARING MUSICAL." Atkinson, Times
ETHEL MERMAN in
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WILLIAM GAXTON • VERA ZORINA • VICTOR MOORE
LOUISIANA PURCHASE
with IRENE BORDONI
IRVING BERLIN Songs Book by MORRIE RYSKIND
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KATHARINE CORNELL
presents
THE DOCTOR'S DILEMMA
by BERNARD SHAW
CLOSES SATURDAY EVG., JUNE 21st
SHUBERT THEATRE, W. 44th St., Mats. Wed. & Sat.

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PAL JOEY
GEORGE ABBOTT'S musical comedy hit
BOOK by JOHN O'HARA
RODGERS & HART SONGS
with VIVIENNE SEGAL - GENE KELLY
JACK DURANT - JUNE HAVOC
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HOWARD LINDSAY and RUSSEL CROUSE present
ARSENIC AND OLD LACE
A new Comedy by JOSEPH KESSELRING
with BORIS KARLOFF • ALLYN JOSLYN
Josephine Hull • Jean Adair • John Alexander
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HELLZAPOPPIN
4th YEAR
WINTER GARDEN B'WAY & 50 ST.

Mercury Production by ORSON WELLES
Native Son
A Play by PAUL GREEN & RICHARD WRIGHT
"★★★★" —MANTLE, NEWS
ST. JAMES Thea., 246 W. 44 St. LAc. 4-4664
Eves. incl. Sun. 8:40. Mats. Sat. 2:40—Sun. 3. No Mon. Perfs.

OF ALL THINGS

HITLER says that he has no aggressive intentions toward the United States. Any resemblance to other promises, living or dead, should be considered purely coincidental.

•

At the meeting of the dictators in the Brenner Pass there was, as always, "complete agreement." It is rumored that Il Duce is getting so he can say "Ja" like a native.

•

"Willkie berates Roosevelt critics"—*The Times*. Last summer that headline would have been one word shorter.

•

Infant mortality in this country has declined forty-five per cent in the last twenty years, and babies are getting healthier every hour. This is good news for everybody, including future Secretaries of the Treasury.

•

Tammany leaders are cool toward the administration's suggestion that LaGuardia be nominated on the Democratic ticket. For some reason, our Mayor seems to be more popular in the White House than in the clubhouse.

•

Secretaries Stimson and Knox are opposed to bills prohibiting the sale of alcohol in the service areas. The government has its hands full trying to prohibit Adolf.

•

The Vichy government denies the charge that the French will join in the attack on Great Britain. They will, however, defend themselves against anybody who tries to get them out of their nice cool jail.

•

The Argentines who drove a car from Buenos Aires to New York in 232 days plan to start back soon. Some people never learn by experience.

•

Herbert Hoover has issued a strong plea for systematic scientific research. For instance, somebody ought to find a way to make aluminum out of gold.

•

Men leaving college this June shouldn't complain that they have no feeling of security about the future. At least they have an idea of what they will be doing for the first year or two.

—HOWARD BRUBAKER

HERMAN SHUMLIN presents his TWO PRIZE-WINNING PLAYS
LILLIAN HELLMAN'S
"WATCH ON THE RHINE"
Lucile Watson • Paul Lukas • Mady Christians
MARTIN BECK Theatre, W. 45 St., Eves. 8:40. Mats. Wed. & Sat.
Drama Critics' Circle Awards 1941
ETHEL BARRYMORE in
"THE CORN IS GREEN"
by EMLYN WILLIAMS
NATIONAL Theatre, W. 41 St.
Eves. 8:40. Mats. Wed. & Sat.
Air-Conditioned Theatres

BEST PLAY OF THE YEAR!
Vote These Members of CRITICS' CIRCLE
GEORGE JEAN NATHAN — JOHN ANDERSON
JOSEPH WOOD KRUTCH — STARK YOUNG
JOHN MASON BROWN — GRENVILLE VERNON
SAROYAN'S New Comedy
"THE BEAUTIFUL PEOPLE"
"TENDER AND BEAUTIFUL"—Walter Winchell
LYCEUM THEATRE, 45 East of Broadway. Eves. 8:50
Mats. Wed. & Sat., 2:50—SUN. PERFS. at 8:45 P.M.

"A PERFECT COMEDY" —ATKINSON, Times
LIFE WITH FATHER
with HOWARD LINDSAY and DOROTHY STICKNEY
Air-Conditioned
EMPIRE Theatre

"The best new American play of the season"
Richard Watts, Jr., Herald Tribune
JOHN GOLDEN presents
"CLAUDIA"
BY ROSE FRANKEN
BOOTH THEATRE, 45th St. W. of B'way
CI 6-5969. Mon. Thru Sat. 8:40. Mats. Wed. & Sat. 2:40
AIR-CONDITIONED

"A HONEY OF A SHOW"
—Walter Winchell
MY SISTER EILEEN
BILTMORE, W. 47 St. CI 6-9353
Evs. 8:40. Mats. Wed. & Sat., 2:40

MOTION PICTURES

RADIO CITY MUSIC HALL
Rockefeller Center
ANNA NEAGLE
"SUNNY"
Ray Bolger — John Carroll
Music by Jerome Kern — An R.K.O. Radio Picture
Gala Stage Revue — Symphony Orchestra
First Mezzanine Seats Reserved — Circle 6-4600

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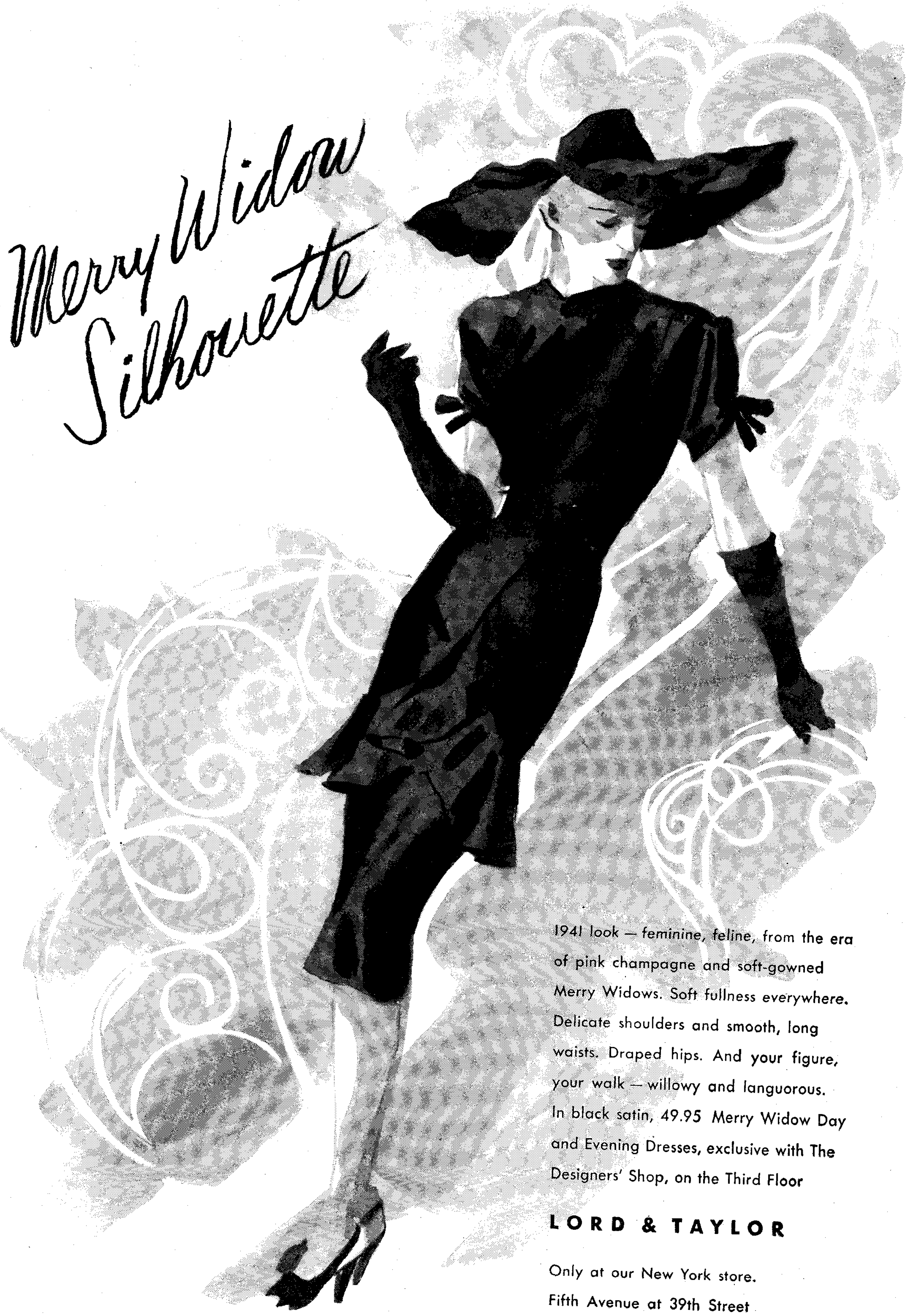
Second Week
William POWELL • Myrna LOY
"LOVE CRAZY"
A Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Picture

ORSON WELLES
CITIZEN KANE
RKO RADIO PICTURE
TWICE DAILY 2:30 & 8:30
ALL SEATS RESERVED
MIDNITE SHOW SAT.
PALACE 47th ST. & B'WAY BRYANT 9-4300



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LORD & TAYLOR

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A REPORTER AT LARGE

THE WONDERFUL HORIZONTAL STRIP OF FOUR

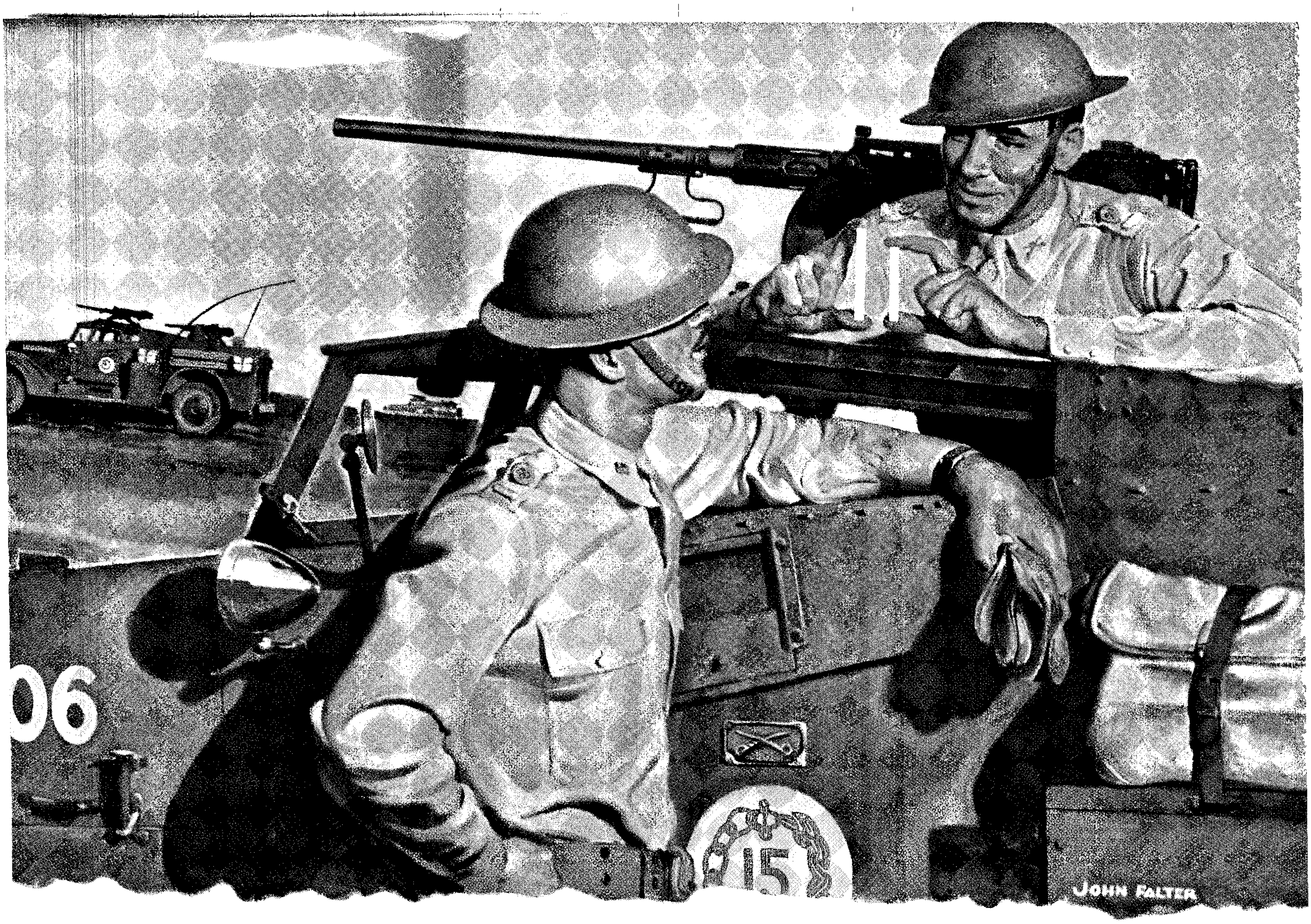
AT 5:47 P.M. on a recent Saturday, a pallid young man who ordinarily spends his working days showing prospective buyers the paintings, statuary, house furnishings, and rare books on view at the Parke-Bernet Galleries remarked, "Thanks be to God," and began shooing people out of the building at 30 East Fifty-seventh Street. The company's auctioneers had just finished selling for $80,729.35 about a third of the stamps, envelopes, and faded pieces of postmarked paper which the late Edward S. Knapp, an outstanding collector of philatelic Americana, had gathered over a period of forty years. Although the sale had been successful and the prices high, the young man seemed glad to see the customers go. He was tired out from an afternoon of calling figures in a dramatic baritone as he helped the auctioneers spot bids and, too, he had found it a strain trying to understand the eerie and unfamiliar interests of some of the philatelists at the sale.

The sale, which had lasted six days, was attended by stamp dealers and collectors from all over the country. As is the custom at auctions, many bidders, instead of giving their names to the auctioneers, used their initials or a pseudonym. These dodges were not particularly effective, because one philatelist can rarely fool another philatelist, even with an alias. Thus, when Edgar R. Jessup, president of the Marchand Calculating Machine Company of Oakland, California, bought a stamp under the name of Jackson, one bidder remarked, "That damn Jessup beat me out again." One of the most furtive bidders was Mr. W. D. B., who paid $2,200 for a strip of six five-cent stamps issued in 1856 and $1,100 for a ten-cent 1847 stamp. W. D. B., whose anonymity will herein be respected, is an elderly, prim man with a tiny Vandyke beard and is reputed to have one of the country's greatest stamp collections. He gets up every day at 6 A.M. in his apartment on upper Park Avenue, has breakfast, and at exactly 7:30 sits down at a desk in the room housing his stamp collection. He pores over a book of stamps, or perhaps only one stamp, until noon, has a light lunch, goes back to his stamps at 12:45, and studies them until 6 P.M. If he has no social engagement for the evening, he is likely to look at his stamps again after dinner. At the Knapp sale, W. D. B. did not bid for stamps but sat beside Mr. Y. Souren, head of the Philatelic Research Laboratories, Inc., and let Souren bid for him. Souren is one of the country's foremost scientific philatelists. In addition to operating his laboratories, which take the stamps of worried collectors and subject them to microscopic, ultra-violet-ray, and other severe tests to determine whether they are authentic, he buys and sells stamps. Souren often is paid to assemble a collection for some man who wants to own a lot of stamps but isn't sure just which ones.

ON my first visit to the Knapp auction, I arrived about an hour before a session was to start and found several bemused men sitting at tables looking at stamps. A Parke-Bernet attendant guided me to Mr. Souren, who was handling many of the details of the auction as well as acting as agent for some of the buyers. He was in the auction room, a long hall with an auctioneer's platform and heavy, dark drapes at one end and windows at the other. Most of the room was filled with rows of chairs. Near the windows were two tables, where several men sat and peered at stamps through magnifying glasses. On the walls were hung books of photographs of stamps, and men were walking along inspecting these. Souren, a bald, courtly little man, placed me in a chair at one of the tables and started telling me about the man who had collected the stamps which were being sold. Knapp, Souren told me, was a millionaire stockbroker who had retired in 1921 at the age of forty-two, so that he could spend more time with his collection. He devoted the rest of his days and evenings, except for an hour or so now and then for a game of billiards, collecting and looking at stamps and postmarks which he kept in his apartment at 330 Park Avenue. "He was a great, original philatelic student," said Souren.

Knapp was especially interested in Pony Express and other early express-company stamps, in stamps issued by certain municipal post offices before the federal government issued stamps of its own, and in 1847 five-cent and ten-cent United States government stamps. The 1847 fives and tens were the first stamps issued by the government, and Knapp's collection of them was to be sold on the final day of the sale. "That will be the big day," said Souren. Knapp, he continued, wrote thousands of letters about stamps, and thus carried on intense discussions with men he had not seen and never did see. He wrote his letters in longhand, copied his answers in longhand on the backs of the letters he had received, and filed the correspondence. He did not employ a secretary but was

"Hey, Joe, look. Breakfast in bed."


06
15
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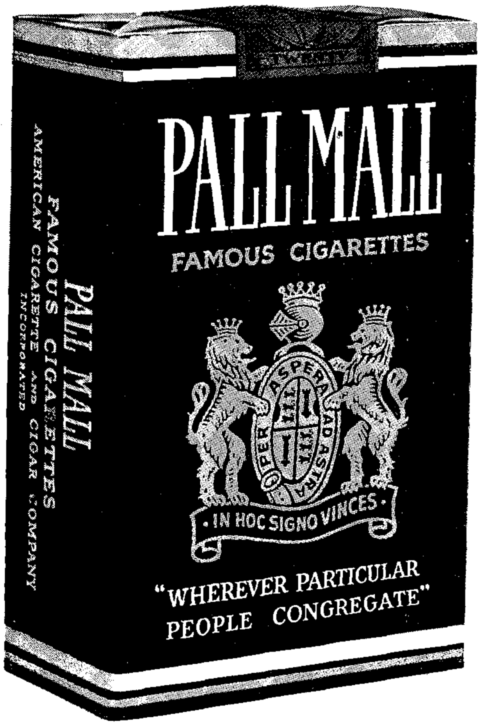
"*Correct!* Pall Mall's modern design filters the smoke—lessens throat irritation!"


PALL MALL
FAMOUS CIGARETTES
PER ASPERA AD ASTRA
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"WHEREVER PARTICULAR PEOPLE CONGREGATE"
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"WHEREVER PARTICULAR PEOPLE CONGREGATE"

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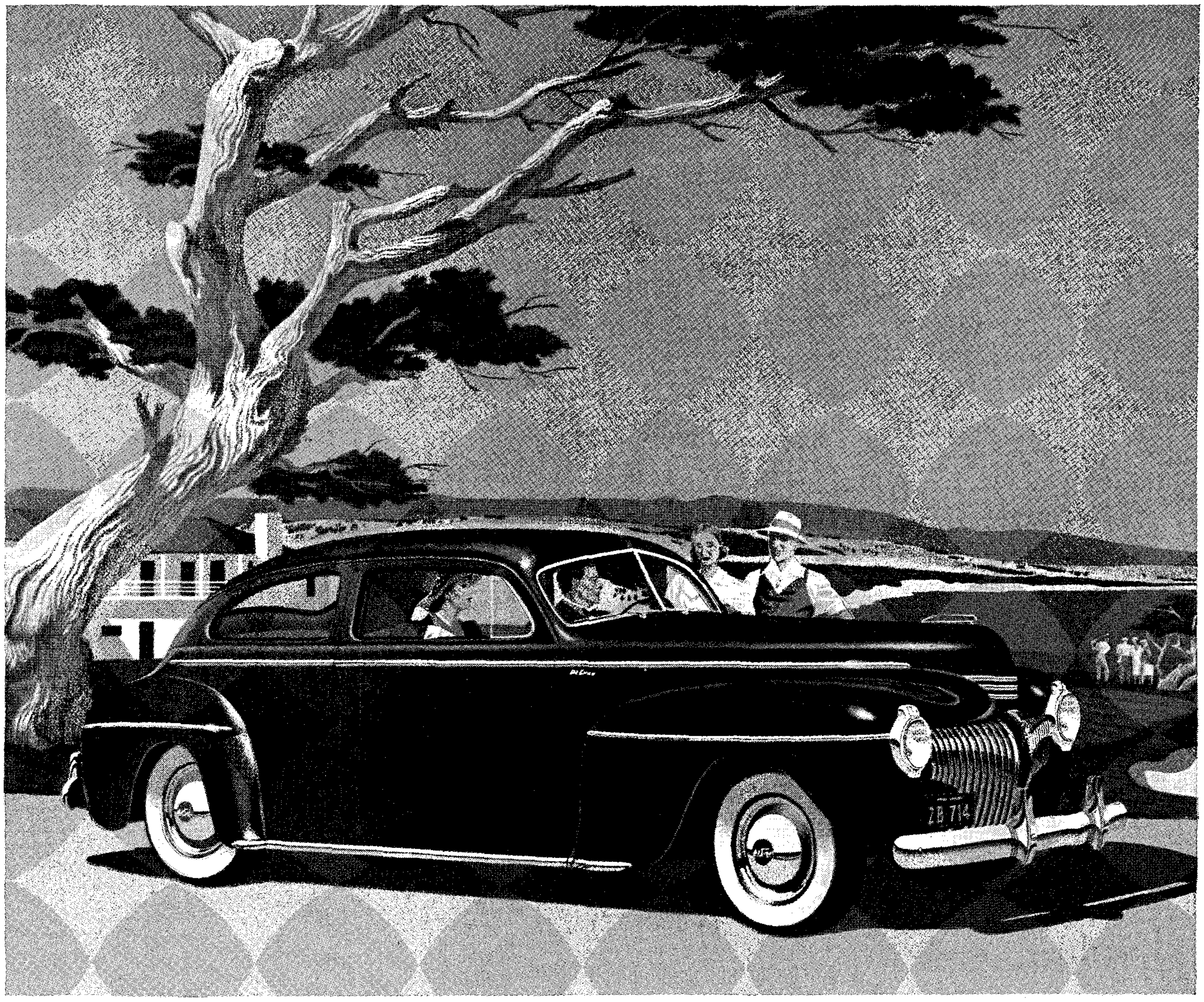

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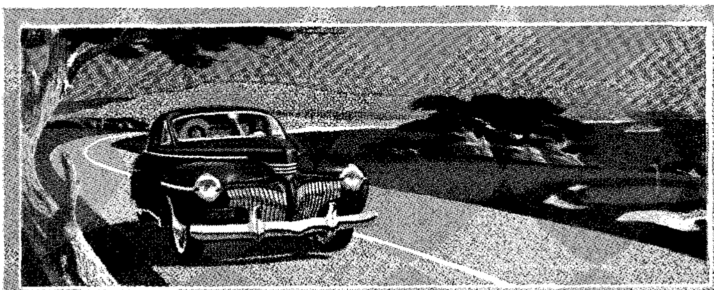

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*AVAILABLE ON ALL MODELS AT MODERATE ADDITIONAL COST helped by his wife, who also was interested in philately. Knapp wrote "The Pony Express," a history of the stamps used by this system, which was put out by Scott Publications in 1936, and contributed articles to *Stamps Magazine, Scott's Monthly Journal, Postal Markings,* and other philatelic publications. By the time he dropped dead while playing billiards in the Racquet Club on April 5, 1940, he had collected a million and a half stamps, filling four hundred albums and forty large boxes, as well as forty filing drawers of correspondence. The albums were about the dimensions of Britannica volumes. He is said to have spent around $125,000 on his collection. Although other great collections have been valued at as much as $2,000,000, Knapp's was outstanding because of its historical overtones. The stamps and correspondence were turned over by the administrators of Knapp's estate to Hugh M. Clark, an official of the Scott Stamp & Coin Co., to sell. Some of Knapp's friends bought the collection, having decided to break it up and sell it at auction, rather than let it go intact to one collector, so that all philatelists throughout the country would have a chance to purchase items. They said they thought that Ned, as they called Knapp, would prefer it that way. This did not mean that the collection would simply be scattered to the winds and forgotten. Knapp's friends think that henceforth each stamp will be known in the stamp world as an ex-Knapp and will be enhanced in value because of having belonged to his collection.

The purchasers of the collection decided to have Souren's Philatelic Research Laboratories catalogue the stamps and arrange for the auction. The catalogue is a volume of three hundred and sixty-eight pages, filled with photographs and descriptions of stamps. Since only a part of the collection was being sold at this auction, the rest would have to be disposed of at subsequent sales, the first to take place sometime in the fall.

As Souren and I were talking, a stocky man dressed in various shades of gray walked gingerly into the room. He stopped beside Souren and softly repeated the word "Well" until Souren looked up. Souren said, "Well, well," and they began to talk. After I was introduced, the man gave me his card:

CHARLES SIDNEY THOMPSON
EDITOR
WEEKLY PHILATELIC GOSSIP
HOLTON, KANSAS

"Holton, Kansas," he said, cutting short his conversation with Souren, "is a very strategic place for the publication of a stamp gazette. Holton, Kansas, is at the intersection point of the diagonals of the United States, seventeen hundred miles from each corner—the northwest, the northeast, the southwest, and the southeast. And there isn't any labor trouble. No sir, no labor trouble in Holton, Kansas, a little town of three thousand people where everybody knows everybody."

Thompson reached across a table to shake hands with a studious man in thick glasses sitting there. "Ah, Theodore L. Behr, and how are you, sir?" asked Thompson. "That's Theodore L. Behr," he told me in a stage whisper, winking at Souren. "He's a big man in Souren's organization, a regular stamp encyclopedia. We call him Teddy Behr. Unusual name, Teddy Behr. He got it when he was cataloguing stamps out in Frisco for Eddie Seebohm about twenty years ago. His first name is Theodore and his last name is Behr, and so they made it Teddy Behr. Name stuck to him.

"You know," he continued, "I find that stamp collectors—philatelists, if you will—are all tied up with scientific relatives. Now, take that man Seebohm, one of the greatest collectors on the West Coast. He was an uncle, or brother, or something of the great British ornithologist Seebohm. I bought his monograph on thrushes, paid a hundred and thirty dollars for it. Think of how many five-cent 1847's you could buy for that—hey, Souren?"

A stooped, slender man walked in and placed a briefcase on a table. Souren stood up and bowed respectfully. "Mr. Thompson, meet Mr. Elliott Perry," he said.

"Not *the* Elliott Perry?" asked Thompson.

"Yep," replied Perry, "and I'm not eight feet tall and I have a head, two feet, and two hands, like any ordinary human."

"When Mr. Perry enters a room, all

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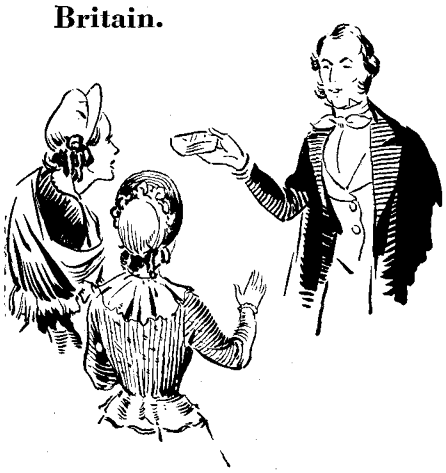

Soap was looked upon somewhat skeptically in those days. But now ladies everywhere cheer the tenderness of Gibbs Cold Cream Soap—gladly pay the extra toll exacted to get assurance of the purity that has been maintained these six long generations.

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philatelists stand up," Souren told me. "Perry," added Thompson, "was the first man in the world to plate the 1847 tens."

I asked what that meant. Souren turned around swiftly. Perry laid down a magnifying glass he had taken from his pocket. Behr looked up at me. Thompson said something. Perry interrupted. Souren tried to cut in. Words were flying all around me. "Plating," Thompson, who had won out, said finally, "is the acme of the science of philately. Plating, young man, is something you had better leave alone. Plating is something it takes you years to learn, and then there's a lot you wouldn't know—hey, Mr. Perry?"

After some time I convinced him that I didn't want to plate anything. All I wanted to know was what the term meant. From the Messrs. Souren, Perry, Thompson, and Behr, I gathered that plating is what happens when a stamp collector gathers together and arranges stamps of a certain issue in the positions in which they appeared on the sheets as they were printed. Perry started to explain how he went about plating the 1847 tens. "Remember," said Souren, "there are many, many systems of plating." "I wish you would stop interrupting me," said Perry. "Sheets of stamps used to be printed by hand. Certain minor defects would occur and no two stamps on a sheet printed from a plate would be exactly alike. It's the human factor of error. Sometimes there was a scratch on one or two stamps. Sometimes lines were redrawn on the printing plate or margins repaired. Sometimes as a sheet of paper came in contact with the plate, it slipped a little and a blurred impression, or double transfer, resulted."

Perry, through correspondence with other collectors, through advertising, through haunting sales and auctions, and through buying entire collections, had been able in ten years to find the hundred 1847 ten-cent stamps to fill the positions on the original plate. Most of the differences between stamps are visible only through a magnifying glass, and the plating required thousands of hours of minute inspection of thousands of stamps. It was like piecing together a super-jigsaw puzzle.

Perry took out a pencil and drew some squares on a piece of paper. He put some lettering in the squares. "If Stamp A," he said, "is on a margin and one day you find it in an uncut pair with Stamp B, you know where B's position is. From B you get to C, and so on. They must got to always appear in that

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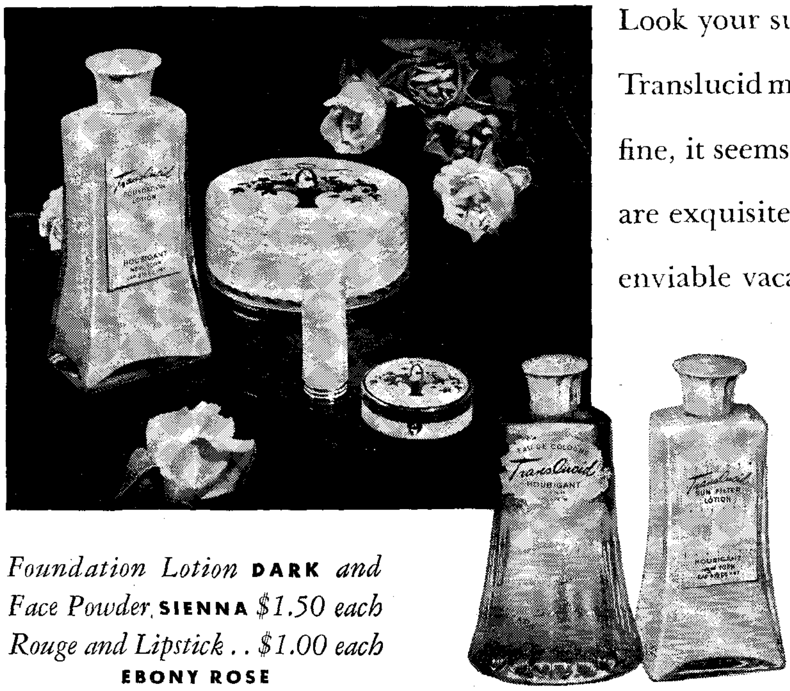

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position." He laughed. " 'Must got to' is a Jersey expression." Perry explained that he lived in Westfield, New Jersey. The name of his home is the Philatelic Peach Orchard.

I got up and walked around to clear my head. In an adjacent room I watched a young lady from Souren's office sitting at a desk in a corner and putting stamps in the transparent envelopes stamp collectors use. I asked Souren, who had started to move around too, the names of some of the people who were standing in the room and looking at stamps. "Ah, no," he replied. "Ah, no. Stamp collectors are different people. They do not want names known. They do not like publicity. They are secret."

ABOUT sixty persons were in the auction room when the sale got under way. For the first time in the history of stamp auctioning, color photographs of the items were projected on a screen as they came up for sale, so the customers could see exactly what they were bidding for. Some of the bidders were miffed because the bids on the cheaper stamps were raised fifty cents at a time instead of ten cents, as is usual in stamp sales. Parke-Bernet's auctioneers, on the other hand, were a little put out at having to start some items at a dollar. In art and book auctions, $2.50 is usually the lowest starting bid and the raises are generally $2.50 or $5.

I noticed there was a small group among the stamp people, a combination of avid collectors and professionals, who got along very well together. They were careful to apply the proper accent to "phil*at*ely," "phila*tel*ic," and "phil*at*elist" and talked loudly about how they didn't trust each other. One of the leaders of this group was Jessup, the president of the calculator company, a tall, pleasant man who had come East on business from Oakland and had stayed on a couple of extra days for the Knapp sale. He said he was a "historical rather than philatelic" collector. "When the philatelic boys start bidding high," he said, "we history men drop out." He wanted only early California and other Far Western pieces, he told me, and was interested in some covers his friend Ned Knapp had collected. Stamp collectors use the word "cover" for the envelopes or letters on which stamps are placed. Jessup has a large collection of Californiana at home.

Presently he introduced me to a slim gentleman from Nyack named Ezra Cole, a dealer who was acting as agent for some absent collectors. I asked Cole

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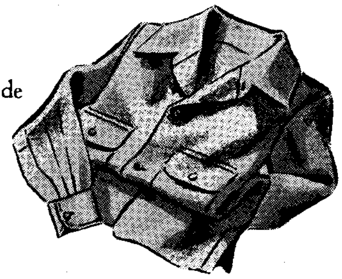

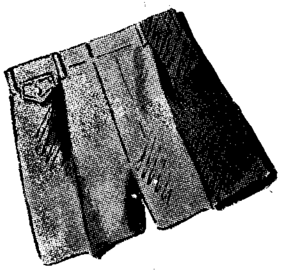

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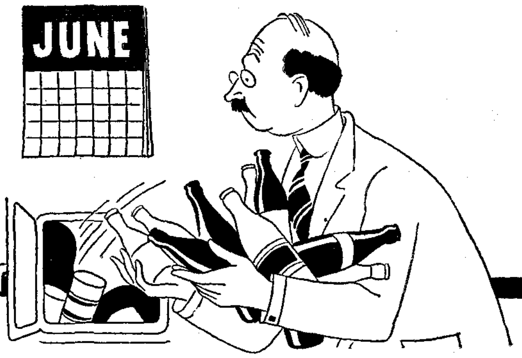
about a story I had heard that W. D. B. had paid more than a million dollars for one collection. "Don't believe every telephone-book figure these fellows give you about what people pay for stamps," said Cole, who is well known in stamp circles as a philatelic cynic. "You hear a lot of guff and big numbers like that but often as not it's just a lot of talk. Don't believe all this stuff you get from these fellows about scientific philately, either. Science is all right, but you must know stamps. Some of these men around here are interested in plating and history, sure, but you better figure that with most of them it's some funny psychological business. It's the thrill of acquisition, the pride of having something nobody else has. More than half of these people here will pay money for a stamp and then take it home and put it away in some damn book. In stamp collecting you can eat your cake and have a lot of it left. All you have to do to have fun is to take your stamps out and look at them. It's a funny business."

Cole said that boys usually begin collecting stamps when they are ten to fifteen years old. "Then most of them hear about girls and stuff and start helling around. Then, when they're twenty-five or six, they get married and settle down. Someday they're rummaging through the attic at home and they come across their old stamp collection. They take it out and look at it and get the itch to collect again. Then, if they check up and find that some of the stamps they bought as kids are worth a lot more now than they were when they bought them, they're lost. That's what happened to me."

ON Saturday afternoon I returned for the final auction, at which I met and talked a while with Dr. Carroll Chase, a small and courteous man with a tired voice. An American philatelist, he had lived in France from the time of the first World War, in which he served as a surgeon in the French Army, until the Nazi occupation. He wore a Legion of Honor ribbon in his lapel. He has written several books on stamps and was one of the first men to attain any success in plating early American issues. "I have gained friends all over the world through philately," he said. "It was just to meet old friends that I came to this meeting." His wife had returned to the United States before the invasion of the Lowlands; after the Germans moved on into France it took him several weeks to make the trip from Paris to Portugal. "I had very little trouble, though," he said. "And after I got to Lisbon, where things were such a mess, I decided to look up some philatelists there with whom I had corresponded but whom I had never met. They were very gracious and I spent several weeks with them. I saw some most unusual Portuguese and Spanish covers. We had a most pleasant time."

During the auction I sat with a man named Stanley B. Ashbrook, whom Thompson had introduced to me as "the master of plating and a true Kentucky gentleman of the old school." Ashbrook has plated the entire issue of 1851 one-cent stamps, which was printed from thirteen different plates; the 1851 twelve-cent issue; and the ten-cent 1855 and 1857 issues. He has practically completed a Confederate plate, on which he has been working since 1916. "These are very good prices," he muttered as the auctioneers finished selling some of the stamps issued by municipal post offices, which were the first to be put on the block that day. These stamps brought prices ranging from $12.50 to $300 apiece. Ashbrook bought several of the 1847 five-cent stamps, which were sold next. He usually didn't bid on an item until only two or three bidders were left. I learned later that he didn't get in on the early bidding because his participation would be likely to raise the stamp's price in bigger jumps than normal. Ashbrook is so respected that if some collectors see he wants a stamp, they are apt to start bidding too, thinking it must be unusually valuable. Others, however, if they know that Ashbrook is especially interested in a stamp, lay off, as a friendly gesture. Cole paid $2,175, the highest price of the afternoon, when he bought for one of his customers a cover with four stamps described in the catalogue as "10c black, the wonderful horizontal strip of 4, beautifully tied with odd wide spaced grid in deep red, Waukegan, Ill., to Canandaigua, N.Y., position 11, 12, 13, 14L (11L is a marked short transfer), sheet margin left, and exceptional margins on other sides."

ABOUT four o'clock Souren came in and sat down near Mr. W. D. B., who had had an entire row to himself. A man in the row behind me whispered, "The Knapp shift is coming up. This should be good." The Knapp shift is a ten-cent, black 1847 stamp which Knapp ran across fortuitously one day. Several lines at the top and bottom of it are doubled, as though portions of the stamp had been printed twice, so it isn't precisely like a dou-



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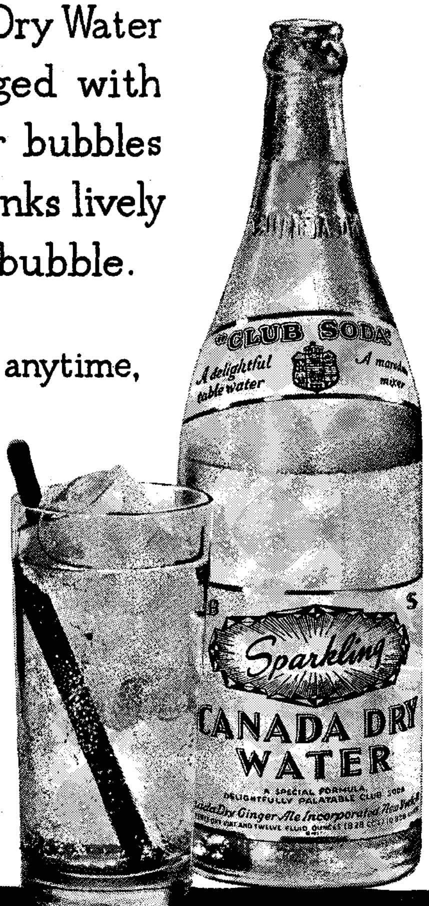

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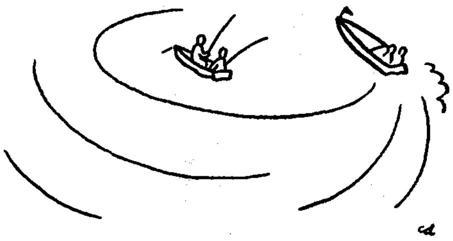
ble impression. Knapp had consulted Souren about the stamp after buying it and Souren went to much expense—he says he spent $1,800 and charged Knapp only the normal fee of $15—in analyzing the ink, paper, and printing before he could conclude that it was genuine. Knapp's discovery of the stamp with the peculiar faults caused some stir in philatelic circles, and the stir has not yet subsided. As we waited for the shift to come up, Perry, the man from the Philatelic Peach Orchard, sat down next to me and said he thought the shift was a phony. It did not conform to his plating of the 1847 tens, and he said it was either a fake or a genuine stamp of the issue which had been retouched by some unscrupulous character. Souren got in on the argument and began to question Perry's plating. Ashbrook sided with Souren, though he didn't question Perry's plating, and he and Behr said it was their theory that the plate from which the 1847 stamp was printed was made of copper and that the etching of one stamp on the plate probably got a little worn and the engraver filled in parts of it with solder and cut new lines. Then, they contended, as the solder wore away double impressions of these lines were printed. They said that the Knapp shift was produced toward the end of the printing job, but it was possible that another Knapp shift may be found someday. Perry declared unequivocally that the 1847 plate was made of steel and no other Knapp shift would be found because there wasn't any such thing, and walked off.

The catalogue number of the Knapp shift was 2248, and there was a rustling in the room when an auctioneer called it. Souren leaned forward, rested his elbows on his knees, and looked up impishly. The bidding started at $100 and went rapidly to $900. Souren called several of the raises. I couldn't see who was bidding against him. The price went to $1,000, against Souren. The auctioneer called $1,000 twice, and then Souren shouted, "Eleven hundred dollars!" There were no other bids. Souren, looking triumphant, called out the initials of the man for whom he had bought the stamp—"W. D. B."



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Mr. W. D. B., sitting three chairs away, who had looked completely uninterested throughout the bidding, got up and left a few minutes later. Ashbrook said, "That's a sensational price for that stamp, but it sure pleases me." Perry, sitting by himself in the back of the room, looked miserable.

THE hypothetical reconstruction of an event long past, of the sort Ashbrook and Behr had made on the Knapp shift, delights philatelists. They feel it gives them a practical reason for following their avocation. They not only learn the stories behind the innumerable issues of stamps, they say; their hobby also gives them a special knowledge of the development of transportation through the years and an excellent insight into history. After the auction I listened to the first half-hour of a discussion between Behr and Ashbrook about a letter mailed in Hawaii in 1861 and addressed to Cleveland, Ohio. Some United States stamps had been placed right on top of some Hawaiian stamps on the cover and, in all, thirteen cents' excess postage had been used. Ashbrook and Behr rattled off postal rates at each other, discussed postal customs of the day, figured that perhaps the Honolulu postmaster somewhat lazily had cancelled the Hawaiian stamps by placing the others over them, and made guesses as to what the postmaster had said to the captain of the ship who took the letter to San Francisco. A third philatelist, who was listening in, finally suggested that perhaps the sender was a little nervous and stuck the extra stamps on just to make sure the letter would get to Cleveland. Ashbrook and Behr didn't bother to answer him.

"There's just no sense to it," Ashbrook was saying bitterly as I left. "That thirteen cents doesn't mean anything."

—MARK MURPHY

•

Mrs. Palfrey was in excellent spirits, probably as a result of her relapse into unconventionality. She wore only a shirt and a handkerchief knotted around her neck and waist; but she merely laughed as she exhibited the chinks in her armour.—*From "Step in the Dark," by Ethel Lina White.*

On the gay side, isn't she?

•

IT'S ABOUT TIME DEPARTMENT

[*From the Bridgeport Telegram*]

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FRU GUNDERSEN

OLAV SINDING told my husband and me the story of Fru Gundersen and Captain von Drossel when he stayed at our house on his way to join the Norwegian aviators in Canada. Olav had escaped from Norway and reached the United States by way of Russia and the Pacific. He stopped with us only one night, but we kept him talking until morning of conditions in that sad, dark country from which news now comes so infrequently.

"Captain von Drossel," said Olav, "you will never meet, but you will remember Fru Gundersen?"

"Yes, indeed," said John, my husband. "We remember her well."

Fru Gundersen was the proprietor of a small hotel in the Gudbrandsdal, in Norway, where we had met Olav two summers before. I could see her plainly in my mind's eye—a firm, compact woman past middle age, with thick gray hair and a fresh color in her cheeks. In the daytime she marched briskly about the hotel in a dark wool skirt and sweater, but in the evening she donned trailing black lace and diamond earrings and presided graciously at the dinner table. It was easy to believe that she had once been a lady of importance and that this *turisthotel* had been her home. All the guests stood slightly in awe of her even while they were enthusiastic about her hospitality. She ruled her domestic staff, most of whom had been with her a long time, with a benevolent tyranny.

Many German tourists had stayed with Fru Gundersen in recent years, Olav told us, and were familiar with the quality of her cuisine and the comfort of her bedrooms. So last summer, after the invasion, she was not surprised to learn that her hotel would be required as a rest home for German officers. She protested that she had not intended to reopen her house, because of the difficulty of obtaining supplies, but she was informed that since she would be entertaining the defenders of her country, she would be allowed more extensive rations. If she felt it impossible to comply with this request, her property would, naturally, be confiscated. If on the other hand she was sensible and coöperative, she would be paid at her usual rates.

"But now the money to her has not much meaning," Olav said. "Since the Nazis have take my country, they have also take our gold and silver. In return they print very nice money of their own, in great plenty but of no worth. It is said in my country that the only free press is the money press. Do you understand? It is a joke."

John and I laughed, and after a moment Olav laughed too. "It is funny, but it is also sad," he said.

Fru Gundersen felt obliged to submit to the Nazi demands. She had entertained many charming Germans; perhaps in time she would come to feel about them as before. She called together her staff to make the hotel ready for occupancy, but not all her servants responded. Jens, the chauffeur, had been killed in action.

"Was it Jens who drove us to Lillehammer?" John asked.

"Yes, that was Jens," Olav said. "It was bad, too, about Johan, the gardener." His house had been destroyed by the dive bombers and his wife had been killed. His daughter, Hanna, had been caught in the wreckage and one foot so badly mangled that amputation had been necessary.

I remembered Hanna, too. She had been our maid at the hotel, a slight, fair-haired girl whose gay Norwegian skirt had swirled above her slim ankles as she ran lightly up and down the stairs. It was dreadful to think of Hanna hobbling about on crutches.

Fru Gundersen was shocked at this news, but she told Johan that she hoped Hanna would come back just the same. She could work in the kitchen at easy tasks. Tulla and Asa, the other maids, said they would do all the running for her, and Fru Larsen, the cook, made a soft cushion to put on the top of a stool for her to use. Everyone worked hard to get the house clean and in order for the coming guests. Windows were thrown open, bedding was aired, and the warm summer sun and fresh summer breezes penetrated every corner. Hanna scrubbed as vigorously as anyone, hopping about like a little bird that has been hurt by the hunter, Olav said.

I recalled the shining neatness of the room we had occupied at the hotel, its painted wood beds, comfortable chairs, and tall windows opening on a balcony. The linen had been exquisite and the appointments charming. "Were all

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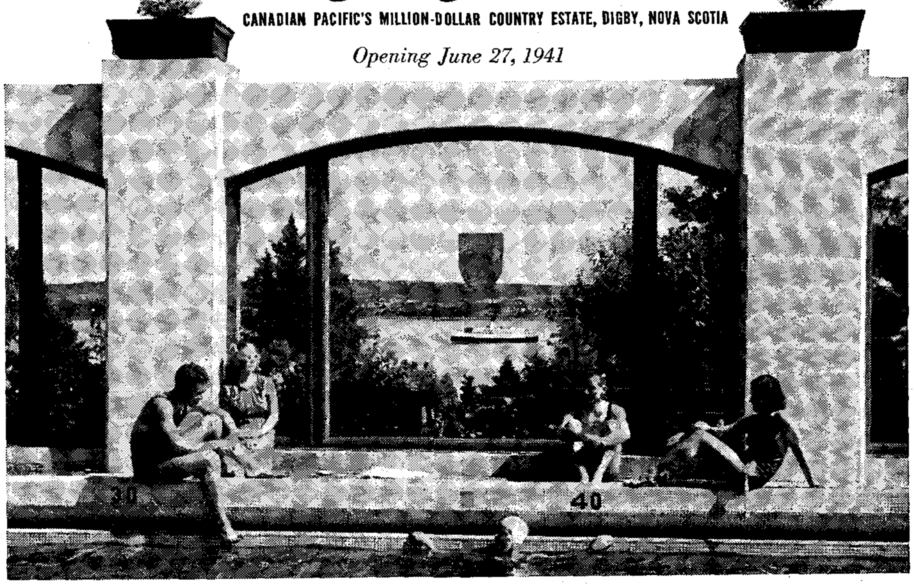


the rooms as nice as the one we had?" I asked Olav.

"In the beginning, yes, but not by the summer's end. No, they were not then so nice." He shook his head.

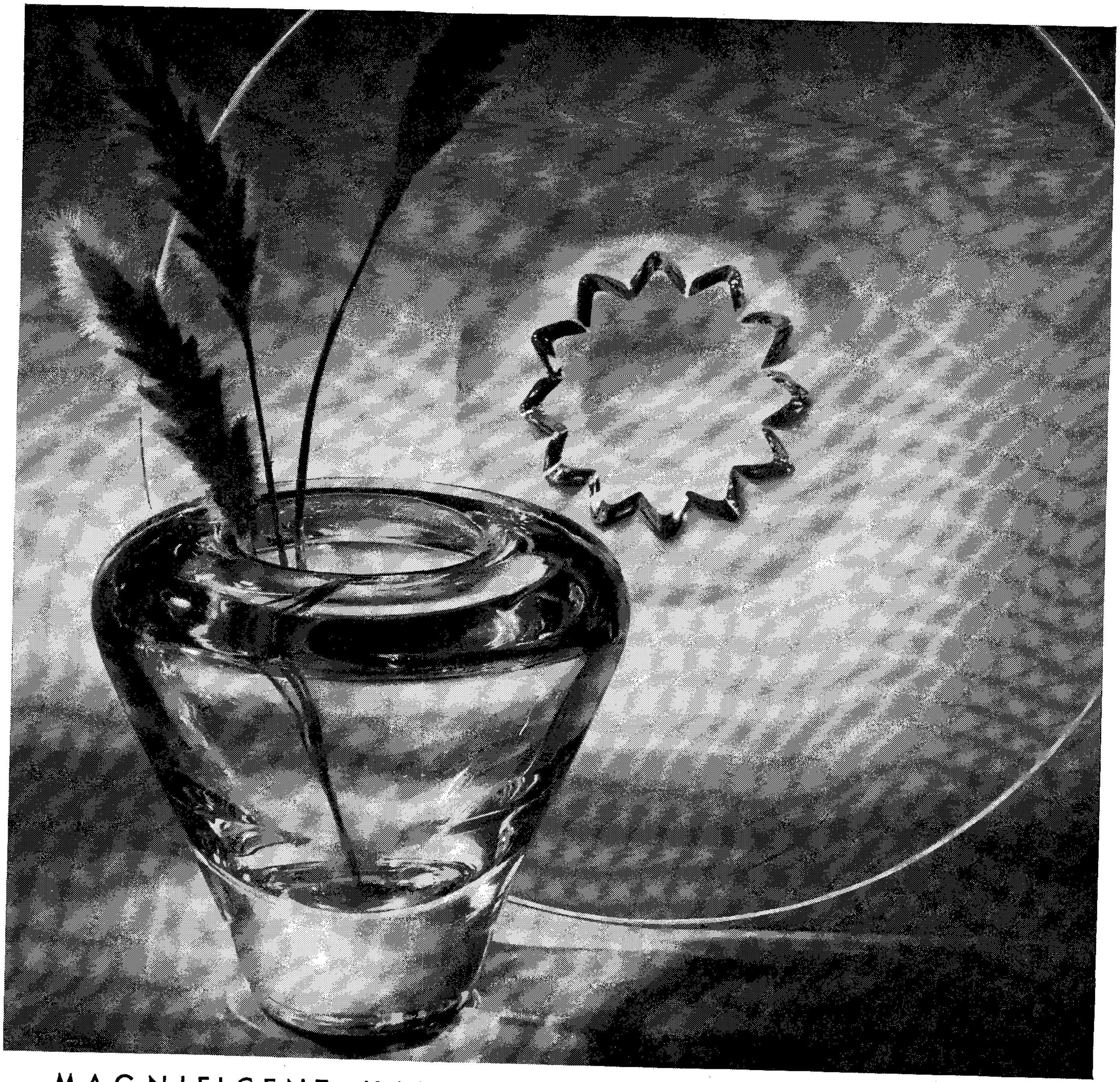
WHEN the Nazi officers came, they were much pleased with the *turisthotel*. Fru Gundersen needed all her added rations to satisfy their tremendous appetites. Cream and butter and sugar were consumed with an extravagance which shocked even the lavish-handed Fru Larsen. At first the guests were considerate and polite, but as the summer wore on their manners steadily deteriorated. It seemed to Fru Gundersen and her staff that whenever an officer left, he was replaced by another who was less agreeable.

Many of Fru Gundersen's possessions disappeared. If a departing benefactor liked a painting or a piece of handwork, he asked her for it as a farewell present. If she refused, he took it anyhow. A lieutenant found the canned fruit and jelly she had stored in the cellar and it vanished that same night. The other officers were very angry at this breach of etiquette.

"If the Nazis take from her, they also give," said Olav, smiling faintly. When one of her cows went dry, they brought her another, a beautiful Guernsey branded on her flank with a swastika. A farmer down the valley protested that she belonged to him, but the Germans said that was impossible because she was branded with the swastika. They had Fru Gundersen's cows branded too, so there could be no question about their ownership.

Fru Gundersen's household showed the strain to which it was subjected. The women servants were nervous and irritable and Johan looked more sullen and bitter every day. Fru Gundersen was often at her wits' end to keep things moving smoothly. She had to be everywhere, lingering in the corridor when the maids carried the hot water into the bedrooms, cajoling Fru Larsen into unwilling economies in the kitchen, and sympathizing with Johan over the rows of vegetables. People in the village were resentful because the best food must go to the hotel, and Fru Gundersen's old friends pretended not to see her when she walked by on her way to church.

"Sometime she think it is more than she can bear," said Olav, "and she think she will run away, but she know to do that will make it bad for her people in the *turisthotel*. Of course, I myself am not there, being still in the prison, but



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after I got out she has told me all that she is feeling. In her heart, she is very sick."

THE peak of unpleasantness was reached late in the summer with the arrival of Captain von Drossel. The Captain had lately been relieved from administering reforms in Poland and was much in need of a rest. His fellow-officers feared and disliked him. Fru Gundersen's earlier guests took on a saintly aura in comparison with his dark ferocity. She knew it would need all her adroitness to bring her household safely through this visitation, but she did not realize how grave was the danger until Fru Larsen told her about Hanna.

Captain von Drossel had first seen Hanna sitting on a bench in the garden shelling peas. Her full, gathered skirts had been spread out around her and the crutches had been hidden behind a tree. She was terrified when he began to talk to her, but she could not reach her crutches to run away. Her father, who was hoeing at the other end of the garden, heard her call and came hurrying to her. He got her crutches and carried her bowl of peas to the house. Then, of course, the Captain knew she was crippled.

"There are sometime men, when something has been hurt, will not rest until they can hurt it more," said Olav slowly. "Such a man was the Herr Captain."

Fru Gundersen tried to send Hanna away, but she could not arrange it. There was no more petrol for her car, although she had been promised a limited amount, and she was convinced the Captain had stopped her supply. She warned Tulla and Asa and Fru Larsen never to leave Hanna alone. Johan did not need her admonition; she could hardly drive him into the garden.

Then the Captain told Fru Gundersen she ought to discharge Johan because he was not a competent gardener and the vegetables he grew were inferior. She insisted that she could not get along without Johan's help. Certainly she would not dismiss him. The Captain looked very black and she knew the subject was not closed.

A few nights later someone shot at the Captain as he was walking along the path at the back of the hotel. He was not hurt, but the bullet passed very close to his head. He came to Fru Gundersen in a great rage, saying that Johan had done it. Fru Gundersen thought it was quite possible, but she protested to the Captain that Johan had no gun. All weapons had been taken from the Norwegians; not even their police could carry guns. Only a German, she said, could have shot at him, adding that he doubtless owed his escape to that fact.

"Which is most foolish of her to say, for it make him very angry," Olav said. "It is well known that the Nazis cannot shoot good. It is because their eyesight is made bad by the food they must eat, or so I have heard."

Captain von Drossel informed Fru Gundersen that she had the choice of sending Johan away or having him held for attempted murder. So she was obliged to yield and to tell Johan that he would have to go at the end of the week.

THE next evening, when the officers sat down to dinner, they found, in addition to their usual fare of meat and vegetables, a large silver bowl of mushrooms.

The Captain looked pleased and said that he was fond of mushrooms. Fru Gundersen passed him the bowl, since he sat on her right, remarking that Johan had found a great many mushrooms in the woods after the rain.

"After you, *gnädige Frau*," said Captain von Drossel.

"*Neh, takk*," she answered. "I myself do not care for them."

The Captain's smile faded. "*Ach, so*," he said.

The other officers were suddenly silent. As Olav told us the story, I could see the high, arched dining room with the late-evening sun shining in through the rose damask curtains and Fru Gundersen in her lace and diamonds at the head of the table.

The Captain leaned forward. "It would be extremely discourteous," he said, "if the *gnädige Frau* does not partake of the food she offers her guests."

"You must excuse me," Fru Gundersen protested. "They really make me ill."

"*Natürlich*," said the Captain.

"Like a wave that dashes over her, she understand what the Captain is thinking," Olav went on. She recalled the subdued excitement with which Johan had brought her the mushrooms. Quickly she calculated the amount in the bowl and saw that none had been saved out for the servants. Her own antipathy to mushrooms was well known to all her household. She was overwhelmed by Johan's audacity, by her own predicament. In her confusion she had an impulse to leave the table, but as she started to rise, the Captain laid a hand on her arm. He held the dish toward her without a word. Mechanically she took a few

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A Casual Column Supporting
THE SATURDAY SUN

ENNUI is a distinctly unpleasant state of mind — and an inexcusable one. We have yet to see a case that The Saturday Sun couldn't quickly cure.

Each week this unusual newspaper sparkles with memorable information and enlivening entertainment. Of course The Saturday Sun is first of all a great metropolitan newspaper, reporting world news as completely as the regular daily issues of The New York Sun. But it's much more than that. No matter what your particular interest or hobby may be, you're almost certain to find it expertly covered in The Saturday Sun's 35 special features, many running a page or more. They range all the way from antiques and art to photography and—yes, tropical fish! Highlights:

STAMPS. Editor of the Stamp Page is Franklin R. Bruns Jr., past winner of the American Philatelic Society's annual award. Philately is his hobby as well as his job—so you can be sure that he misses nothing of interest to collectors.

HOME SERVICE. A fact-packed page to help you get more fun out of your home, edited by Roger B. Whitman, the foremost authority on home care and maintenance. He administers "First Aid for the Ailing House," Hilson Munsey reviews "Gadgets in the Home" and Julian Starr Jr. tells how to "Make It Yourself."

IT HAPPENED THIS WEEK. A succinct review of the week's significant news—in the world, the nation, Washington, New York. Interpreting the news as well as recording it, this feature shows the pattern of events.

ACROSS THE SKYWAYS. Plane design and construction; private, commercial and military flying; airline and airport operation; aviation's outstanding personalities; legislation affecting the industry! A big assignment for one writer? Not for Captain Sherman B. Altick, World War test pilot, 1938 and 1940 TWA Aviation Writers' award winner and aviation editor of The Sun. When he takes you across the skyways, you're always on the beam!

If summer gives you a slight case of ennui, don't worry. Exchange it for a completely fresh outlook simply by reading The Saturday Sun. 3c a week is surely little enough to pay for that!

LIFE'S MORE FUN
WITH THE SATURDAY SUN

of the mushrooms and put them on her plate.

"Does that satisfy you, Herr Captain?" she asked, trying to speak lightly.

"But Fru Gundersen has taken too sparingly of such a fine food," said the Captain, and he helped her to a heaping portion. "Now, please tell me if you enjoy them."

"It seems very silly—" she began, but the Captain interrupted her, his eyes dark slits in his white face. "Eat them," he said.

The other officers stirred uneasily, but no one did anything to help her. "And sudden," said Olav, "her mind is very clear. She feel strong and brave and she think it is no matter if she die in a world which is become like this world."

She raised a forkful of the mushrooms to her lips. "You will join me if I eat them?" she asked.

"With pleasure, if you eat them," he said mockingly.

She ate them slowly. "They are delicious," she said. "I recommend them to you."

The Captain's face grew red. "He was not, after all, a man with courage," Olav said. "He will not eat them. So Fru Gundersen ate them alone." Olav paused dramatically.

"Good heavens!" said John.

"What happened?" I asked.

"Nothing," said Olav. "They are very good and she find them quite nice."

"My word!" I said. "I thought they were going to be poisonous."

"Oh, no," said Olav. "Not that night." —KATHERINE LYON

◆

DUNCAN, May 10.—With his outlook on life dimmed and his interest in world and local affairs as keen as it ever was, John Evans, "grand old man of Cowichan," celebrated his 9th birthday on his farm here Friday.

"I never felt better," was his reply to visitors who asked him as to his health. "I have only needed the services of a doctor twice in my life."—*Vancouver* (*B.C.*) *Sun.*

Once for the delivery, probably, and once when the tonsils came out.

◆

DEPT. OF UTTER CONFUSION
(MINARET DIVISION)

[*From Women's Wear Daily*]

BECAUSE the minaret silhouette is one of the high spots of fashion history, namely the lamp shade peplum with narrow skirt that is most associated with the name of Poiret in the great days of his design career, the 1941 minaret silhouette, just out from the hands of Saks-Fifth Avenue, deserves comment, most of all, because it is totally different.

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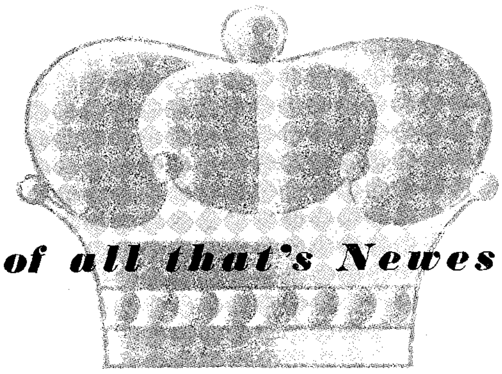

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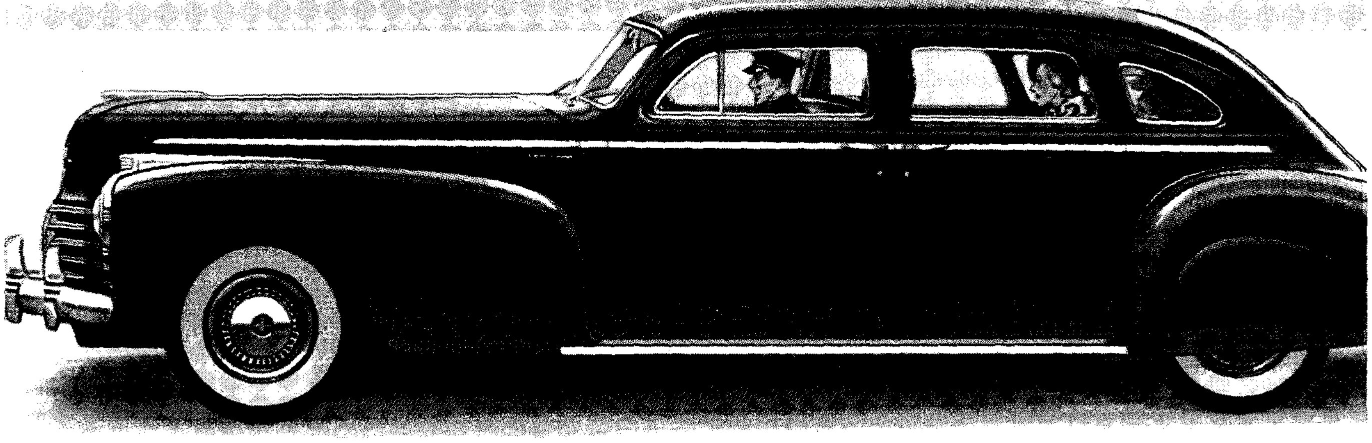

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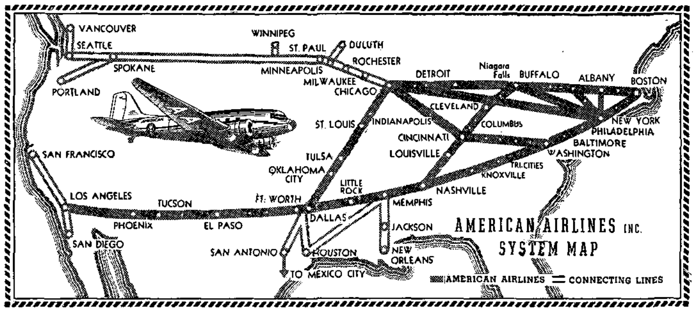
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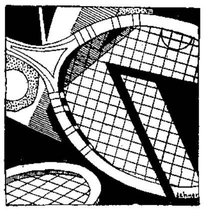
ROUTE OF THE FLAGSHIPS

THE TENNIS COURTS

Overdose—Old Dogs' Old Tricks



THE trouble with professional tennis as demonstrated in the Round Robin for British war relief last week-end is that there are too many cries among the players of "Good shot!," "That's a peach!," and other expressions of mutual admiration. Not that it's harmful to have a fellow congratulate his opponent on a good shot or a peach if his opponent has really executed such a thing, but when an old hand like Tilden, who has at one time or another seen some pretty spectacular shooting, whistles and shakes his head at an ordinary cross-court drive, it's apt to mean simply that he's too tired to run after it. There have been tired amateurs, to be sure, but most of them have left the applause to the gallery and gone about their business in a surly but convincing way, with a minimum of ham. This constant tossing of bouquets makes a body doubly uncomfortable when the bouquets are as generally undeserved as they were in the Forest Hills exhibitions. The only player who lived up to them consistently was Perry, who was perhaps using a sensible method of showing his country's gratitude for ten per cent of the gate receipts. Or maybe he figured that having just won the World's Professional Tennis Championship, he might as well go ahead and win the World's Professional Round Robin Tennis Championship for good measure. Whatever his motive, he won all his singles matches in a straightforward, impressive way, beating Budge in straight sets on the final day.

If the tournament was, as advertised, Budge's last appearance in the big time, he must have been very sorry to be as far off his game as he was against Perry. He looked bemused, bitter, and belabored, and, above all, rather unathletic compared to Perry, who has the spring of a pogo stick in each ankle. Lobbing, especially, brought out the difference between the bombshell that was Perry and the dud that was Budge. When Perry tried it, the ball soared neatly over J. Donald's head and landed plunk on the baseline, and when Budge did, the ball landed plunk on Fred J.'s racquet and was promptly killed. This department saw Perry passed only once at the net. In the matter of backhands, Budge, who ordinarily has a honey, ran second, and in the matter of forehands, he wasn't even a starter.

TO those who had seen the pros play indoors, where tobacco smoke makes the visibility poor and the ceiling practically zero, there was a pleasantly healthy aspect to the show at Forest Hills. To those who hadn't seen them play at all as pros, it must have been fun to watch the old bickering doubles team of Tilden and Richards again, particularly in their one exciting match against Stoefen and Gledhill. Reminiscent onlookers, mindful of the days when Tilden complained that Richards wouldn't take the trouble to learn ground strokes and Richards wondered why Tilden couldn't get up to the net, may have noticed that each still looked extraordinarily pleased when the other missed a shot. Richards was the sounder of the two last week. His volleying was flawless, and his serve had speed that was startling from a round little man who looks like a country-club player all tired out from a hard week at the office. Stoefen and Gledhill took the third and deciding set by hard hitting, finally wearing Tilden down and breaking through his serve at 13-all and then holding Stoefen's to win the match.

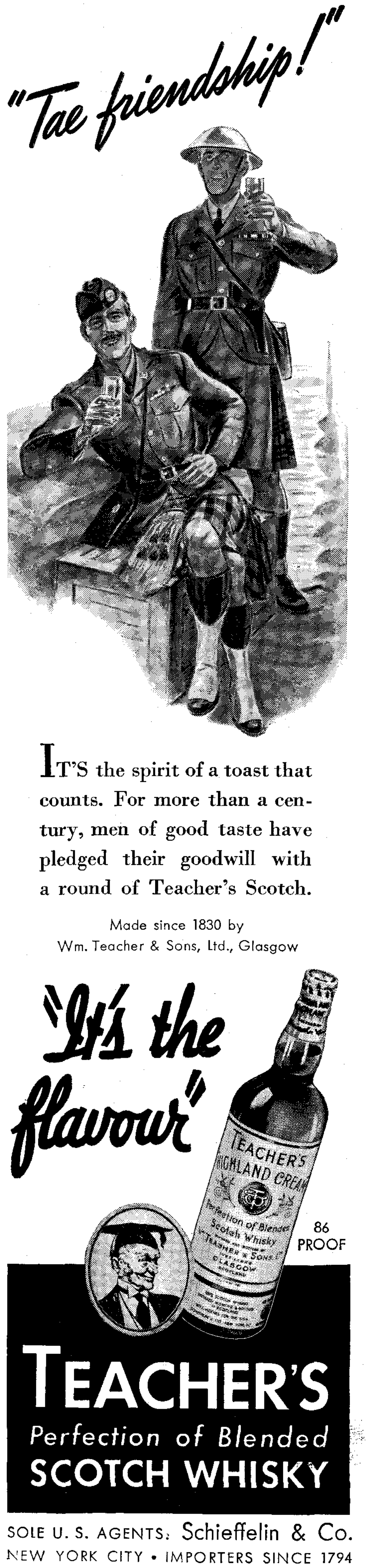
In addition to professional tennis which ranged from bad to almost good, the program at Forest Hills included bagpipe-playing, speeches, and one curious amateur match between a sportswriter and a columnist on one side and a music critic and a horror actor on the other. Kieran and Adams beat Taylor and Karloff in one straight set, helped perhaps by young Timothy and Anthony Adams, who were in the crowd yelling, "That's the old cannonball, Pop!" —D. E. L.

•

WHAT FEATURE OF THE "JOURNAL & AMERICAN" D'YA READ?

Of all the accidents that happened during the filming of a picture, the funniest was when Bette Davis fell into a cactus bed while making "The Bride Came C.O.D." The accident was extremely painful to Bette but so funny they kept it in the picture.—*Louella O. Parsons in the Journal & American.*

HOW THE MOVIES FOOL YOU: The "spines" on the cactus into which Bette Davis fell for "The Bride Came C.O.D." —were really made of rubber bands.—*Feg Murray in the Journal & American.*



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FEW AMATEUR mixers can match these masterly cocktails . . . it takes the Club Bar-Man to blend drinks so skilfully; it takes long *inter-mellowing* in the bottle to produce such perfection!

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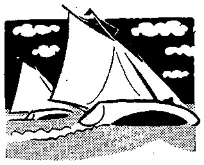
YACHTS AND YACHTSMEN

Campbell's Coup



OVER a really long weekend—say, from Thursday to Tuesday—there's no telling how many Star Class races Frank Campbell could win. The Memorial Day weekend offered him as good an opportunity as he'll have all summer, probably, and he made the most of it by skipping from the Harlem Yacht Club over to the American at Rye, and then down to Manhasset Bay, winning a race a day until the races, the days, and the yacht clubs ran out. The following Saturday, at Larchmont, he took up where he had left off, winning again. As a matter of fact, his record this season simply amounts to taking up where he left off in 1940, when he was the undisputed Star champ of the Sound. Adopting the policy of sock 'em while they're groggy, he's sailing a new boat this year, Rascal, which is lighter and apparently faster than his old boat, Rascal. In the Memorial Day regatta, Campbell showed that the current model is especially snappy in quiet weather. Scattered and erratic breezes brought him home ten minutes ahead of the other skippers, who must have wondered what he was using for wind. The next afternoon, at Rye, a steady southwester evened things up a bit, cutting Campbell's margin down to a minute or so, and on Sunday he got a third type of weather to fool with, a northeaster which was almost but not quite vigorous enough to give him trouble.

The Ben Bates Trophy was at stake in the Star race at the Harlem Yacht Club, a fact which evoked whispers of gentlemanly protest from yachtsmen with a feeling for the niceties of the sport. Competition for the trophy, offered in memory of the club's late Eldest Member, is supposed to be confined to one-design boats, which sticklers feel that Stars are not. The class specifications permit the shifting of keels and tampering with the weight of masts and area of sails—loose practices unheard of in such classes as the International, which raced for the trophy last year, and the Atlantic. The strict conformists look on the accomplishment of Freeman Meinertz, who won three times in the Atlantic Class over Memorial weekend, as superior to Campbell's, since Meinertz's Bobkat was perforce the twin sister to every boat she raced against.

Although the above-mentioned pair were the only triple winners during that particular weekend, there were at least a half-dozen doubles. Cornelius Shields, a founding father of the International Class, scored two firsts and a fifth, which is about par for him. One reverend, H. C. Benjamin of Bayside, and one doctor, P. A. Robin, of Knickerbocker, also won twice. A mayor, Henry Hornridge, of Mamaroneck, turned up in a fourteen-foot dinghy and placed third to two ordinary citizens.

AMONG the big boats, DeCoursey Fales' schooner Nina, which went in for transatlantic racing in the days when the Atlantic could be used as a playground, outsailed a pretty impressive fleet in the Cruising Club's sixty-four-mile race from Stamford to Shelter Island. She nosed out Walter H. Wheeler's Cotton Blossom III by two minutes, after rounding Orient Point in a tidier fashion than the other boat and passing her in the reach to the finish line. On corrected time, Nina won from Cotton Blossom by more than a half-hour, since she had a thirty-three-minute time allowance and the Blossom was racing from scratch, but since she beat her on plain Eastern Daylight Saving Time, too, nobody had to bother figuring out the other kind. The wind was spotty throughout the race, and some boats had so much trouble finding it that they straggled in seven hours after the leaders, almost getting tangled up with the Off Soundings Club race, which had started from New London at about the time Nina was finishing.

COMFORTING NOTE: In addition to the fact that sailing boats are generally considered by naval experts to be outmoded, there's another reason their owners will probably *not have* to give them up to the government. Most of them aren't equipped with the marble and gold-plated plumbing fixtures that officers and enlisted men have found in commandeered power yachts. You probably couldn't get a gob who has been on board Major Bowes' Edmar, now a sub-chaser, to brush his teeth over an ordinary tile basin. —JACK

•

Ronald MacDonald Douglas, author of the recently published novel, "The Closed Door," informs Modern Age that his forthcoming novel, originally announced as "Monday I Die," has now become "Tuesday I Die."—*The Times.*

Reprieve?

We've added something new that says a Miss is now a Mrs.! And something new has been added to a cigarette, too—for new flavor!

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Something NEW* has been added!

IT'S as pleasant as the month of May—the new, delightful flavor in this favorite cigarette! Something new has been added to Old Gold! A rare imported leaf—aged and mellow, and combined with other golden, aged tobaccos, to give you keener pleasure every time you smoke! Get a pack of *new* Old Golds—and see!

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THE WALDORF-ASTORIA
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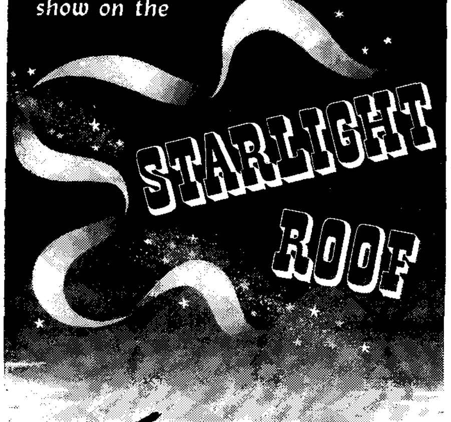

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THE ART GALLERIES

Windup

OFF and on, I've been rather worried about Alexander Calder's work in the past few years. Certainly, his particular creation, the "mobile" sculpture, is one of the most daring departures from traditional styles that have been developed in our generation, and it is one that seems to offer almost infinite possibilities. A kind of sculpture-in-outline which describes forms instead of solidly embodying them, which uses space alone as its plastic medium, and which is itself continually in motion, so that the areas described are continually changing both in form and volume—what couldn't be done, one felt, with such a system of design as this?

Well, a while ago I thought that, given his opportunities, Calder had done surprisingly little. The style was his own, so peculiarly his own that, so far as I know, no other artist has ventured to infringe on it, and possibly because of this lack of competition, Calder seemed, like all monopolists, inclined to sit tight. The things he produced, when they were not merely playful, tended to be repetitious and were based on about the simplest design his system of construction permits, that of a series of weighted rods hung one from another in such fashion that the least disturbance of any of them put the whole out of balance and set them all swinging gently. The movement was spiral, and though the effect was graceful and gracious, it did seem that in limiting himself to this one pattern the artist was almost willfully overlooking a good many larger possibilities. I began to fear that, having found an easy out for himself, Calder might go on repeating it indefinitely.

His new exhibition at the Pierre Matisse, however, goes a long way toward easing those fears, for his latest pieces show all the variety and inventiveness that his work heretofore appeared to lack. For one thing, he's begun introducing color into his work again, and although this is in a sense a distraction, diminishing the purity of effect of the movement of the piece, there's no questioning the immediate sparkle his bright reds and yellows and blues give to the designs. Calder's real advance, however, has been in design, and he displays a technical daring and an imaginative elasticity that surpass anything he has shown in quite a while. There are big pieces and small ones, some that jiggle and jerk in unpredictable motions and others that sail with the sweeping serenity of clouds in the sky; one that has a series of bright metal plaques which move in a cluster, close to the ground, like a herd of small, scurrying animals, and another two-pronged affair whose curiously contrasting movement—one end rapid, the other slow—makes it perhaps the most intricate piece in the collection. Calder's work still has an element of the capricious, in that the play of his forms seems at times to be purely abstract in intention and at times to be slyly representational, and this conflict is frequently confusing to the spectator. But beyond that there is little indeed in the show to complain of and a great deal to admire. It closes this Saturday, and it's definitely worth seeing.

AT the Wildenstein is an exhibition of fifteenth- to eighteenth-century French and Italian paintings, sculptures, and tapestries. Except for a fine, severe "Head of a Man" by Benedetto da Majano, the sculptures all look rather run-of-the-Renaissance, and the tapestries are hardly exciting. There are, though, enough good examples among the paintings to give the show value—for instance, a couple of charming Antoine Carons, called "Triumph of Spring" and "Triumph of Summer," as well as a staunchly posed "Portrait of a Nobleman" by Philippe de Champaigne and a seascape called "Sunset and Ships," very bold and romantic, by Claude Lorrain. . . . The rest of the week's list runs mainly to group shows. There are a nice Maurice Sterne, "Girl at Open Door," and a substantial if slightly literal cityscape by Saul Berman, called "Construction," in the collection of oils at the Milch Galleries. . . . At the Downtown, the features to me were Niles Spencer's gray "Signal at Highland" and the two smooth, semi-surrealist studies by O. Louis Guglielmi called "Objects and Images" and "Soliloquy." . . . At the A.C.A., where you'll find perhaps the liveliest group of the lot, I liked Earl Hoshall's sharply handled dark gouaches (such as "Dawn on the Road" and "Workers, Early Morning") and François H. Rubitschung's well-balanced small sculptures, "Woman Kneeling" and "Girl's Head." This show also closes Saturday.

THAT just about winds up the season, and it may be worth while to look back for a moment over it. It was a year in which the shadow of the war seemed to hang even lower over everything. Apart from what appeared in the Modern Museum's "Britain at War" show, very little new work got through to us here from abroad, though a number of foreign artists did—Léger, Mondrian, Dali, Eugene Berman, and so on—and for a time it looked as if this country might become the peaceful asylum for culture and free intellectual expression that Holland and Switzerland were in the last war. It was, however, a period of confusion and doubt, with no clear answers to any question, and even the American artists seemed touched by uncertainty.

There were a few good first solos and a few good shows by established artists—those by Raphael Soyer and Edward Hopper come first to mind—but the Whitney annual of contemporary painting was distinguished chiefly by competent dullness, and the general impression one got was that native art, too, was just marking time. Except for the Whitney's appealing collection of New York scenes called "This Is Our City" and the Metropolitan's nineteenth-century French exhibition—which had its faults—there were no really stirring "big" shows. The best were the less pretentious ones: the small but exquisitely selected "Landmarks of Modern Art" exhibition at Pierre Matisse, the "Rodin to Brancusi" sculpture showing at Buchholz, and Knoedler's group of early paintings, somehow almost otherworldly in their charm, by Monet, Pissarro, and Sisley. The most important event of the year, artistically, occurred at Washington with the opening of the National Gallery of Art. As for New York, I think, the season's confusions and contradictions are best summed up in the fact that the National Academy's annual took an oddly liberal slant while the Independents' seemed to be turning suddenly conservative.

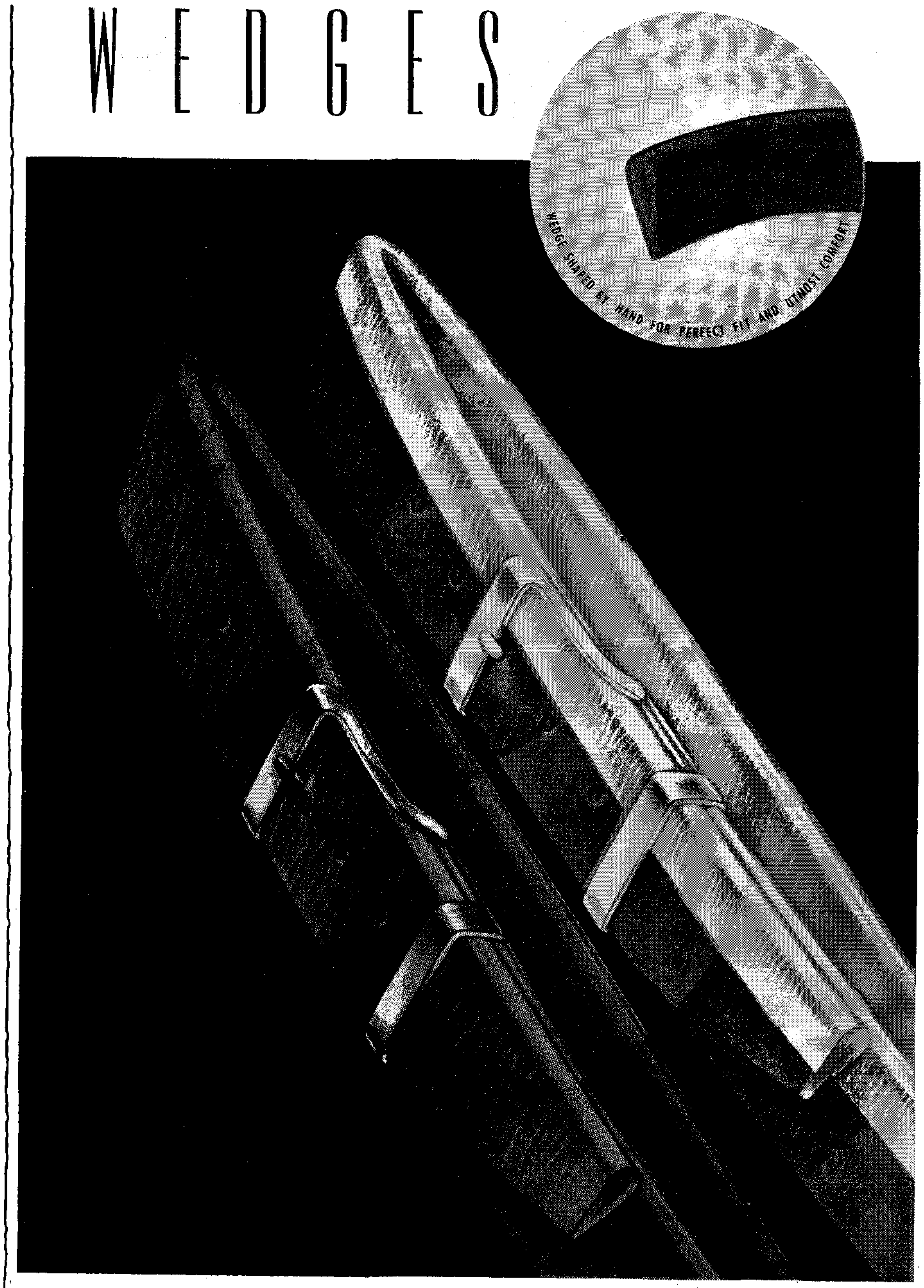
—ROBERT M. COATES

•

Dr. and Mrs. Edward Roth of Miami Beach are announcing birth of a son at St. Francis hospital Roth of Miami Beach and Mr. and grandson of Mr. and Mrs. I. C. Wednesday morning. He is the Mrs. S. M. Goldberg of Augusta, Ga.—*Miami Daily News.*

Childbirth always excites people so.

WEDGES



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REMEMBER—DAD KNOWS PARIS MEANS Style

Dad prefers Paris for style and enduring quality, true craftsmanship and real value, too. Remember him with what he would select himself. He will be delighted with Paris "Wedges"—their built-in comfort and faultless styling. They are wedged by hand to taper to a "V" line at the waistline. Bench made of full grain steerhide in solid brown, illustrated, black, russet and white—$1.50. Also in brown and white, illustrated, and white with tan, natural pig, grey or black—$1.50.

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ON AND OFF THE AVENUE

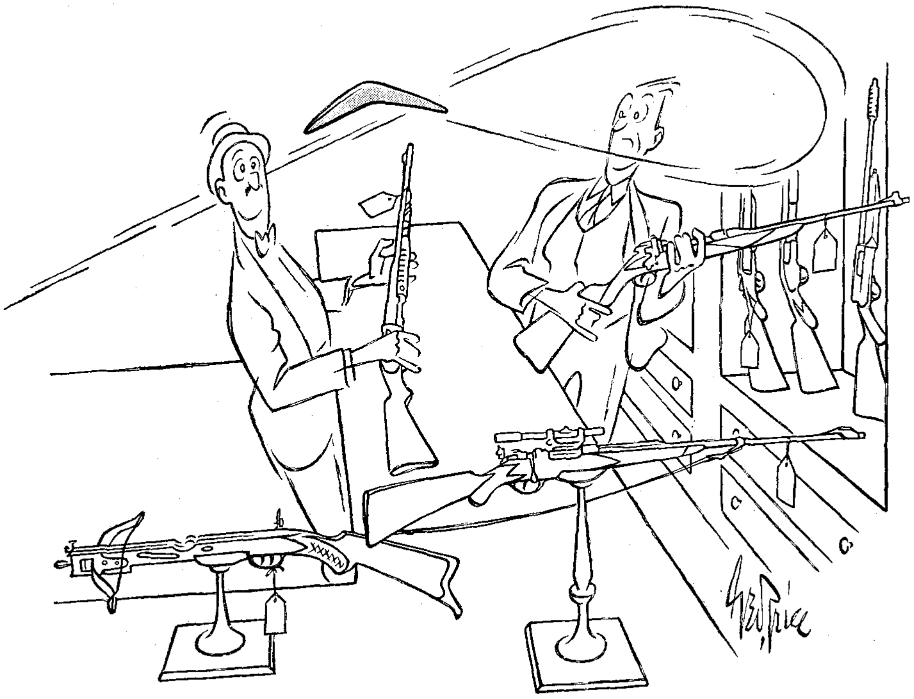
FEMININE FASHIONS

THERE is some hope for the future, after all, maybe, for Fashion is slowly coming to the realization that all women are not alike. It was not ever thus. Until recently, fashion experts seemed to expect personalities to change constantly in response to arbitrary and capricious rulings. One season the sun-tanned hoyden had to be the vogue, and fluffy cuties struggled to look muscular and competent; the next, coy "garden" dresses and babyish play clothes would be forced upon women destined by temperament to be straightforward and brisk. Solemnly, advertising writers endeavored to sell you the idea that Catch Me perfume could transform the Babe Didriksons of this world into Dietrichs; headdresses of hyacinth were supposed to convert daytime golfers into nighttime Circes. All these dizzy changes added up to regimentation, no matter how firmly the experts prattled about "dressing your type" or "changing your type." Now, however, we seem embarked on an era of equal rights, alike for kitten-faced, pint-sized blondes, for pert tomboys, for willowy wisps, and for plump and luscious brunettes. Though the shops are still full of clothes for the comradely girl who looks her best in slacks and sunburn, the appealing little type who wants to arouse the protective instinct in men is no longer ashamed to dress the part. There have even been rumors from sources usually unimpeachable to the effect that several women lately have dared to express a desire for hats their husbands would like. They have, in fact, even been allowed to buy some.

Sally Victor, for instance, is showing numerous hats which display the kind of folderol and romantic la-di-da that men dote on. There's her Birthday Cake sailor, with a tiny brim consisting of two layers of embroidered white organdie and a bright-green ribbon, around the apology for a crown, that ties in a bow in back. Another sailor has a brim composed of layers and layers and *layers* of navy tulle that make a wide, rippling edge; purple ribbon goes around the crown. Victor shows small caps of flat, pastel feathers with great poufs of matching marabou fluffing above them. Several big-brimmed, off-the-face hats are divine, one of them being a black felt with a brim high above the forehead and dipped slightly in front; dusty-pink taffeta ribbon appears underneath the brim at this point and also surrounds the top of the hat. Another is made of layers of black tulle, with a two-inch fold rippling lazily around the edge of the brim. All are intensely feminine without being in the least absurd. Despite this new obsession, however, Victor hasn't forgotten her old friend the girl who wants to look neat in the most rakish open convertible; the turbans here are still marvellous—white draped linen with red and green linen "feathers" down one side, or red, white, and blue jersey Draped with a Difference.

THE prospect of gay weekends and summer vacations is sufficiently exciting, but some of the new luggage being shown at Arthur Gilmore, 16 East 52nd, will make you positively ecstatic. There is, for one thing, a small, round hatbox, twelve inches across, made of a bright-red pebbly leather. A neat strap crosses the top and fastens the lid down with a buckle at one side; you'll feel like the most attractive Powers model extant as you trip along with it, and it's perfect for overnight gear into the bargain. The cost of all this practical insouciance is $23. Bright red appears again, this time in harness leather, to make a set of luggage consisting of a small, square hatbox, a suitcase, and a deep, oblong case with a tray on top, which is perfect for carrying cosmetic gadgets and drugstore bottles and jars, an arrangement that is the greatest comfort on earth for a long trip. The suitcase is deep and wide, and has a tray too; it's the only kind of case, according to the Gilmore theory, in which an important dress can be packed satisfactorily. Because the color of the leather is so arresting, this is made perfectly plain. It has the matter-of-fact brass locks which this house favors, and, for the lining, plain glazed chintz in a pale beige has been used instead of moiré. Another item, for airplane travellers, is made like a pillow bag—two deep pouches, fourteen inches square, with the flaps buckled down, and between them an open compartment big enough for magazines, knitting, and the like. The pouches are so roomy you can stow overnight stuff in, yet the thing passes as a handbag when you're travelling by air. With it goes an envelope purse, in the same leather, which can be slipped into one of the pouches or carried separately. The same type of bag, made up in pigskin and in a size large enough for men's shirts, is a perfect gift for a man addicted to short, flying business trips; it's $35.

DAINTY FRIPPERY: Still the colognes continue to pour into this office. One of the sharpest, cleanest, cologniest smells of the lot is Lenthéric's Iceberg; you'll want to imitate your grandmother (who had some sound ideas, after all) by taking it with you for refreshment

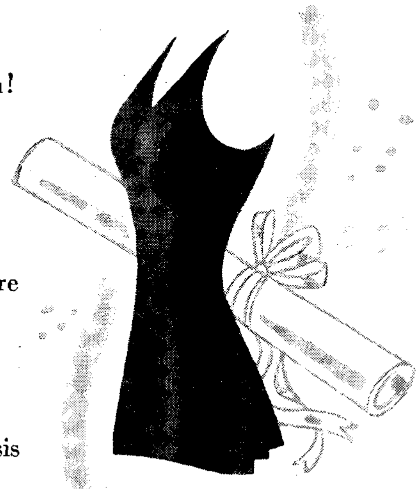


HOW WILL *You* LOOK IN THIS BATHING SUIT?

One swallow may not make a summer, but six weeks at the Success School can! Esther-Lou Richardson found that out, to her eternal gratitude. In just six weeks she was transformed, to the tune of thirty pounds' loss of weight and a complete alteration of measurements. From a self-conscious, unhappy person "who was always getting in her own way" she became a bathing beauty!

Perhaps you don't need the drastic remodeling that Miss Richardson did. Perhaps it's just that you're a little hippy...your skin needs expert care...your posture doesn't do your figure justice—"tremendous trifles" that prevent you from looking appealing on the beach. A course at the Success School—there is one to fit your time and pocketbook—is a highly rewarding method of achieving top-to-toe beauty. Join the next class and you'll have your new figure in time for your holiday!

Send an S. O. S.... S. O. S. is short for Success-O-Scope, the intimate self-analysis chart that tells you what you can expect the Success School to do for you. Send the coupon for the Success-O-Scope and the booklet that tells all. Better still, phone PLaza 3-6791 and arrange to see Ann Delafield at your convenience.



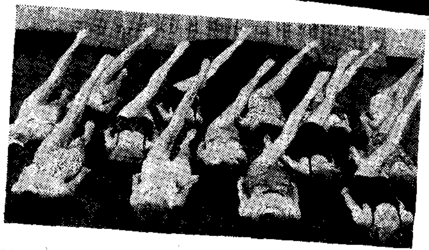
To Each Summer Student: This bathing suit will be presented at the expiration of the six weeks' course as a graduation diploma that will put you on the beach in good form!

Face...

The famous Beauty-Angle Face Treatment is a DuBarry exclusive. Here, too, you take up make-up in a big way.

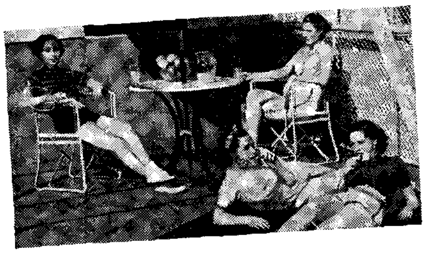
Figure...

A special diet is planned for you. And an exercise regimen to reduce you where you need it.



Fascination...

A becoming coiffure by our famous André, dancing lessons, voice placement, fashion appreciation come under this heading.



Fun...

Success students play games or bask on the Sports Roof. The Salon is air-conditioned, too—an ideal summer combination.

Success School

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N.Y. 6-14

The "step-ladder stretch"—makes hanging curtains easy, but makes hoarding stockings hard! Don't despair, though—Cannon's gorgeously sheer stockings will stand lots of stress and strain.

Every pair is inspected by an air-pressure machine that reveals tiny flaws—invisible cause of most "mystery" runs. Cannon rejects all but the *perfect* hose—flawless, full-fashioned, triple-inspected.

Cannon Hosiery

P.S. Cannon Silk Hosiery, in the Cellophane Handy-Pack, 69¢ to $1.00. Cannon Nylon Hosiery, $1.35 and up. By the makers of Cannon Towels and Sheets. TRADE MARK REG. U.S.A. CANNON

THE RANGERS STARTED IT AND.. Now IT'S
High Style
TEXAS RANGER BELTS
REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

From Yoakum, Texas, come "toned-up" versions of belts worn by the high-ridin' Texas Rangers—blazing a new style trail. The belt shown is "The Sam Houston," named for the savior of Texas. Hand-tooled and shaded by saddle craftsmen of the cattle country. Genuine Russian Calfskin. 1¼" wide. A new and dashing note for sports wear. With hand-engraved sterling silver buckle set, $10.00. With regular nickel buckle, $5.00. Other models $2.50, $2.00, $1.50, $1.00.

WRITE FOR FREE CATALOG

TEXAS TANNING & MANUFACTURING CO., Dept. N-2
Yoakum, Texas.

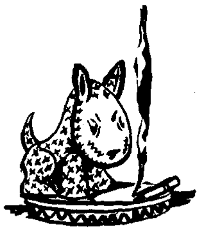
Enclosed is $________, for which send______Texas Ranger Belts. ☐ Sam Houston with silver buckle set. ☐ Sam Houston with nickel buckle. ☐ Saddle Tan. ☐ Duotone Brown. ☐ Black. Waist_____inches. ☐ Send free catalog.

Name________________
Address________________
City________________State________

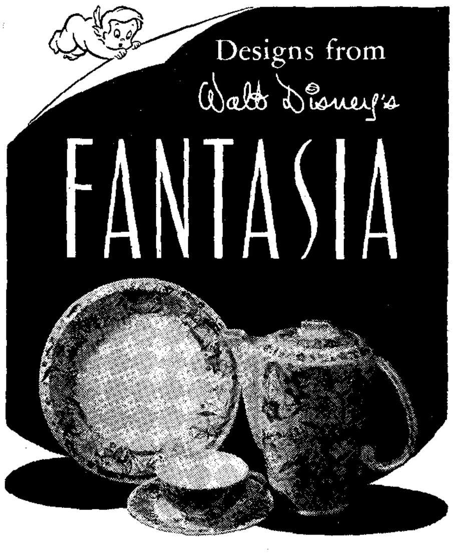
on dusty journeys. It's nice to cool the brow as well as scent the body. . . . Corday's Tzigane cologne is a spicy, gypsy kind of perfume, laden with carnation. . . . Babani's Mon Amie Elizabeth toilet water, for years a great favorite in France, is now being made in this country, and awaits its public at Saks-Fifth Avenue. Lovers of Oriental scents might at the same time renew their acquaintance with Ming perfume, also by Babani—lovely and light. . . . Harriet Hubbard Ayer's Beautifying Mask is a good pick-me-up for the face at the end of an exhausting day, and her delicate Pink Clover odor permeates her Bubbling Bathsheen, a pink powder that creates a luxurious foam in your bath. Why has there been so little talk of bubble baths lately? I think they are such fun! —L. L.

ABOUT THE HOUSE

Whatnot



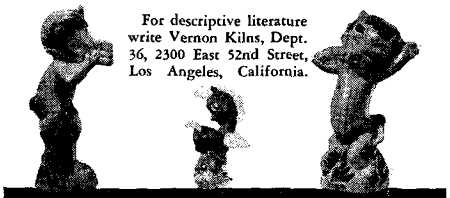
MY desk file, which only a few days ago was in a state to put a magpie's nest to shame, is limp and flat again, having yielded up an accumulation of notes about totally unrelated things. To begin with, James Pendleton, of 19 East 57th Street, has needlework for idle hands to do. They had better be skilled hands as well if they're to get very far with the new needlepoint patterns by Marcel Vertès, the artist whose fantasies stare at you nowadays from the pages of every second fashion magazine you see. Vertès' enchanting forest nymphs, infant angels, circus characters, and flowers with sly little elf faces, brilliantly painted upon canvas to cover chair seats, scrapbooks, footstools, fire screens, and sofa cushions, are like nothing ever offered before in the history of needlepoint, and you'll love them or loathe them, depending on how you feel about taking liberties with this ancient tradition. Pendleton has yarns in all the colors necessary for working these patently difficult patterns. (He can also supply the panels completed to the last stitch if you distrust your own skill with the needle.) In the raw, the canvases start at $10.75 for a pair of toecaps for men's slippers; a footstool cover is $14.50, a fire screen or chair-back panel showing a circus child and her performing poodles is $45, and so on. Worked patterns often run into three figures, but there are a few small completed pieces not quite so formidable in price, as, for instance, an oblong one



Direct from the history-making motion picture "Fantasia" come the exquisitely beautiful decorations for this new pattern of Vernonware designed and signed by Walt Disney himself, created for your daily enjoyment by Vernon Kilns. Hand-painted under the glaze, in three different color combinations, 20-piece starter sets priced at $11.20.

Adorable figurines of cupids, fauns, the Baby Pegasus, centaurettes, and the other delightful "Fantasia" sprites, modeled in Vernonware, are absolutely irresistible! You'll want complete sets. From $1 to $2.50 each. © *1941 Walt Disney Productions. Vernon Kilns are sole licensees in ceramics.*

For descriptive literature write Vernon Kilns, Dept. 36, 2300 East 52nd Street, Los Angeles, California.



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Period or Modern Furniture, Carpets, Curtains, Draperies, Lamps, Accessories

from $2,000 *up*

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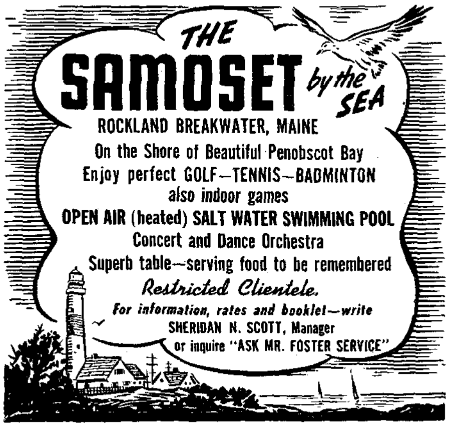


THE SAMOSET by the SEA
ROCKLAND BREAKWATER, MAINE
On the Shore of Beautiful Penobscot Bay
Enjoy perfect GOLF—TENNIS—BADMINTON
also indoor games
OPEN AIR (heated) SALT WATER SWIMMING POOL
Concert and Dance Orchestra
Superb table—serving food to be remembered
Restricted Clientele.
For information, rates and booklet—write
SHERIDAN N. SCOTT, Manager
or inquire "ASK MR. FOSTER SERVICE"

mounted on a small and charming gilt iron footstool, and all for $78. The only trouble is it's just too beautiful to put your feet upon.

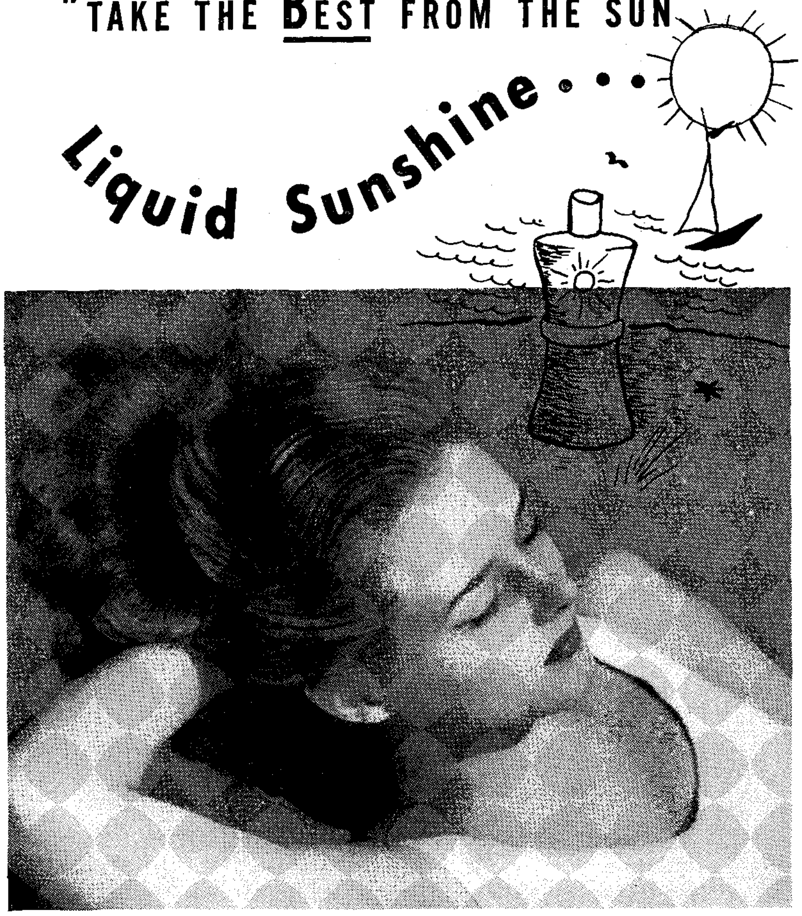
Further revolutionary needlepoint, far less poetic but a lot easier to do, is available. Lord & Taylor, who seem all of a sudden to have had a slight seizure of stateliness, have thought of using coats of arms as motifs. Take your own, assuming you have it lying around, to the stationery department there and they'll hand-paint it on linen, cut to the size of a desk portfolio, cushion, wall decoration, or whatever, for from $20 up. If you haven't a coat of arms handy, the store will look into the matter of what you're entitled to flaunt and dig it up for you without charge.

THE Box Shop, at 694 Madison Avenue (62nd, next door to Hamburg Heaven), has cures for the crises which arise when closets in rented summer places prove inadequate. Custom-designed shelf boxes and banks of drawers from this shop can turn almost any bare two-by-four cubbyhole into a dream closet with a place for everything. For dressing rooms whose closets are so shallow they won't hold more than clothes on hangers, no matter what, this shop will build handy, compact, fibreboard chests and cabinets made sightly with wallpaper—your own or theirs—so you can keep them standing right out in the room. Shoe chests ($25 for an eight-pair size) have transparent plastic windows in their drawer fronts; linen and lingerie chests have shallow trays banked behind drop doors; utility cabinets may be split up in compartments to hold your cosmetics, hair-curlers, cleansing tissues, and the like. These people build sewing boxes to specifications, too, incorporating all your pet ideas; their wedding-dress boxes, with a tray for the veil, are as pretty a salute to sentimental tradition as ever you saw. They will also build blanket boxes of cedarwood, covered outside with lacquered wallpaper, starting at $10. For $10 and up, they'll paper your own old cedar eyesore in the same way, turning it into a thing you'll actually like having around.

THE Tracy Schernikow Gallery, at 150 East 56th Street, exists solely for the sake of fanciers of old hooked rugs, whether they're collectors willing to pay for museum pieces to hang upon the wall or merely householders who want something nice and mellow and faded in a hearthrug for a country cottage. Right now the gallery has a good collection of small American rugs, most

Helena Rubinstein..

"TAKE THE BEST FROM THE SUN"


Liquid Sunshine...

LIQUID SUNSHINE is the perfect sun-protector because through its silky, non-sticky, insect-repellent film the sun's rays will turn your skin to a honey-tan. Because it's as fresh as cologne. As delicious as a fine perfume. Because it will keep your skin like satin. To tan glamorously .. remember Helena Rubinstein's inspiration ..

LIQUID SUNSHINE, 1.50, and a new pocket size, .85.

OTHER SUN SPOTS

Protect nails that have a tendency to grow brittle in the summer with Herbal Nail Oil, .50.

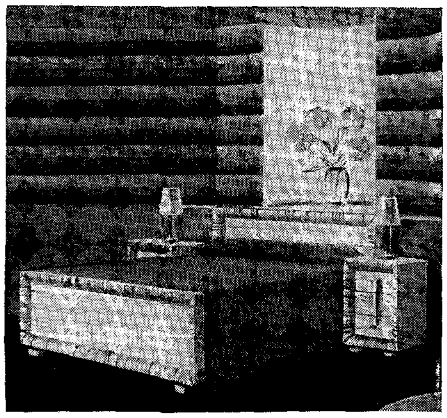
Lubricate eyelids, make them shine with Herbal Eyelid Oil, 1.25. Small vial included with Waterproof Mascara, 1.50.

Make up with a sun-preparation as a powder base! Sun-Tan Cream used lavishly helps block the sun's burning rays. Is a fragrant, semi-liquid, 1.00; special strength, 2.00.

helena rubinstein

715 FIFTH AVENUE AND AT ALL SMART STORES

SALONS IN: CHICAGO • BOSTON • LOS ANGELES • TORONTO • MEXICO CITY • RIO DE JANEIRO new MODERN settings!



We've refreshed our display with new room settings ... no fantasies, mind you, but workable, pleasing decoration that makes Modern as sound as a good night's sleep!

Modernage
162 East 33rd St.
OPEN MON. & THURS. EVES. till 9

Wake up the Natural Beauty of your Hair

Conti
CASTILE
Shampoo

Conti
Castile
SHAMPOO

MADE FROM CONTI
PURE OLIVE OIL CASTILE SOAP
No Alcohol No Acids
No Free Alkali

of them around two by three feet, with domestic animals—cats, dogs, horses—worked into the design. These are always popular and are finds at $6.50 and up. Some of the rarer rugs, not quite in the art-treasure class but well out of the ordinary run, have designs that will amaze you by looking for all the world like the work of familiar modern painters. There's a small, round, scalloped affair ($85) with an involved leafy pattern for which Georgia O'Keeffe wouldn't have to blush and an oblong with elephants that you'd swear was a Picasso if you saw it done in oils instead of yarn. Lots of rugs with deliberately unbalanced patterns are present too. They're fine for hearths or to lay in front of sofas.

Odds and Ends from Everywhere: Black, Starr & Gorham's Starr-Bright, rubbed over newly polished silver, keeps tarnish away for weeks on end, with never a hint of that glassy sheen you get from lacquer. The stuff is a clear liquid, easily applied even by butterfingers. Soap and water remove it, so it's no use for table silverware, but it certainly lightens household chores when there are things like silver dressing-table sets, cigarette boxes, vases, and plated furniture hardware about.

W. & J. Sloane has solved the problem of dark, cheerless fireplaces in summer, a thing which seems to bother any number of people. They have designed a long, slim, wrought-iron trough to hold a row of potted trailing plants, like ivy or philodendron, with a fan-shaped iron trellis sticking up in back for the vines to clamber upon. Filled with plants and set in the hearth, this is attractive enough to make you want it even if, along with me, you have never been able to see why so much fuss is always being made about how fireplaces look when there aren't any fires in them.

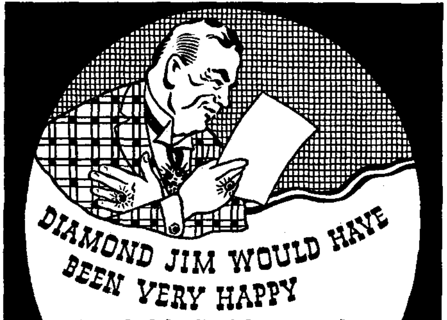
Hammacher Schlemmer have a thing called Doggie Stake, a three-piece arrangement of lightweight metal stake, chain, and feeding dish. The stake plunges into the ground so firmly, they say, that a dog weighing up to a hundred pounds and having an I.Q. of two hundred-odd can't escape. The chain is attached to the stake by a non-tangling swivel right near where the food pan clamps on. With a nine-foot chain, the device is $1.45. At the same store there's a new outdoor floodlight, the Mitchell, with a two-hundred-foot range and an attachment which allows you to swing the light up or down—nice for lighting driveways, swimming pools, tennis

As Usual

The Madison, with its established popularity among the country's "Who's Who", has only a select few suites for autumn that are not already reserved. But these are so appealing that they will amply repay an early inspection.

DECORATOR-PLANNED SUITES OF 2 TO 4 ROOMS, SOME WITH SERVING PANTRIES, ARE AVAILABLE FURNISHED OR UNFURNISHED, ON LEASE OR SHORT TERM.

The Madison
FIFTEEN EAST FIFTY-EIGHTH STREET
New York
TELEPHONE VOLUNTEER 5-5000



DIAMOND JIM WOULD HAVE BEEN VERY HAPPY

. . . had he lived long enough to enjoy the newly installed *air conditioning* plant in this favorite eating house. Enjoy *the finest* sea food, steaks and chops in a delightfully cool atmosphere.

374 FULTON ST., BROOKLYN
Gage & Tollner's

APARTMENTS
NEAR WASHINGTON SQUARE

16 EAST 11th (Elevator) LUXURIOUS 3-6 Room Apartments—17′ x 28′ living room—high ceiled—solarium—fireplaces—TERRACE—GARDEN.

14 WEST 9th (Furnished) DUPLEX with GARDEN—3 rooms, 2 baths—south and west exposures—cross ventilation—very quiet.

H. Stanley Hillyer, Inc., STuy 9-3222

We re-style old shoes into smart, new spring fashions! Cut toe openings . . remove wedgies . . refinish, repair, dye leather any color . . shorten, lengthen, revamp, widen, narrow. You'll be amazed!

HONEST INJUN
We're Good!

★ **T. O. DEY,** *The Shoe Craftsman*
509 Fifth Ave., at 42nd St. MU 2-4790
Uncomfortable Shoes Made Comfortable

courts, etc. It's $4.90, in chromium plate. You'll probably have to replace the bulb every thousand hours or so, at $1.40 a clip.

One of the two new flashlights at Lewis & Conger should take care of your frequent need to use both hands for emergency jobs in dark places. One, a featherweight plastic affair, straps on the wrist. This is called the Ristlite and sells for about a dollar. The other, at $2, is a more conventional type, but it has a swivel head. It may hang from a belt and has a wide, flat base, so it may also be stood upright like a lamp.

Bundles for Britain luncheon plates—$1 each at William H. Plummer, 695 Fifth Avenue (54th)—bear the organization's insigne in the proper colors in the centre of each chaste white china plate and are naturals for this June's brides. A set of eight or a dozen is likely to be welcome even if it is a duplicate gift. —B. B.

•

JONATHAN

Jonathan had a great respect for walls,
Insisted on four.
He was rather fond of windows but
 regarded
With some suspicion the necessary door.
He spent his disciplined days
Admiring his ways.

Around the so-respected walls his books
Looked clean and wise.
Jonathan, from his leather chair, saw to
 it
That they had proper airing and
 exercise.
For comedy relief
There was the puppy, Grief.

Evening followed accurately from noon,
Not late or soon.
On one such evening, as Jonathan
 watched the east,
Where normally the light of day is least,
Terrible red skies
Shocked his eyes.

He stared about the walls so sweetly
 lined.
The books stared back. The puppy
 begged, and whined.

—THOMAS RIGGS, JR.

•

CBS "Hit Parade" announcer, Basil Ruysdael, is overwhelming his 60-foot cruiser preparatory to moving in.—*Niagara Falls Gazette.*

You've got to show a boat who's the boss.

4/5 QUART
G and D
Private Stock
California
Burgundy Wine

A PROMISE...
AND A FULFILLMENT!

EACH OF TWELVE distinguished types of G&D PRIVATE STOCK Wines, brings both a promise and a fulfillment... a promise in the brilliant candle-bright color... a promise in the subtle, fragrant aroma... and a *fulfillment* in the rare, delicate flavor!

Your guests who know *labels,* will be flattered by the subtle implication that they also know *wines*... when you serve them G&D PRIVATE STOCK Wines! Your guests who know wines, won't need the *labels* to tell them that these are the *most distinguished* of America's most distinguished wines!

Your wine dealer sells six delightful dry, table-wine types: Claret, Burgundy, Zinfandel, Rhine, Chablis and Sauternes. He also offers six dessert-wine types, each having an alcoholic strength of 20% by volume: Port, White Port, Muscatel, Tokay, Sherry and Pale Dry Sherry.

Flatter your guests... serve them

G&D Private Stock
CALIFORNIA WINES
Distributed by GAMBARELLI & DAVITTO
NEW YORK, N. Y.

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220 MADISON AVE. AT 37th ST.

Opposite Morgan Residence and Library

On the site of the historic Murray Gardens stands this symbol of modern comfort and convenience. An apartment-house with all the facilities of a fine hotel. The only apartment-house in Manhattan with a garage in the building. Roof Garden. Excellent restaurant.

1½ to 4½ Room
Simplex and Duplex Homes
Luxury 3-Room, 2 Bath-Suites
Penthouses of 2 to 5 Rooms

Now Being Completed
for August Occupancy

Premises **MUrray Hill 5-2088** *or*
DUFF & CONGER INC.
1142 MADISON AVE. • BU. 8-1200

DAILY TO THE TOWN'S
CRACK PICTURE TAKERS

They come to fire questions at our "Board of Experts" (our salesmen are photo-trained). They like our complete stocks of equipment, films, and supplies. They swear by our careful, conscientious, photo-finishing. Join them today. You'll find this a splendid starting place for finer pictures.

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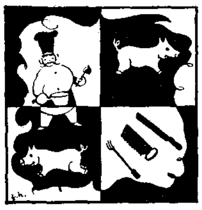
RESTAURANTS

Batterywise



DOWNTOWN is crazy. If you eat there in the middle of the day, you have your choice of anything, from chowder in a sawdust-on-the-floor place to chicken à la George Washington in a determinedly historical shrine; at night, if you're as demoralized as I am by waiters with one eye on the clock, you eat Italian cooking or you don't eat at all. It's up to you, so I'll deal here with both lunch and dinner, and when it comes to the late hours you can sneak quietly uptown if you don't like garlic.

The shrine, of course, is Fraunces Tavern, at the corner of Broad and Pearl and handy to the East River Drive. On account of the large, angry-looking collection of flags upstairs, it's something to treat the kids to, but adults on their own might easily like it for lunch one of these limp days. Naming dishes after Washington is hardly necessary, as the fare is plainly enough American to go without labels. From clam cocktail, through broiled sea trout and the customary assortment of chops and steaks and chicken, down to peppermint ice cream with chocolate sauce, it is the perfect picture of your hardy fellow-countrymen's pet tastes. The strawberry deep-dish pie makes a good dessert, and so does the green-apple pie with a high-toned crust, or maybe you'd rather just have something like a chaste piece of Canadian Cheddar as a period to your meal. Their attitude toward sherry, Madeira, and port is positively eighteenth-century—serve them in three-ounce glasses, so they do. Cocktails, too, naturally, for hard-bitten twentieth-century types.

The only thing I don't like about Whyte's, at 145 Fulton Street, is the rush the waiters seem to be in. I hate dawdling, but those running starts they take with your order are almost worse; you get your cocktail in three seconds flat, your clam stew in four, and the rest just as fast as it can possibly follow. Very few people around Wall Street can be in that sort of hurry these days. Anyway, I'm not, and I advise you to be firm with the waiters and see what the chef can do if given a sporting chance. The kitchen likes to tilt with curries, concocting them of lobster, shrimp, crabmeat, chicken, or anything else that will take the treatment. If you haven't eaten for days, try the grilled devilled beef bones—not dainty but interesting. Another homely item is the boiled dinner (sugar-cured bacon, potato, and spinach), and a third high spot is the lamb stew Dublin style. Ice-cream éclair is a fine, foolish dessert for those who like fine, foolish desserts; personally, I profit by these occasions to tackle a portion of good loud Liederkranz, such being a mite frisky for the home refrigerator.

LIBBY'S OYSTER HOUSE, across the way at No. 122, is still the place to go when you want fish and nothing else. They never change anything there, thank heaven, except the sawdust; you'll find the same frieze of curly wooden hat hooks on the wall, the same dog-eared menus calling attention to the century the restaurant has been on Fulton Street, the same ambling waiters watching your face for approval of the first bite. Every possible kind of sea food is cooked in every possible kind of manner; all you have to do is decide which way you want what you want. Remember, if you're planning to proceed to lobster or something equally important, that the Daniel Webster fish chowder will fill you to the brim. The word "vegetables" on the menu still means only potatoes, tomatoes, and lettuce, but what of it? What of it, too, that there's nothing more stimulating than ale in sight? This one closes earliest of all—at eight, with no nine-o'clock compromise considered.

To me, one of the nicest things about another fine old sea-food place—Sweets, at 2 Fulton—is the musty aroma that greets you as you go up the stairs, putting you in mind, maybe, of Monteil in Paris and making it fine for days when you're feeling wistful. I honestly like Sweets best at odd hours, when they don't mind letting a casual couple sit at one of the big tables over near the windows—tables they usually hold for large, impressive parties. As for those old Negro waiters, some of them are amiable and some are crotchety, and you'll just have to trust to luck. Sweets' interest in sea-food is several notches less than fanatical so far as variety goes, but the place is up there with the best when it comes to preparing it. At that, you get your pick of the adjacent market, which right now means bluefish, swordfish, sea bass, soft-shell crabs, and others you may think up. If you're off fish, you can pleasure yourself with a sirloin steak or even a Yankee pot roast with potato pancake. My best, if you go, to the river traffic just outside.

WHEN it comes to dining late on Italian cooking, you have your choice down there of three of the best restaurants in town—Moneta's, at 32 Mulberry Street; Angelo's, a bit further up, at 146 Mulberry; and the Grotta Azzurra, at 387 Broome Street. Everybody knows about Moneta's, with its peasanty look and its pheasanty menu, and almost everybody knows about the bright-blue basement of the Grotta Azzurra, where they give you a stack of napkins when you come to grips with their celebrated version of lobster Fra Diavolo. But not nearly everybody, I suspect, knows about Angelo's, so if it's all right with you, I'll enlarge on that.

The place is as plain as can be, with not very comfortable banquettes, a wine list, and a menu four feet long. From what you hear elsewhere of veal *scaloppine*, you might think there was only one way to prepare it; Angelo serves it eleven ways without even trying. Twelve versions of spaghetti appear in a solid phalanx on the menu, together with six or seven varieties of homemade noodles and five terrific arrangements of lobster, including Fra Diavolo. They also serve shrimp that way if you're not up to a large crustacean but want the sauce anyhow.

Angelo prepares his own artichokes and mushrooms for the beginning of your meal and makes his own *zuppa inglese* (rum cake, should you be wondering) to end with. Try the noodles done with olive oil and garlic, even if you have to divide with somebody. Those who like the Italian approach will be deeply pleased with broccoli sautéed in olive oil; those who aren't so sure can get the same sweet broccoli with a hollandaise sauce to put them at their ease. The remarkable fried dish called *spiedini*—fresh cheese *alla romana* with anchovies—makes a better than satisfactory savory. To end with a detail I should have begun with, Angelo has just about the best bread I've eaten anywhere. His family and friends abound and the place stays open until two. —SOUBISE

•

He asserts that "a movement of the center so radical as to be almost revolutionary is the only alternative to a revolution of the extreme right or the extreme left." But for all his gravity he concludes hopefully:

etshrd o-pwccarvelu-shrd s shetaet

—*Newark Evening News.*

Doesn't raise *our* hopes much.

Two jumps ahead!

MORGAN DENNIS

Blackie: "Don't look now, Whitey, but I think we're being followed!"

Whitey: "Don't worry, Blackie, we'll always be a couple of jumps ahead!"

FINE OLD SCOTCH
BLACK & WHITE
JAMES BUCHANAN GLASGOW
By Appointment to the late King George V. King Edward VII & Queen Victoria
PRODUCT OF SCOTLAND
BLACK & WHITE
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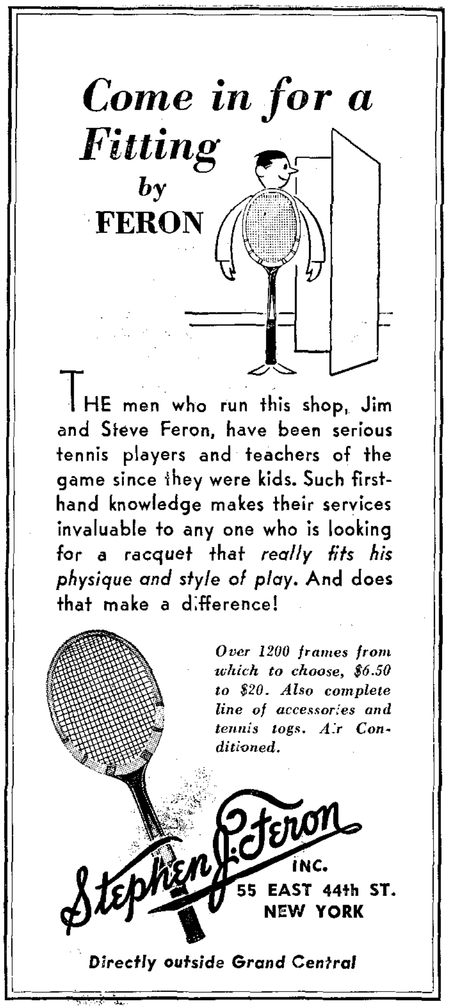
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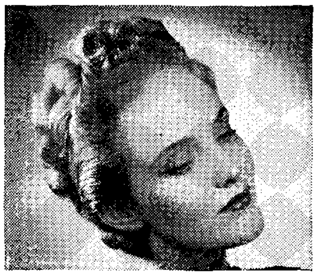
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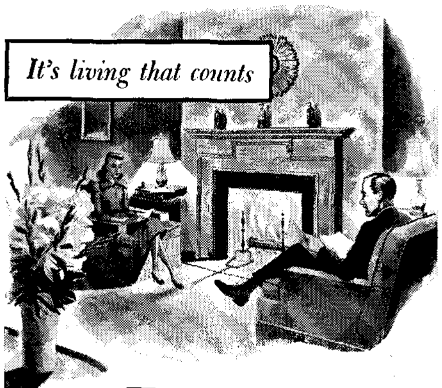
NEW YORK CITY
JUNE 7, 1941

To the Editors of *The New Yorker*,
SIRS:

I WAS surprised, on reading some letters in your magazine about curve-ball pitching, that none of your correspondents—Mr. R. W. Madden, who suggests that a ball cannot curve; Miss Lucy Stanton, whose father remembers when Tommy Bond proved, in the eighties, that it could; and Mr. Ray D. Lillibridge of the Union League Club, who hopes that a scientific investigation of the matter will be made—referred to what are perhaps the most scientific judgments ever handed down about curve balls. These were issued in 1877, and although I was a mere babe at the time, I distinctly recall hearing my father mention these pronouncements later, when I was a lad in my teens. Back then, I remembered while reading your columns, he often used to say that one of baseball's greatest pitchers was A. G. Spalding—yes, the same man whose name now graces a line of sporting goods. Yesterday I was fortunate enough to procure a copy of "America's National Game," written by Mr. Spalding in 1911, and from the book I not only refreshed my memory about the scientific outlook on curves but acquired some additional information which I feel is highly pertinent to any discussion of pitching phenomena.

It is perhaps interesting to note, as a matter of historical record, that although the game of baseball was said by Mr. Spalding to have originated in 1839, nobody threw a curve ball at all for at least thirty years. The explanation is simple enough: not until 1884 was it permissible for a pitcher to deliver a ball with his arm raised higher than his shoulder, and, furthermore, up to that time he was required to throw with his arm held stiff, releasing the ball by a quick snap of the wrist. This rule was, however, occasionally broken, and the first two men to break it with conspicuous success were Arthur Cummins and Bobby Matthews, two pitchers active in the early seventies. "Both men," Mr. Spalding wrote, "were very light, spare fellows, with long, sinewy wrists, and having a peculiar wrist-joint motion with a certain way of holding the ball near the fingers' ends that enabled them to impart a rotary motion to the ball, followed by a noticeable outward curve."

The National League was founded in



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EDWARD L. BUCKLEY, MANAGER

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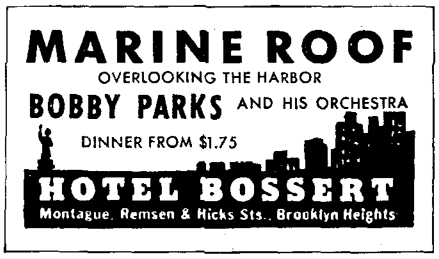
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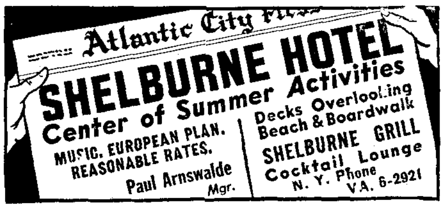
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1876, by which time several pitchers were throwing curve balls, albeit illegally. A conservative baseball bloc, headed by Colonel J. B. Joyce of the Cincinnati Red Stockings, nevertheless kept insisting that the idea of a baseball's curving in flight was sheer nonsense. Colonel Joyce was given a demonstration of a ball's curving around fixed posts—the type of test already mentioned in your columns—but remained stubbornly unconvinced. In October of 1877, the Cincinnati *Enquirer* decided to conduct an investigation of its own and consulted three distinguished scholars: Professor McFarland of Ohio Agricultural College, Professor Stoddard of Worcester University, and Professor Swift of Rochester University. Mr. Spalding included reports of their findings in his volume. Professor McFarland said:

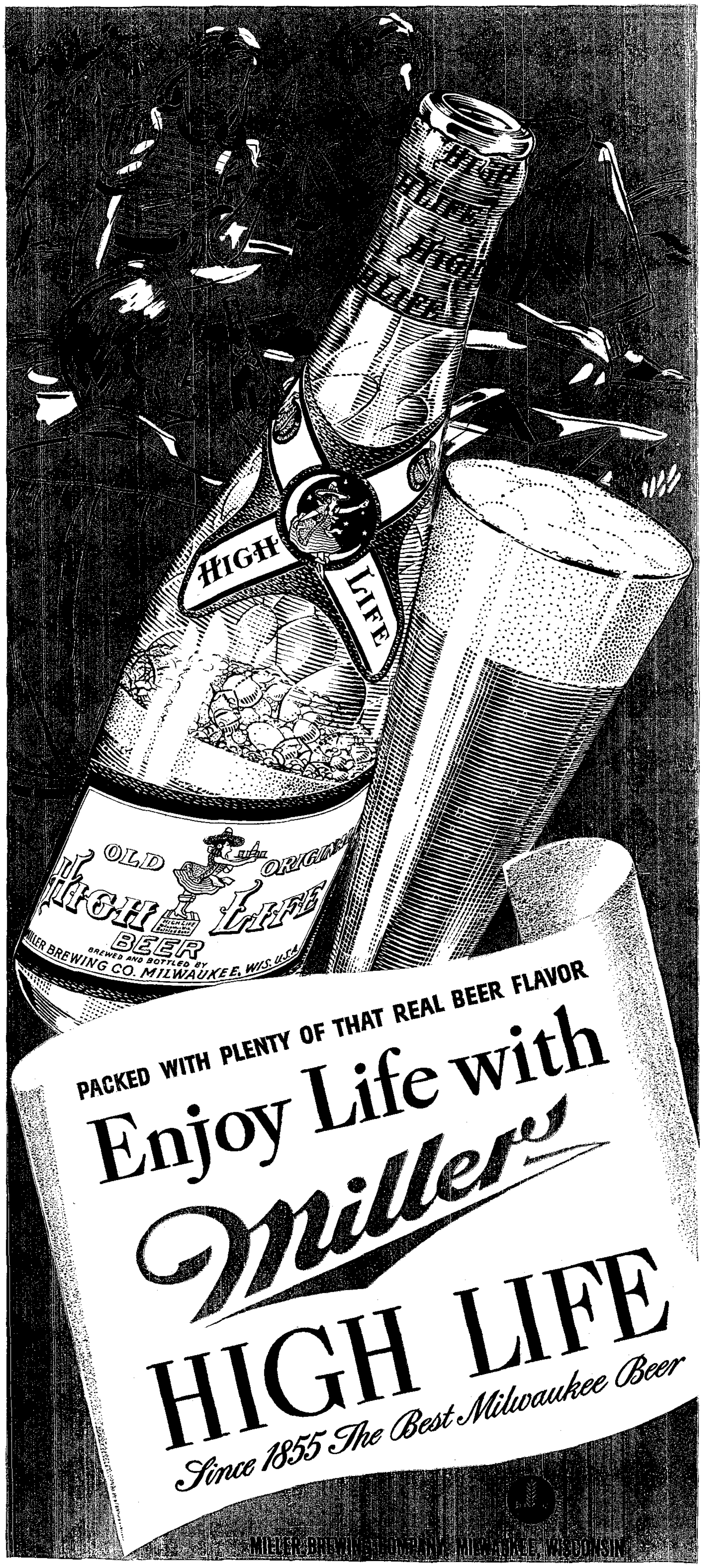
> Of course, a curve throwing of a ball, causing it to deflect from a direct line, is possible, for if the ball be held in such a way that by a peculiar motion of the wrist and arm it is made to revolve on an axis other than its true one it must continue to revolve on such axis to the right or left as would necessitate from the pitcher using his right or left hand, and hold a positive motion in such deflected direction.

Professor Stoddard took a dissenting view:

> It is not only theoretically but practically impossible for any such impetus be conveyed to a moving body as would be required to perform the action supposed, by inexperienced persons, to control the movement of what is termed a curved ball; for, as is well known, the motion of any body such as the ball is in the direction of the propelling force, and that being direct, and the ball itself having no volition or power to alter its own course, how can such a result occur? To cause the ball to curve would require the constant, attendant action of some controlling power along its entire pathway; but as no such accompanying agency exists there cannot possibly be such a thing as a curve to the right or left of the true line.

Professor Swift's commentary on the curve ball, which he describes as a philosophical explanation, is possibly the most exhaustive ever made, and one that Mr. Madden might well study at his leisure. This is only a part of it:

> . . . let it be borne in mind that when a ball is thrown with great velocity, and especially against the wind, the air in front is considerably condensed, but if the ball has no rotation, the only effect of the air's resistance is to impede the velocity, but not so when the ball rotates. 1. Suppose a ball to be fired from a rifled cannon—say to the east—the ball emerges with a rapid rotation at right angles to the direction of motion. One face of the ball is continuously in front, the upper, the lower,



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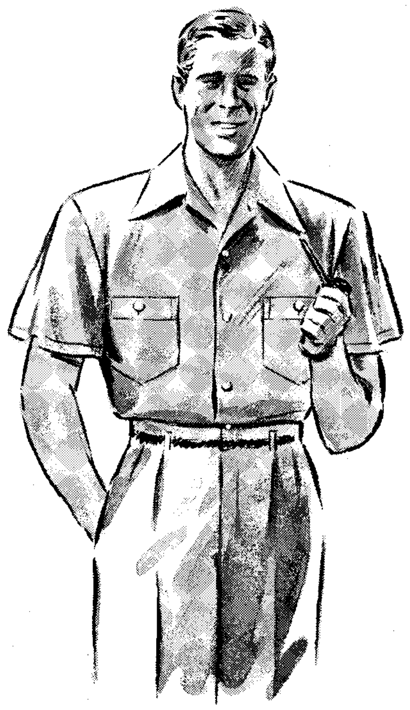

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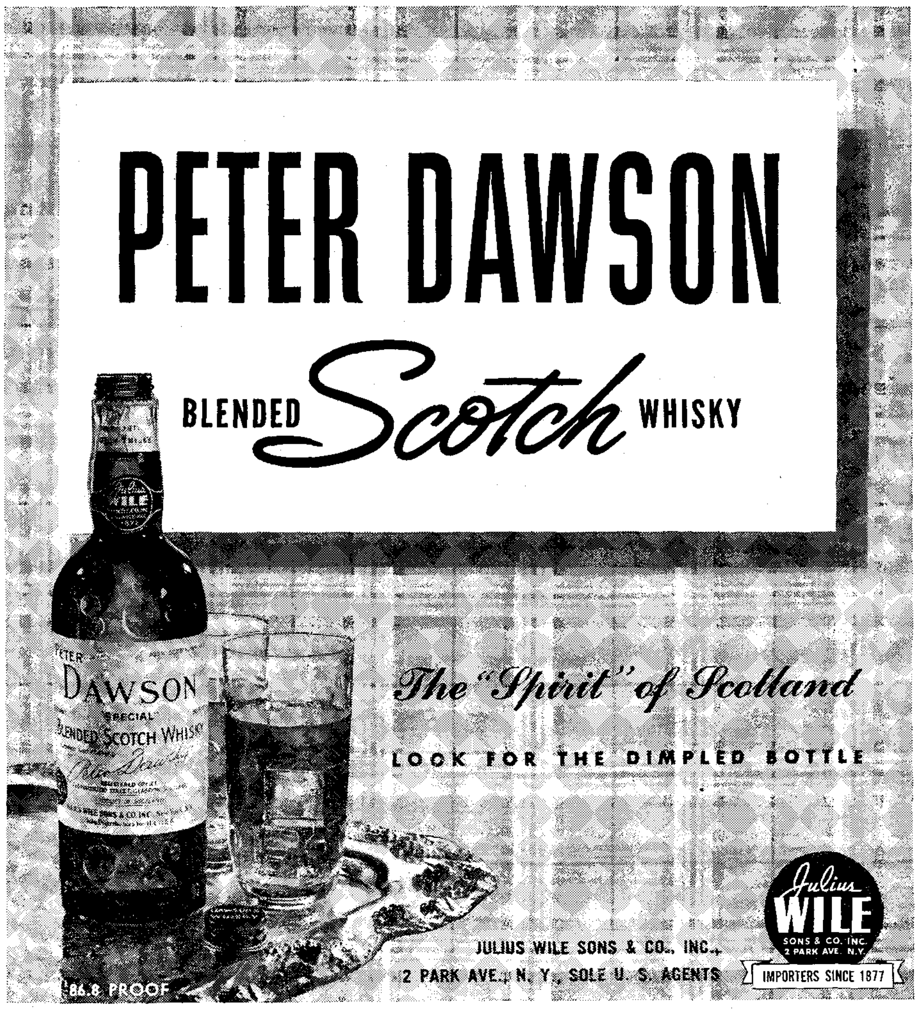
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the north and the south sides of that face, pressing constantly and equally against the air, consequently it has by its rotation no tendency to deviate in any direction. It may be well here to state that the object in giving such a ball a rotation is (as no ball can be made equally dense in every part and perfectly round) to present every part of the forward face on every side of the line of motion, all inequalities, therefore, of density and symmetry are at every instant equally divided on all sides, and the ball will go undeviatingly in the direction desired.

2. Suppose a pitcher should throw a ball, say to the east, giving it a rotation whose axis should correspond with the northern and southern horizons. The air in front being more dense than in the rear, of course the friction of the rotating ball will be greatest on the front side, and will cause it to deviate, not to the right nor left, but slightly up or down, depending in which way the ball rotates.

3. Suppose the pitcher, at the instant the ball leaves his hand, should impart to it a rotation whose axis would lie in the zenith and nadir like a spinning top, such a ball, because the friction is greater against the compressed than the rarified air, will "curve" either to the right or left, depending in which direction it rotates. If it rotates from the north, through the east to the south, which is the direction a right-hand pitcher would most easily give it, it would curve to the left, and vice versa. If any one believes that the cause assigned is inadequate to produce the observed effect, let him imagine experiment No. 3 to be performed in a dense medium—water for example, and I think he will be convinced that a ball can be curved, but if he still doubts it, let him suppose the ball to be a croquet ball driven full of long, projecting spikes, and sent rapidly through the water, rotating as it goes. It would be the very essence of folly, and at variance with every principle of philosophy, to contend that it would move in a straight line.

Having little knowledge of philosophy, and even less of physics, I am not qualified to judge whether or not experiment No. 3 proposed by Professor Swift could actually determine the curvability of a baseball. I should be interested to know, however, if any group of reputable contemporary scientists has endeavored to prove that a ball can or cannot be manually induced to change its course in flight. Only by means of evidence presented by recognized scholars can the controversy be properly and indubitably settled.

Faithfully,
ERNEST J. KELLOGG

•

SLIGHT HEADACHE DEPARTMENT

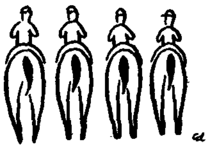
[*From the Boston Traveler*]

The Women's Anti-Tuberculosis Association will conduct its annual "T.B." frolic Wednesday afternoon, May 21, at the Temple Ohabei Shalom Center, Brookline.

THE RACE TRACK

Easy Does It—Something for a Rainy Day

WHIRLAWAY came through beautifully in the Belmont Stakes. Still, I think that his extraordinary speed test earlier last week was more exciting. There always is something mysterious, and a bit theatrical, about important early-morning workouts: the extra to-do at the barn, the trainer's huddle with the jockey, the preliminary canter, the rubdown, the business of changing a heavy saddle for a light one. In his final windup, a horse usually gallops the full distance of the race he's going to run, but Whirlaway, instead of going the mile and a half of The Belmont, went only a mile and a quarter, which he tripped off lightly in 2:02⅗, just one second slower than his Kentucky Derby record. Immediately, lots of people said that the pace was too fast and that the effort had taken too much out of him. Apparently it hadn't.



But if The Belmont was a great race, I'm Man o' War. Whirlaway, who was quieter than usual, and even was first into the stall gate, simply ran away from Robert Morris in much slower time than that of his trial. Having won the Kentucky Derby, The Preakness, and The Belmont, Whirlaway probably will now go on gaily picking off such little numbers as the Dwyer at Aqueduct and the Classic Stakes at Arlington before turning up at Saratoga for the Travers. So far this season he has won nearly $160,000, and, the other three-year-olds being what they are, he may win $100,000 more.

Warren Wright's horses continue to be lucky. About an hour before Whirlaway won, Some Chance, his stablemate, beat Eternal Bull in a hot finish for the National Stallion Stakes. One of the disappointments of the afternoon, or possibly of the whole Belmont meeting, was the small field for the National Stallion. It seems only five ran for the purse of $12,000 because the other eligibles had croup, though I had supposed that the epidemic was over.

ONE of racing's small but completely baffling mysteries is the fact that sprinters can go farther on a muddy track than on a fast one. An excellent example is Tangled, who won the Top Flight Handicap at Belmont.

Which brings me around to a recommendation for rainy days. So many people take into their calculations the various kinds of shoes horses wear, particularly when the going is heavy, that it seems to me such information might be announced over the loudspeaker. There is a board in the paddock that shows all this, but it's no fun to go down and look at it in bad weather—especially at Aqueduct, where the walk to the paddock is a long one.

EVERY now and then—not more than once a year—there's a steeplechase that's so good I have to go into a one-man snake dance about it. One was run off at Belmont the other day—the Meadow Brook Handicap, which Pete Bostwick won on Sussex. Ten years ago, Bostwick was the leading amateur rider, but he gave steeplechasing up to play polo. However, he continued to train and race a few horses, and he didn't do so badly with them, either. His Cottesmore, you may remember, was the best jumper last season. This spring, Bostwick took up riding again, and now is better than ever. He's not so daring as he once was, perhaps, but he has sounder judgment. I fancy that Sussex, whom he owns and trains as well as rides, was about the third best in the Meadow Brook, but he was handled so well that he beat London Town, the favorite, and everything else with something to spare. Now Bostwick wants to breed and develop a jumper, and then train and ride him. He probably will.

AQUEDUCT looks pretty sleek with its new streamlined grandstand, which is a smaller edition of Jamaica's. This weekend the important races are the Carter Handicap, which used to open the meeting, and the Astoria, once a dinner stakes and the occasion for high jinks at the old Waldorf. The Dwyer Stakes will be run on June 21st and the famous Brooklyn Handicap on June 28th. The meeting ends July 2nd.

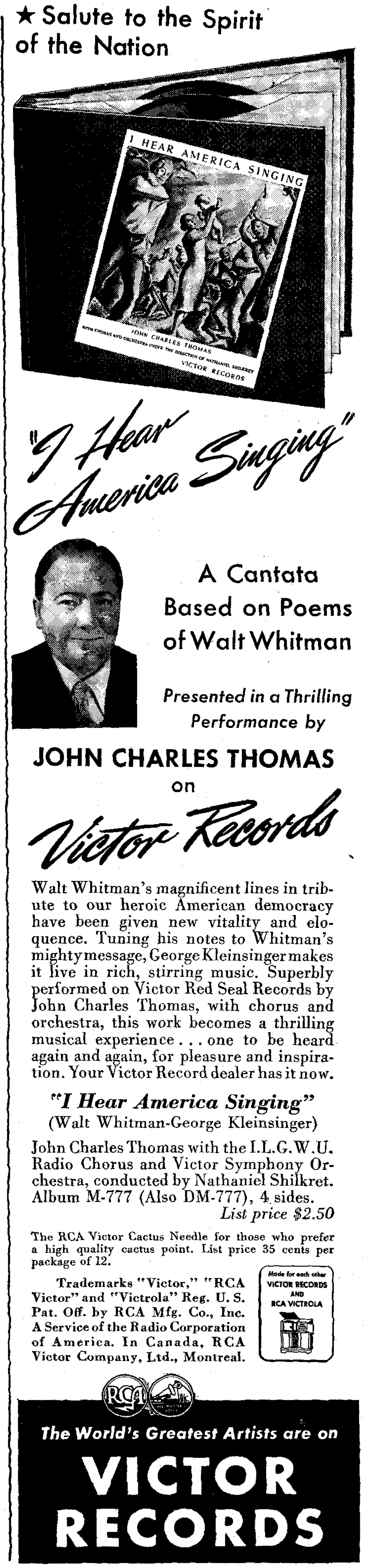
—AUDAX MINOR

•

A THOUGHT FOR THIS WEEK

[From an editorial in the Boston Globe]

Milton wrote before the days of the typewriter. He was paid $50 for the "Paradise Lost." Had he possessed the typewriter he might, being blind, have learned the touch system and thus have been able to hammer out an epic a month, bettering his income.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THE CURRENT CINEMA

The Lower Depths

THE Magnificent Industry has seen fit to shovel out just now as miserable a collection of films as were ever at once unreeled, but there may be some lesson in them for us all. Five have come to my attention this last week, though doubtless there are many others like them, which a hapless public sits dazed before. I should love to be kind. I know that in the worst of us there is something good and in the worst of films there is a spark for someone. For whom this particular quintet will be a solace and a delight I cannot imagine, however. Somewhere there is someone, I assume, who will relish the wit of a Miss Virginia Van Upp, authoress of "One Night in Lisbon;" the pranks of the Andrews Sisters, prominent in the cast of "In the Navy;" the wavering tremolo of Susanna Foster, young girl singer in "There's Magic in Music;" the hazing stunts and the boyish blackmail which make a plot for "Naval Academy;" and someone, too, who, with a wild surmise at what the title may indicate, won't be disappointed by "The Nurse's Secret."

"One Night in Lisbon" is obviously the title on this list to note, and for once a movie title deserves comment. For one thing, it deserves comment because it is just a bit of a fraud. To no one today, I am sure, does the idea of Lisbon mean a bedroom farce of the old-fashioned Avery Hopwood school, tinctured with moderate Minsky humors, maudlin, befuddled, and childishly ribald—which is exactly what this movie turns out to be. There are London scenes, with Billie Burke as a giddy hostess in the midst of the *Blitz*, and the lovers of the piece (Madeleine Carroll and Fred MacMurray at their nattiest) meet in an air-raid shelter as polished and uncrowded as some alcove in Cartier's where you might price pearls. The Lisbon sequences are broad burlesque, which, I suppose, would do were it really comic. All this I give by way of warning to those whom this title might indeed mislead.

WITH the same philanthropic intention, I must caution those who hear that both "There's Magic in Music" and "Naval Academy" are films of youth, of children, of little innocent lambs, to take heed. In each case it happens that a prominent lamb is a graduate of a reform school. I would not for the world dispute the idea that the alumni of reform schools are just as good as survivors of Groton or Westover, but I mention the fact for what it is worth. Perhaps it is my duty to guard the snob public from low experience. It didn't seem to me in the least an implausible factor of the pictures that the reform-school types were the most entertaining and most appealing characters presented. Possibly all stories of children and their cute ways should include one such ornament, if only to broaden our sympathies and divert parents who sacrifice their all to educate their progeny.

THE Andrews Sisters, poor ladies, though they keep busy and bustle about a lot, don't actually stir up the commotion that Abbott and Costello, esteemed popular comedians, manage to work out of "In the Navy." The Andrews girls are dim doves beside these two gentlemen, though along with more average types, like Dick Powell, also in the film, they appear highly energized. In fact, Messrs. A. and C. make the whole U.S. fleet just a lot of knickknacks.

WHAT the nurse in "The Nurse's Secret" is concealing all the time is either that love conquers all or that a woman's intuition knows best. This is a film version of some old story by Mary Roberts Rinehart, rather offhandedly thrown together, and, as usual, it has the rich, elderly female, her hot-water bags and her arsenic, and a good surplus of shootings, poisonings, stranglings, and other such matronly beguilements.

—JOHN MOSHER

•

EL PASO, TEX.—(UP)—Lois de La Rosa was charged in police court with being drunk.

"Guilty or not guilty," he was asked. The man nodded.

"How often do you get that way?" the judge asked.

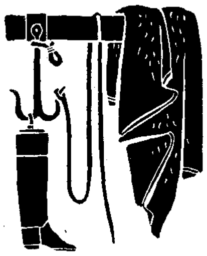
"Every time I get a few centavos," the man said.

Tin plate and terneplate production in the U. S., according to the census, amounts to approximately 6 billion pounds, valued at nearly $300,000,000.—*Wheeling (W. Va.) News-Register.*

Or more than a few centavos.

HORSE SHOWS AND HUNTS

Visitors' Day

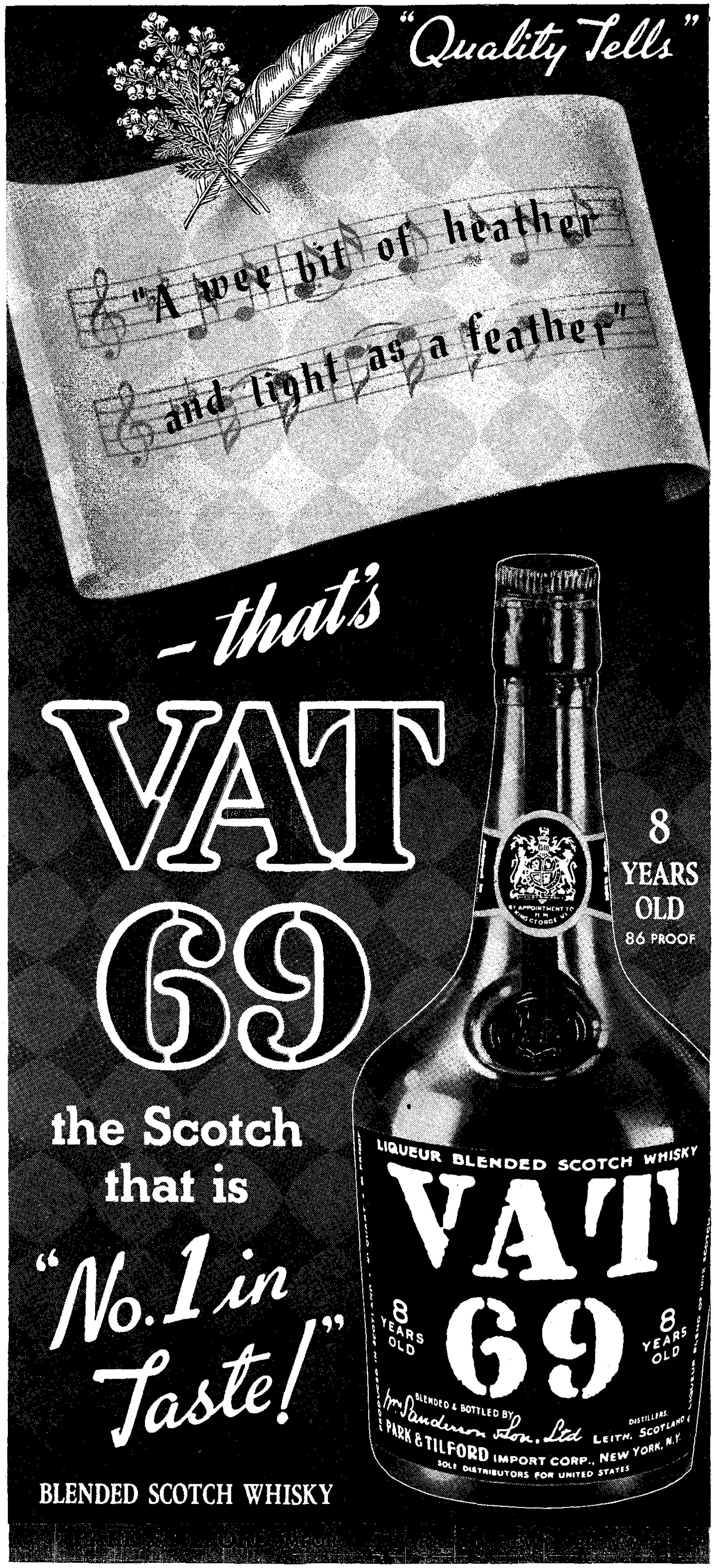


I MUST admit that I visited the Tuxedo Horse Show last week in anticipation of high adventure. I knew that saddle horses with set tails were to be shown. I also was aware of the threat made early this year by the A.S.P.C.A. to prosecute people who exhibit horses whose tails have been set since the passage in 1933 of a New York State law forbidding this practice. In my mind's eye, I pictured star-bearing sheriffs swooping down on the little gathering and carting off some of the most eminent inhabitants of the Ramapos in a Black Maria. Well, the A.S.P.C.A. men did come and inspect the stables, but that was all. Although the program candidly listed some of the saddle horses there as six- and seven-year-olds, the agents seemed satisfied that none of the tails had been set since the law was put on the books.

The A.S.P.C.A.'s promise of activity this season has already had an unhealthy effect on some New York shows (I suspect it is the real reason for the cancellation of the big Westchester Country Club affair), and Tuxedo apparently suffered, too; at any rate, only three horses turned out for the five-gaited championship. Arthur Naul, the manager of the show, smiled ruefully as he viewed this class and remarked, "Most of the saddle-horse people gave me nice, conventional excuses for not coming to Tuxedo. I notice, however, that practically all of them are showing their horses in New Jersey."

Lest you get the impression that the not-so-grim presence of the law ruined the Tuxedo exhibition, I hasten to add that the hunter and jumper classes were excellent and the crowd on the final day was the largest and gayest in years. Furthermore, Cornish Hills, an exciting newcomer to these parts, won the hunter championship, defeating such old favorites as Lord Britain, Camp, and Fanette.

CORNISH HILLS, a beautifully formed chestnut who has yet to enter a model class without winning a ribbon, is exceptionally well bred for racing, being by John P. Grier out of Marvella II, a daughter of Gainsborough. Although his sire might have been our na-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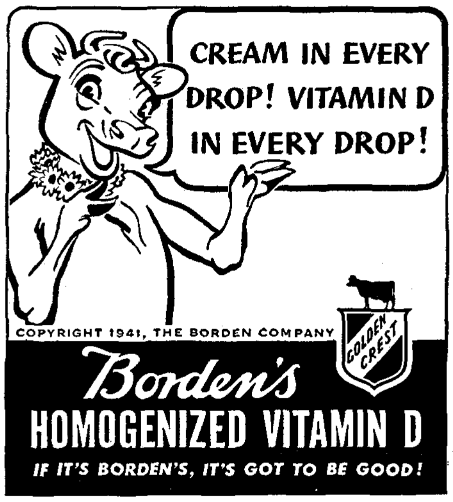

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tional racing champion if he hadn't had the misfortune to begin his career around the same time that Man o' War did, Cornish Hills, for some reason or other, has never been tried at running. Mrs. Cary Jackson, the Virginia fox-hunter who has discovered so many show champions at the Saratoga yearling sales, bought him in the 1934 auctions there and sold him to Mrs. Ellsworth Augustus, of Willoughby, Ohio. She exhibited him in a few small shows as a four-year-old and last year, when he was six, sold him to W. Haggin Perry, of Cobham, Virginia.

Mr. Perry bought Cornish Hills for his wife, the former Elizabeth Crofton, who was brought up in Kenya and whom he met on a big-game-hunting expedition. She had never ridden a horse until she came to this country three years ago as his bride. She rode Cornish Hills herself in the Tuxedo show, and the results indicate how good a job she did of it. "We couldn't keep horses in Africa because of the flies," she said when it was over. "I had no idea of riding until I was invited on a drag hunt one day down in Hot Springs. My first hunt was rather an ordeal, but I enjoyed it so much that we started buying horses and now we have eighteen on the farm at Cobham." Her husband, she added, had entered into the spirit of things and has recently become joint master of the Keswick Hunt.

ROUGHING IT AT TUXEDO: The jumping title was won by My Play Boy, owned by fourteen-year-old Russell Stewart, of Albany. Scornful of the old gentlemen who preferred the comforts of the club, Master Stewart insisted on sleeping out with his horse in a specially designed trailer. —T. O'R.

•

DEAR SIR:

The Division of Vital Statistics plans to publish more than 5,000 pages of data during 1941. Subjects cover a wide variety of material, such as figures on Negro twin girls, the number of foreign-born males imprisoned for arson, and many others. Some of this may be extremely useful to you; other portions may lie far outside your field of interest.—*From a letter from the Census Bureau.*

Not from the way it sounds.

•

RAISED EYEBROWS DEPARTMENT
(SHAKESPEAREAN DIVISION)

[*From Men's Apparel Reporter*]

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GOLDEN BROWN
POTATO CHIPS
at your Delicatessen

TEE AND GREEN

Joining the Ladies—The Invalid

I DON'T quite know what to think about the Women's Metropolitan Championship, won so handily by Mrs. Sylva Annenberg Leichner over the Quaker Ridge course in Mamaroneck last week. Although Mrs. Leichner is a former holder of the New York State and Long Island women's titles and unquestionably a capable, experienced player, to my mind she isn't in a class with either Maureen Orcutt or Mrs. Laddie Irwin Whitehead, yet she beat Miss Orcutt, 3 and 2, in the semifinals and took Mrs. Whitehead by a 4-and-3 margin in the final. Miss Orcutt had won the tournament seven times in the previous nine years, and up to the very moment of her defeat, the galleryites were so confident that she would make it eight out of ten that they discussed her progress in a sort of *fait-accompli* tense. "If it rains in the final," one would say to another, "she ought to win by the thirteenth, or anyway the fourteenth, hole."

Mrs. Leichner has a real talent for match play, and she made the most of her opportunities. Whenever her opponents lapsed, her game seemed somehow to improve. In the thirty-six-hole final, Mrs. Whitehead finished the morning eighteen with a respectable 83, to be four up on Mrs. Leichner, but in the afternoon round Mrs. Whitehead slipped to about a 90 rate while Mrs. Leichner came through with a series of close approaches and one-putt greens. She used a total of only five putts on the last four holes of the match.

The Women's Metropolitan is evidently *the* tournament for holes-in-one. This year, Mrs. R. M. Torgerson got one on the ninth hole of her first-round match with Mrs. Jerome Herskovits; two years ago, Mrs. DeWitt Untermeyer holed her tee shot on the fifteenth at Cherry Valley in her final-round match against Mrs. Harry D. McNaughton; eleven years before that, Miss Helen Seitz scored a one on the fourth at Baltusrol against Mrs. Charles Mothersele. As far as I know, none of the national tournaments can produce any such record.

IT was a great week for the aged (as such things go in sports) and/or infirm. Mrs. Leichner, although very far from infirm, is forty-one—older than most who play as well as she does; Craig Wood, who won the National Open Championship at Fort Worth, is not only relatively old (he'll be forty in November) but was infirm as anything right up to the moment when he boarded the plane for Texas the day before the tournament started. Three weeks ago, Wood bent over to retrieve a razor blade he had dropped and pulled a muscle near his sacroiliac so severely that he had to stay flat on his back until the last possible moment before leaving for Fort Worth. He played right through the tournament in one of those wide leather-and-canvas belts that polo players affect. Considering that it's the first national championship he has won in eighteen years of tournament play, I expect he'll be putting on that belt every time he steps on a course from now on. For the record, Wood is the oldest man to win the Open since the Britisher, Ted Ray, won it in 1920, when he was forty-six.

JOHN MOORE of Piping Rock and Arthur Atkinson of Nassau won the annual Sands Point Invitation Scotch Foursome tournament largely because of Moore's remarkable self-confidence on the greens. His demeanor as he lined up ten-foot putts was that of a man who has succeeded in introducing his own special dice into a big crap game. In the semifinal match with Ray Kilthau and Walter Richard, Moore sank a fourteen-footer on the first extra hole for a win, and in the final he again came through with the winning shot for his team, this time a five-foot tap on the eighteenth to beat Bobby Grant and Herbert Scheftel.

EARL SMITH, the tall, bespectacled Meadow Brook golfer, is currently working with the OPM in Washington. A couple of weeks ago he showed up five minutes late for a match down there. As he trotted to the first tee, he heard at least one spectator shout, "Hurry up, Bottleneck!" —P. W. W.

•

TODAY'S EXERCISES

Bust Firmin. With the elbows raised at eshoulder level, place the finertips of the lef hand aainst those of the riht hand. Now, with a firm erin movement, press the finers toether, and release uickly. You should feel a contraction in the chest muscles.—*Mary X. Sullivan in the Boston Daily Record.*

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DAYS OF INNOCENCE

VI—SOUVENIRS DE LA NOBLESSE FRANÇAISE

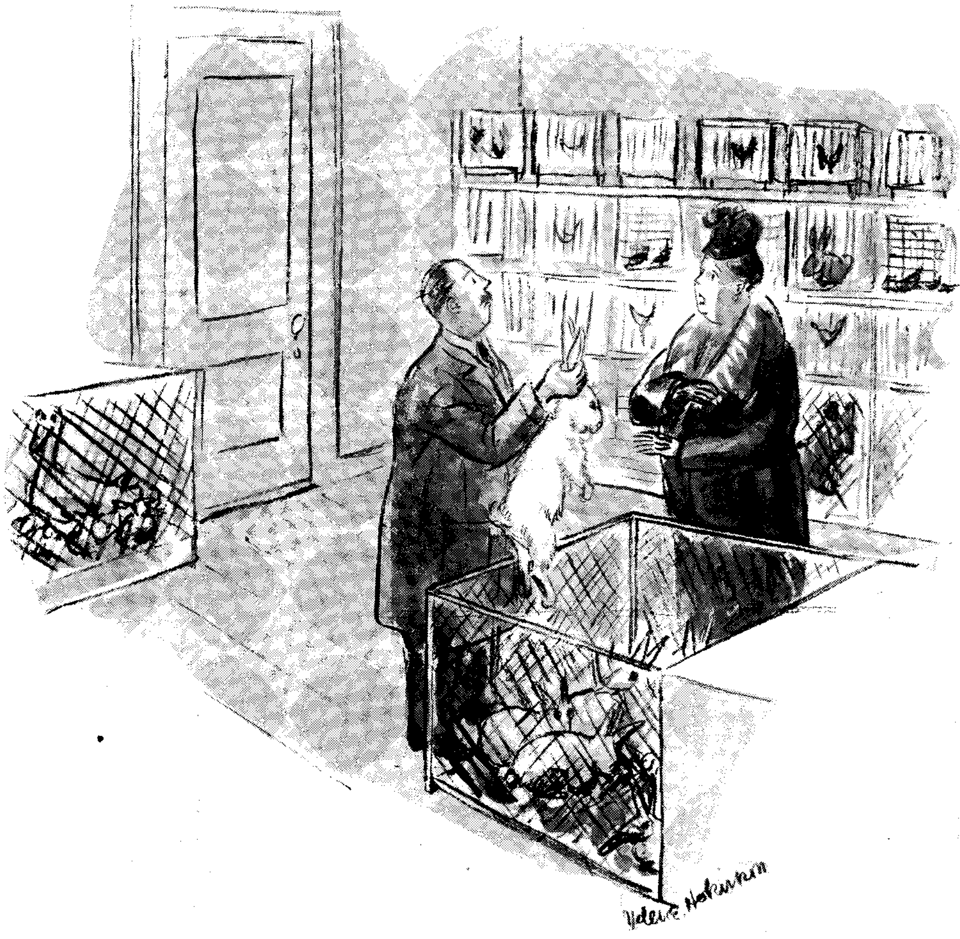
OF late years, so I am told, American newspaper reporters have come to think of themselves as proletarians, and reach out eagerly for communion with coal miners, truckdrivers, pipefitters, bricklayers, and other such wage slaves. It was certainly not so in my early days in the craft. We young journalists, to be sure, were far from snobbish, and in the saloons we frequented we had very amicable relations with various classes of workingmen, notably printers, policemen, musicians, and hackmen; nevertheless, we always kept a little distance, and our eyes, when they rolled at all, rolled in the other direction. The beau ideal of our social-mindedness, such as it was, was not Sam Gompers or Gene Debs but Richard Harding Davis, who was reputed to own twenty suits of clothes. And we were always susceptible to the glamour of less eminent colleagues who had any claim, however bogus, to high connections, however mysterious. That was a shabby newspaper staff, at all events in the big cities, which could not show at least one son of a Civil War general, or nephew of an archbishop, or French count.

In the old *Morning Herald* office in Baltimore we had two of the last-named, though I should add that neither actually called himself a count. Both were content to let it be known that they were cadets of French families running back to Charlemagne and would be eating very high on the hog if they could only get their rights. One, when in his cups, spoke of himself as Jean-Baptiste du Plessis de Savines, and the other allowed that he was Jacques de Corbigny. Naturally enough, du Plessis de Savines could not hope to rate his full style and appellation in the exigent turmoil of a newspaper office, so he did not object seriously when a busy city editor renamed him Jones. It was a plebeian name, but so, in du Plessis de Savines' judgment, were all British names. As for Jacques de Corbigny, he was Jake to everyone from the managing editor down to the office boys, and also to all the functionaries in the Baltimore sties of justice, where he served the *Morning Herald* as court reporter.

JONES oscillated between various jobs in my day, but all of them were of the desk variety, and usually he was telegraph editor. The night report of the Associated Press was then very meagre, and in consequence he had a good deal of time on his hands, especially after midnight. In such hours of relaxation he liked to gather a group of young reporters about him and astonish them with tales of his derring-do in a dozen fields of enterprise. He had fought the twenty duels that all French counts of his generation had to ring up, and one of them, as the custom provided, had been with M. de Blowitz, Paris correspondent of the London *Times*. In addition, he had served his orthodox six years in the Foreign Legion, had escaped in nothing save his pants and hat from an intrigue with a Spanish infanta, had stolen two girls from the Prince of Wales (afterward Edward VII), had climbed the Matterhorn, and had blacked the eyes of both Jake Kilrain and James Gordon Bennett. So far he only ran true to type. But he claimed besides to be the most adept church organist since Johann Sebastian Bach, and it was in that unusual character that he appeared in some of his most edifying anecdotes.

I well recall one that had to do with his appearance as guest organist at Trinity Church in New York. The news that he was to perform, so he said, brought in such a mob of fans from all over the East that the church was packed. Unhappily, it was discovered at the last minute, just as he was taking off his shoes to fall to, that something was wrong with the organ, and the sexton who usually looked after it not only could not remedy the trouble but even failed to find out what it was. Jones said that his own extraordinarily acute ear solved the mystery at once, though in malice he let the sexton sweat a while: there was something ailing the huge pedal pipe that sounded eighteen octaves below middle C. This pipe was at least two feet in diameter, and its length was such that it ran halfway up the steeple. There should have been a manhole in it at the bottom, but Jones could not find one, so while the expectant audience buzzed, scratched itself, and blew spitballs, he climbed up the steeple to look down the open top, as a laryngostroboscopist looks down the trachea of a radio crooner.

I shall not detain you with the details; suffice it to say that he lost his balance and plunged headlong down the tube. Fortunately he was a close fit, so the air was compressed as he went along, and



"It won't start multiplying before I get it to my little nephew, will it?"

when he landed at last in the conical bottom of the pipe, the jar was no greater than that of a fall on the ice. Nor was there any danger of suffocation, for the organ pump was still working, and it was easy for the sexton to turn a stiff breeze into the pipe. But how to get out? Jones confessed that for a while he was baffled. He could hear what was going on outside, and he soon picked up the news that the sexton proposed to effect his rescue with an axe. The rector, it appeared, objected to this, and so did Jones, for he knew the crude technique of sextons and feared that the axe which liberated him might also decapitate him. In the end he hit on a better scheme, and shouted a command that it be executed. It consisted in sending for riggers, hoisting the pipe out of the steeple, turning it upside down, and then bouncing out Jones on a leap-tick of pew cushions heaped up on the sidewalk. There were sassy young reporters who refused to believe this story, and some of them asked searching and embarrassing questions, with diagrams designed to show its impossibility, but Jones always stuck to it, and many who doubted when they first heard it came to believe afterward.

It was only one chapter in a long saga of Jones's adventures as a performer of sacred music. One of his favorite tricks, he said, was to search out a pipe whose sound made the stained-glass windows of the church vibrate in unison, and then pop them off in the midst of a solemn anthem, to the alarm of the clergy, choir, and congregation. He said he had learned how to do this trick with an ordinary parlor, or reed, organ and once utilized his skill to liberate a baby in arms from a bank vault. The baby's mother, it appeared, had put it in the vault without notifying the bank personnel, and as a result it had been imprisoned when the time lock clamped down. When Jones was sent for he borrowed an organ from a nearby sailors' bethel, found a note in it that would vibrate steel, and so shook the time lock to pieces. Why the mother had chosen a bank vault for storing her baby, and how she managed to stow it away without being noticed, he did not say.

Toward the end of his life, Jones forgot his noble French ancestry and began shopping around the world for forefathers, and even for fathers. Whenever a bulletin came in announcing the death of some eminent man, he would stagger out into the city room with the Associated Press flimsy, apply his handkerchief to his eyes, and sob piteously. The city editor was then expected to

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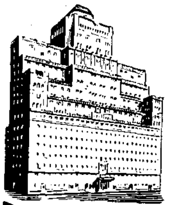

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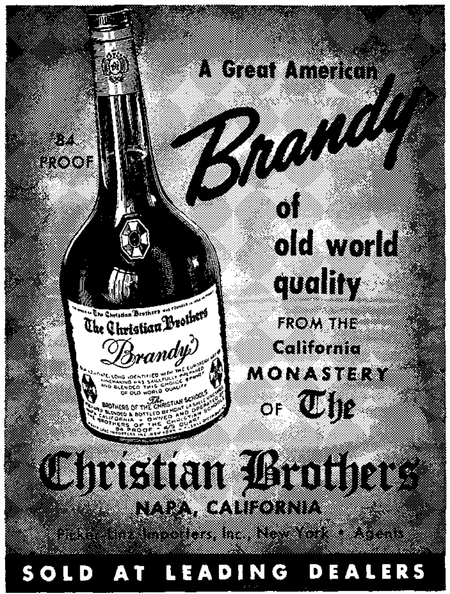

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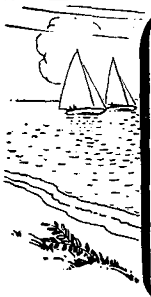

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engage him in the following dialogue:

CITY EDITOR: What are you blubbering about?

JONES: So-and-So is dead.

CITY EDITOR: Well, what of it? What do you care for that ——?

JONES (in a sepulchral whisper): He —was—my—father.

Everyone would then offer Jones formal condolences, and he would return to his desk much comforted. Sometimes he would have to be comforted two or three times a week. These raids upon the Christian sympathies of the city editor became so frequent that they irked him, and he terminated them with a bang on the night of November 7, 1901, when news came in of the death of Li Hung Chang. The editor was aided by a gang of ruffianly copyreaders, organized for the purpose. When Jones appeared with his flimsy and his tears, they let fly with ink- and pastepots, copyhooks, and spittoons. One of them even let go an old typewriter. Jones quit his job a little while later, and everyone was amazed when word drifted in that he was actually working as organist in a Presbyterian church in a poor suburb, and claiming to be a son of both John Calvin and John Knox.

JAKE was a man of more modest pretensions; the most he ever alleged was that his father had been at one and the same time a Confederate general, a French nobleman, and a college chum of Bismarck, who had died only a few years before. Unlike Jones, who was very abstemious, Jake was a lusher; indeed, there was a period, say from 1899 to 1902, when he was probably the ranking lusher of the whole region between the Mason and Dixon line and the James River. He was magnificently ombibulous, drinking anything that contained ethyl alcohol, whatever its flavor or provenance. By day he would sustain himself as court reporter mainly by resorting to the so-called hand-set whiskey which the printers of Baltimore guzzled at night, and in the evening he would always drop in at Frank Junker's saloon for the session of the Stevedores' Club, where there was diligent unloading of schooners of beer. But whenever anything else offered, he got it down, giving humble thanks to God. Once I saw him drink a quart of apricot brandy at a sitting, and at other times I watched him as he dispatched Angostura, Fernet-Branca, and Boonekamp bitters by the goblet, all without chasers.

Jake was a tall, sturdy, and even Herculean fellow, with the wide, confident mouth of a carp or orator, but

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there came eventually a time when his heroic physique went back on him and the young doctors at the City Hospital took him on as an outpatient and laboratory animal. So far as I could make out, they could never agree on a diagnosis. One held that there was nothing wrong with him save a gastritis so acute that the lining of his stomach had turned to a kind of asphalt, and another that he was in the last stages of sclerosis of the liver. There were others who voted for malaria, Bright's disease, cholelithiasis, and scurvy, and a larval psychiatrist held out for paresis, for in those days that interesting malady was still ascribed to drink. Jake himself also favored paresis, for he had noted in his court work that it frequently afflicted distinguished members of the bar. One night he was reciting his symptoms in Junker's when Joe, the cop on the beat, dropped in for his hourly shot of rye and stood listening in uncomfortable fascination. Finally he gave a shiver and burst out with "Damned if I don't believe I got the same thing!" Jake glared at him for half a minute with singeing scorn, and then replied, "So you have got paresis, too, have you? A *cop* with paresis? Well, of all the infernal impertinence ever heard of on earth! What ails you, Joe, is *jim-jams.* In order to have paresis, you have to have *brains.*"

Whatever it was that afflicted Jake, it presently threw him, and he had to be sent to St. Agnes Hospital, which then specialized in treating the wounded garrison troops of the Baltimore barrooms. The lower floor of the institution, called Hogan's Alley, was always full of them, and Jake found many old friends there, including a rich theatre manager who came down with *mania à potu* twice a year and always celebrated his cure by giving the good sisters who ran the place some elegant present—one year a porte-cochère, the next year a new boiler for their heating plant, the third a stained-glass window for their chapel, and so on. There were iron bars on the windows of Hogan's Alley and the inmates lived under rigid discipline, which included complete abstention from alcohol, but they were allowed visitors, were fed upon hearty victuals, and in general led a very easy life.

Jake had a girl known to the boys as the Battleship—a vast, rangy creature built on his own scale, with the broad shoulders and billowing bosoms of a

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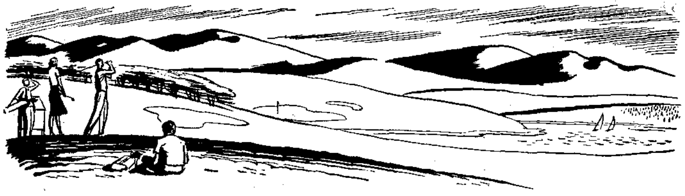

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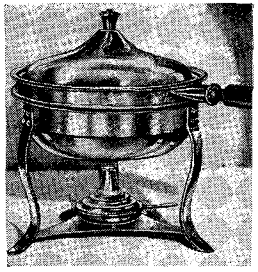

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Wagnerian contralto. She came to see him as in duty bound, and that evening the gentlemen of Hogan's Alley were all full of liquor and cutting wild capers. The sisters, after quieting them, made a search for the source of their supply but could not find it. Two days later the Battleship made another call, and Hogan's Alley had another too-cheerful night. When it happened a third time, the sisters put two and two together, the Battleship was barred from the place, and Jake himself was requested to find some other asylum. They never learned the technique of the smuggling, but Jake later revealed it. The Battleship on each visit had stowed two quarts of rye between the hemispheres of her façade and then slipped them quietly to the idol of her dreams, who disposed of them at a dollar a big drink.

Jake's expulsion turned out to be a great stroke of luck for him. The institution he transferred to was a suburban drink cure run by an enlightened medico, who, after curing him, put him to work as a capper in the downtown saloons. All Jake had to do was to keep a sharp lookout for gentlemen showing the first signs of delirium tremens and report their names to the medico, who thereupon alarmed their families and usually got them as patients. Jake had comfortable quarters over the deadhouse of the drink cure and a liberal expense account. For two or three years he led the life of Riley, and was much envied by all the other boozers of Baltimore. Then, one morning, he dropped dead in a barroom, and was given a neat Odd Fellows funeral by the medico.

Some time later a *Herald* reporter, digging up a story at the Health Department, happened upon Jake's death certificate. It showed that he was born in Philadelphia, that his father's name was something on the order of Kraus, Schultz, or Schmidt, and that he had been baptized George Emil.

—H. L. Mencken

•

SONG FOR COMMENCEMENT

This is the year that spring came early.
Hurry, hurry, and have your fling.
The thunder's deep and clouds are surly.
Hurry along with your blossoming.

Pour May's violets into April,
Hurl June's roses into May.
Life is short and the times are fateful.
Spring will be over any day.

—Jane Reitell

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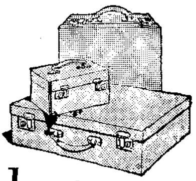

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BOOKS

Doldrums

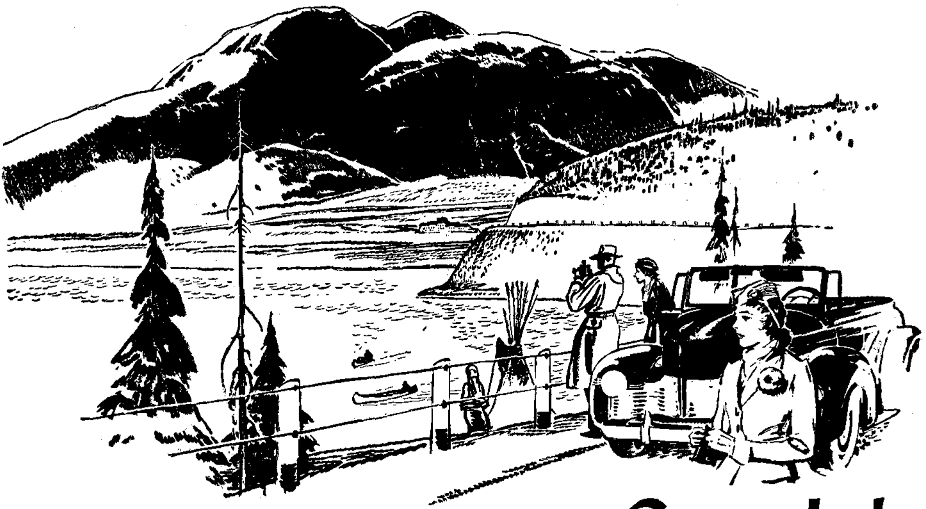
NOTHING much to try your reading muscles on this week. C. S. Forester offers a breezy time-killer, "The Captain from Connecticut," in his familiar nautical vein, and that's about the sum of things. It's several shelves below "Captain Horatio Hornblower," but then most stories of the sea would be.

"The Captain from Connecticut" may be Mr. Forester's way, quite neat and shipshape, of repaying some of the good will we've been extending to his countrymen. Its hero is a Yankee, Captain Josiah Peabody of the frigate Delaware, who slips past the British blockade (this is 1814) and engages in a brilliant raiding career along the seaboard and in the Caribbean that is cut short only by the Treaty of Ghent. Mr. Forester writes just as sympathetically about his lean, reticent Connecticuter as he did about his plumpish, neurotic Englishman, and his feeling for our history is sound and natural. Of course, the Britishers are pretty nice people, too, and the story ends in a pleasant reconciliation scene, quite stock, with Captain Peabody and Captain Davenant, K.B., shaking hands and vowing to celebrate the peace together—a prophetic note, let us hope.

The spanking narrative is crowded with the maritime detail of which Forester is a master, and even if, like myself, you can just about distinguish between a marlinspike and plum duff, a great deal of the atmosphere gets over. Particularly interesting is the odd contrast conjured up in your mind between naval warfare today, so total, so mechanical, so non-human, and naval warfare in 1814, fought in accordance with a complex system of etiquette, almost Arthurian in its courtliness. Despite the carnage, the sea battles as Forester describes them have a quality of the dance, so formal are they.

It is instructive, also, to be reminded of how affairs stood with us in 1814. Mr. Madison's overcautious policy left us unprepared to encounter England's great naval strength, and if the war had been a really serious one, it might not have terminated as happily as it did.

As for the story itself, it's rather slick-paper, with a silly romance (a French girl down in Martinique) providing the necessary stuffing so that the sea bat-



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... WAR has not changed ... the solitude of deep woods trails, the glint of sun on still waters, the tall trees whispering in the wind, the fresh dawns and nights of the borealis ... the lure of gamefish and wild life ... the old world life of the Maritimes and Gaspe, the Gallic aspects of Quebec ... the camps, clubs and golf courses linked by uncrowded roads, the little hostels and luxury hotels ... All wait your coming this summer!

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tles may be properly spaced out. On the whole, more of a commercial job than anything Forester has done up to now, but the fine old salt air still blows through the paragraphs in spite of all the carpentry. —CLIFTON FADIMAN

BRIEFLY NOTED

FICTION

SUNDOWN, by Barré Lyndon. The standard story about the little British garrison in North Africa and the native uprising that nearly wipes out the post. But of course it doesn't quite; the hero is too brave, the girl (suspected at first of being half native but actually white all through) too beautiful, the spirit of do-or-die too firmly intrenched. A seasoned plot, which Mr. Lyndon has done no harm, and it should come out nicely in Technicolor. There is one up-to-date note: comic relief is furnished by an adjacent Italian garrison that would rather play pinochle than fight.

THE HERMIT PLACE, by Mark Schorer. A novel of modern marriage. An aviator is killed in the crash of his plane immediately after a wedding at which he was a guest. The bride and her older married sister have each been in love with him. The effect on both married couples makes the story. Well written, frank, and intelligent. For those who like their fiction serious-minded rather than pretty.

TORY OATH, by Tim Pridgen. Tidewater North Carolina during the American Revolution. It seems there was a colony of Scots Highlanders which had come there to build a new Caledonia and didn't think much of the rebel riffraff. Love and war contribute the usual color to the familiar historical background.

GENERAL

CROSS WINDS OF EMPIRE, by Woodbern E. Remington. An American Army officer gives us a soundly impressionistic account of Malaysian life: the tangled but fascinating history and present-day culture of such tribes as the Moros, the sea gypsies, the Tagalogs, Dyaks, and Negritos—not to mention the Japanese, Chinese, whites, and mestizos—who inhabit the islands about the South China Sea. Much fresh material on the Philippines, and brilliantly written, though the author Kiplings somewhat on the subject of "races." "Delilah" readers and lots of others will like this. Photographs and map.

PIÑON COUNTRY, by Haniel Long. A

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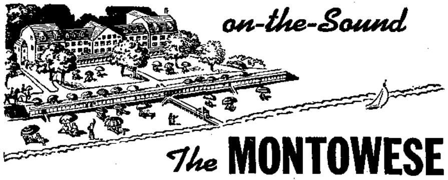

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PREACHER'S WIFE, by Ethel Hueston. Entertaining biography of the author's mother, a Middle Western parson's wife who disapproved of her cheerful husband and eleven lively children but saw them through such trials as Epworth League meetings, county fairs, beaux, marriages, births, and deaths. Readable, humorous Americana.

STAGECOACH NORTH, by W. Storrs Lee. More and earlier Americana, about the author's great-great-grandparents, who flourished in the bustling town of Middlebury, Vermont, during the first decades of the nineteenth century. He uses their lives as a text to show us the politics, religion, neighborliness, work and play, and the like, of most small-town New Englanders in that pleasant time. A clear re-creation, full of absorbing detail. Illustrated.

DEFENSE OF THE AMERICAS, by André Chéradame, translated from the French by George Swan Challies. Fairly startling book by an exiled French writer who charges that Pan-Germanism has menaced the Americas since 1895. He believes we are in practically immediate danger of attack by planes of the new Kurier type and other weapons. This volume, which is supplied with maps, is heavily documented, though not very closely argued, and obviously wild-eyed here and there. Proceed at your own risk.

THE PAINTINGS OF JAN VERMEER, edited by Thomas Bodkin. Twenty color plates and thirty-one in monochrome, beautifully reproduced, covering all the known works of this master.

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